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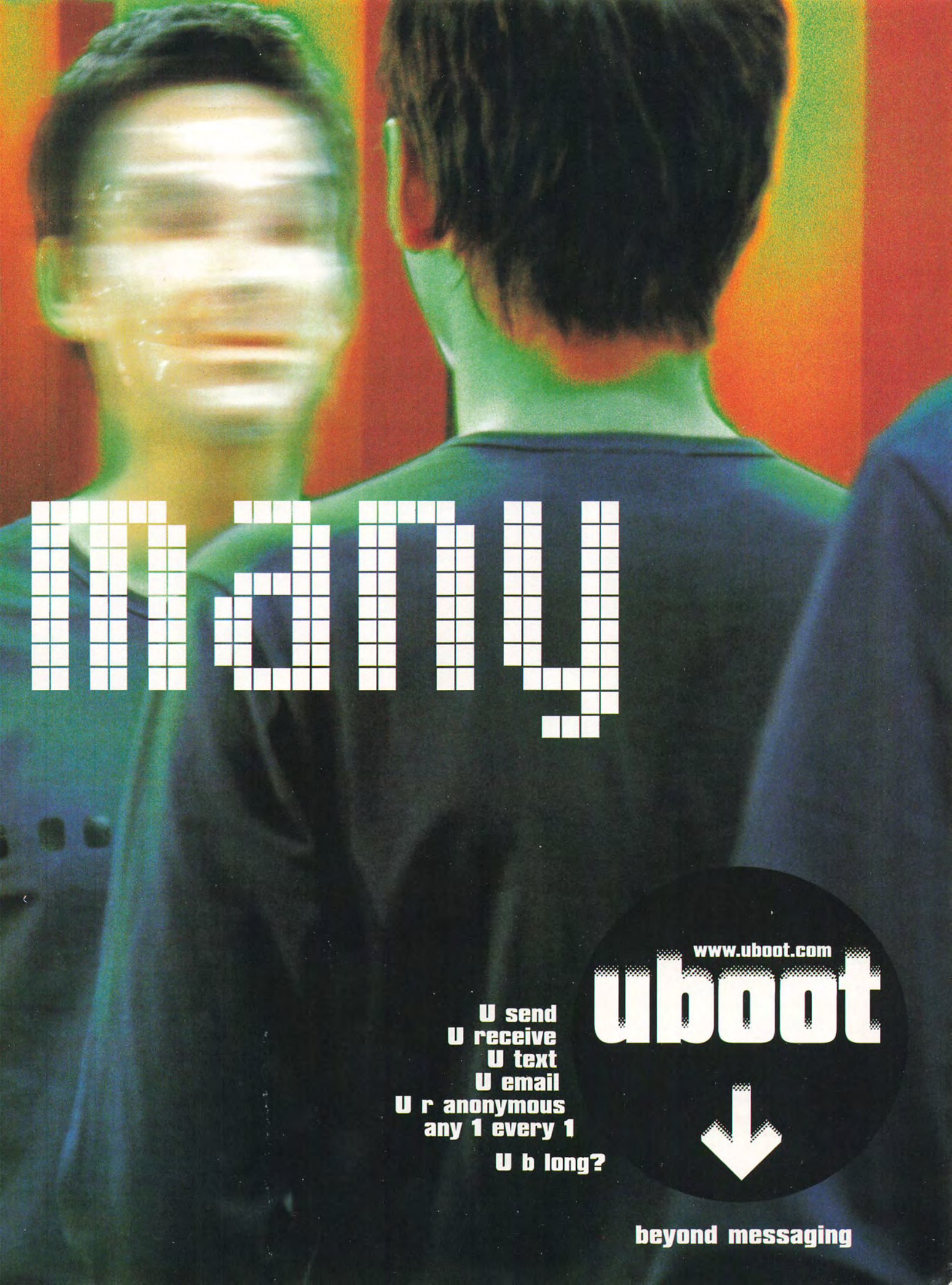
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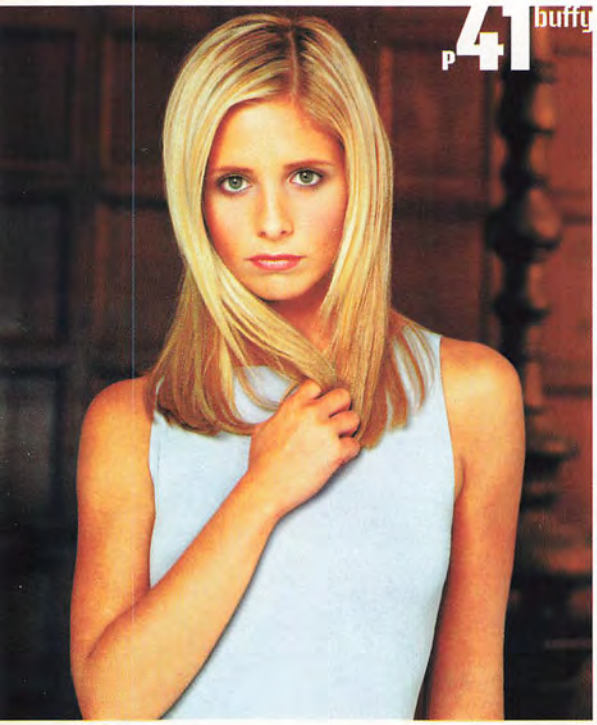
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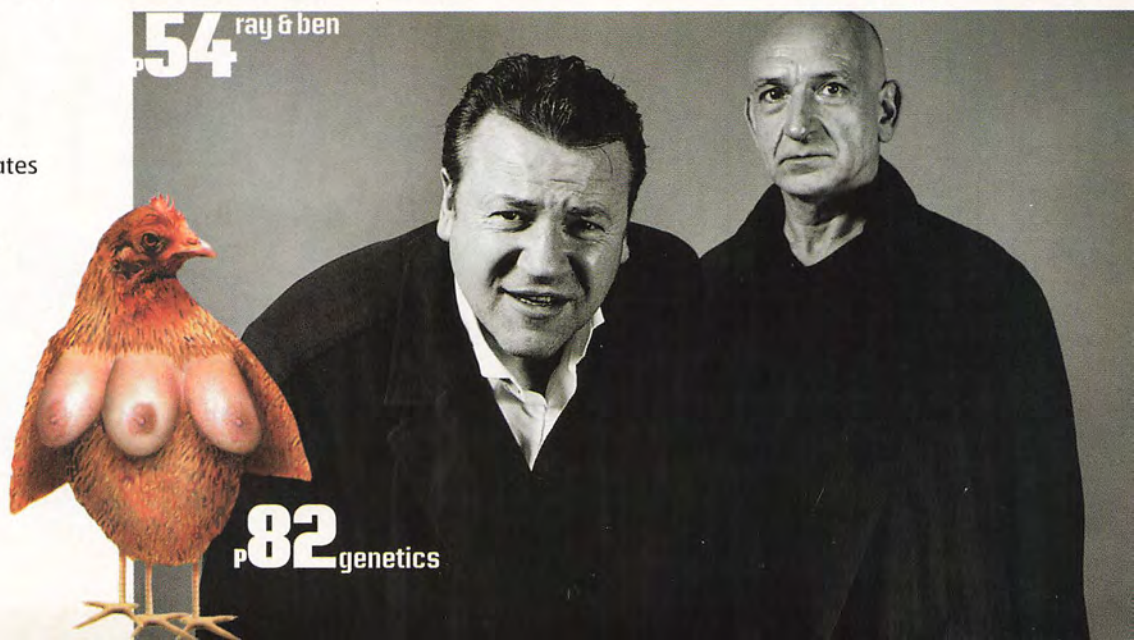
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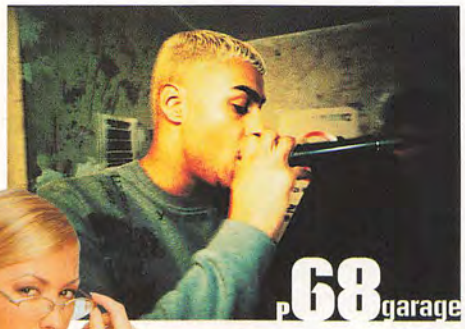
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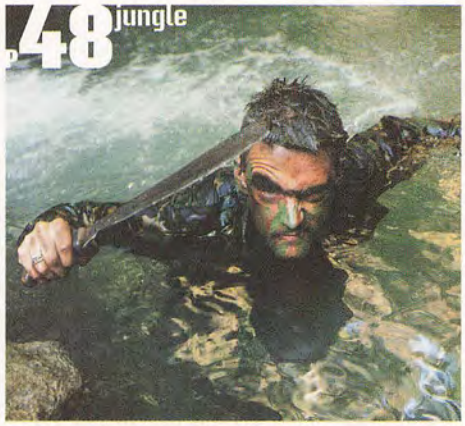
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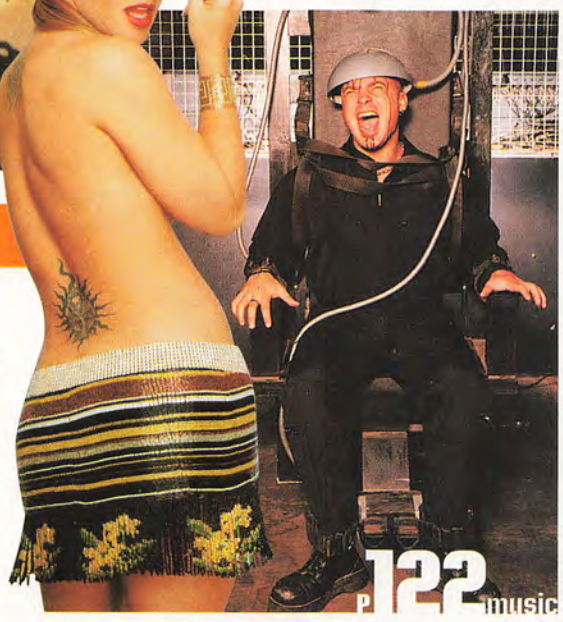
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Meet the contributors
A prematurely aged Will Storr contemplates his future presenting *The Sky At Night*

Cover photo of Emma Caulfield by Gilles Gagnan. Styling by Elisabetta Rogiani; hair by Andrew Blaise/Artist (LA); make-up by Patrick Tumey/Celestine (LA); clothes by Elisabetta Rogiani Boutique (LA). Shot at Orange Studio, LA.

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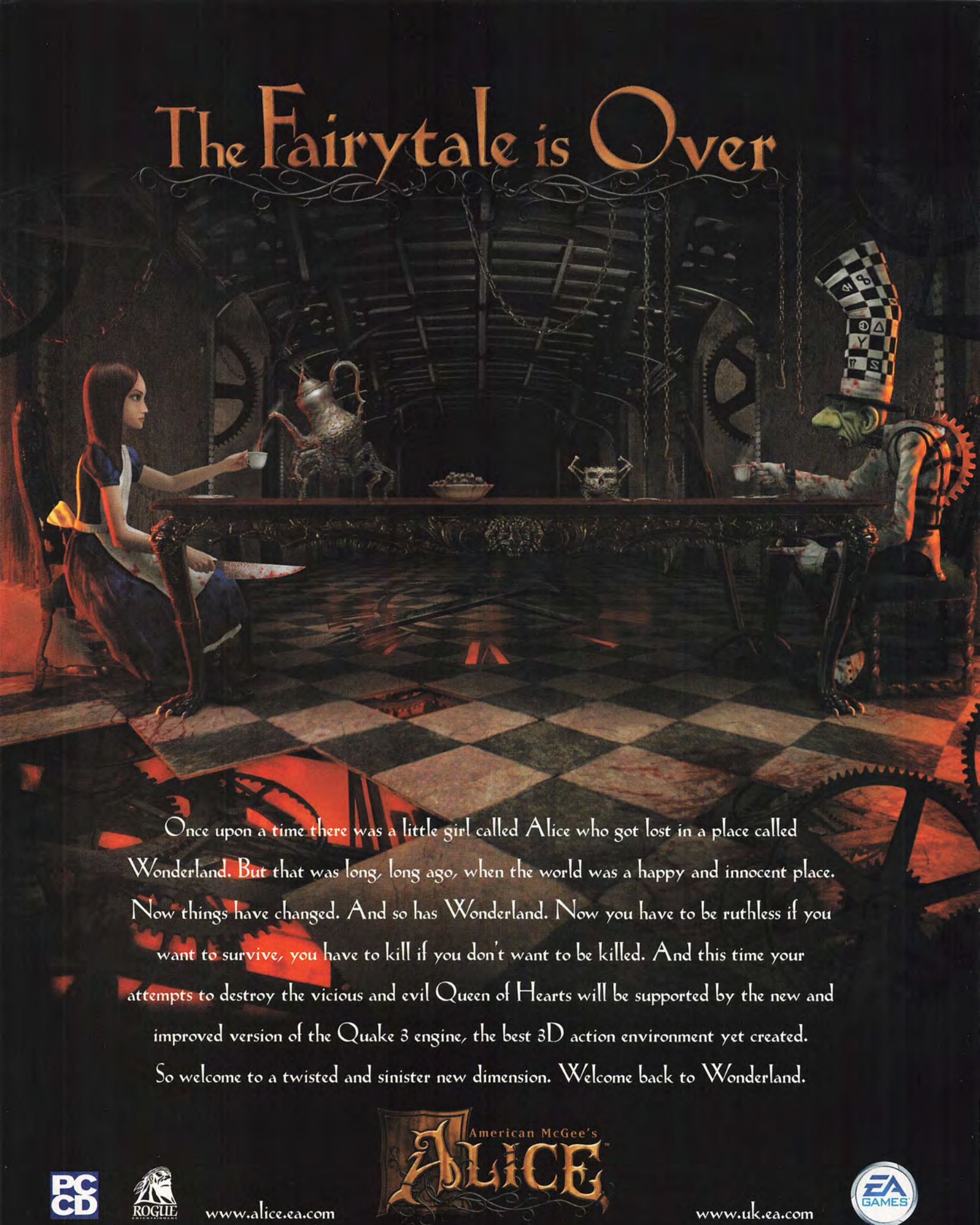
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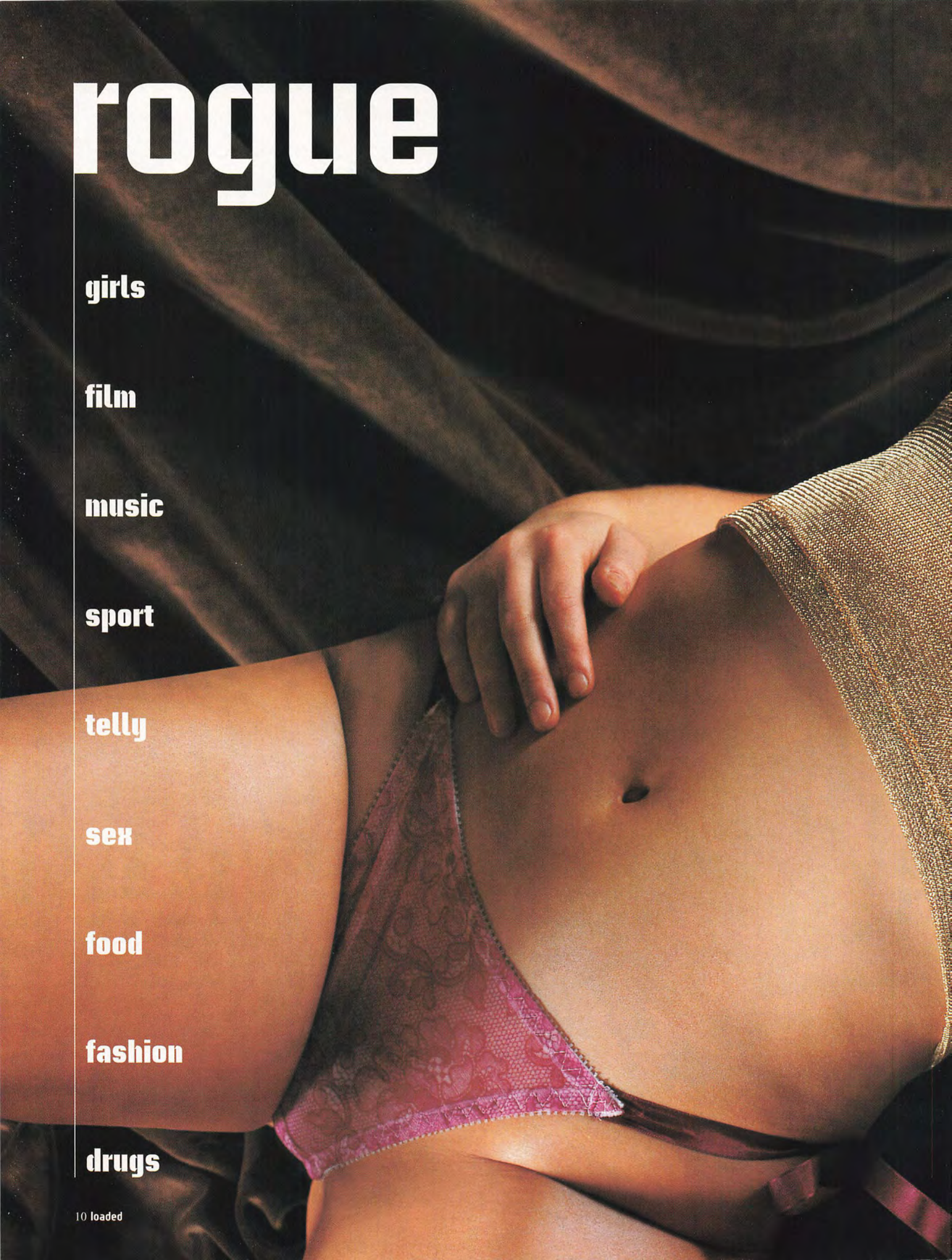
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Katie Vigers

It's fair to say that Birmingham has given the country a few interesting things in its time. Duran Duran, UB40, the steam engine, an unforgiving and over-sophisticated motorway junction car park, not to mention Beryl Reid and every single one of Ocean Colour Scene. It's a distinguished record, but lately something has come out of the concrete jungle that is England's second city to top even those over-generous gifts to the world: 21 year old model Katie Vigers.

It's been a good 12 months for the eloquently spoken Brummie fox. Last year Katie could be found with her head stuck in books at Leeds University. Fast ✈

story by SIMON GUIRAO photos by ALBERTO BADALAMENTI

"I was trained by an opera singer. I guess I want to be the female version of Craig David"

asleep, she was. Bored stiff by higher education.

"I was doing a sport and exercise science degree but I didn't like it," she says.

I'm not surprised – it sounds slightly less fun than being savaged by a fish.

"I *was* savaged by a fish once," she adds.

After leaving University, Katie entered a pageant of beauty pageants, and won the titles of Miss Birmingham and Miss GMTV before not winning Miss UK. She came second in that one, so not a bad effort. Katie then went on to try her hand and the rest of her body in contests in such far-flung locations as the Bahamas and Las Vegas. And now Katie is aiming to become a big noise in music, too.

"I want to be singer," she trills. "I'm working on my demo at Goldie's studio in Finchley at the moment."

Even as you read this, she'll no doubt be wearing 'cans' and 'laying' some tracks 'down'. So will we be seeing Katie going up against Mel C (not literally, of course – we wouldn't recommend that to anyone) or duetting with Shane MacGowan?

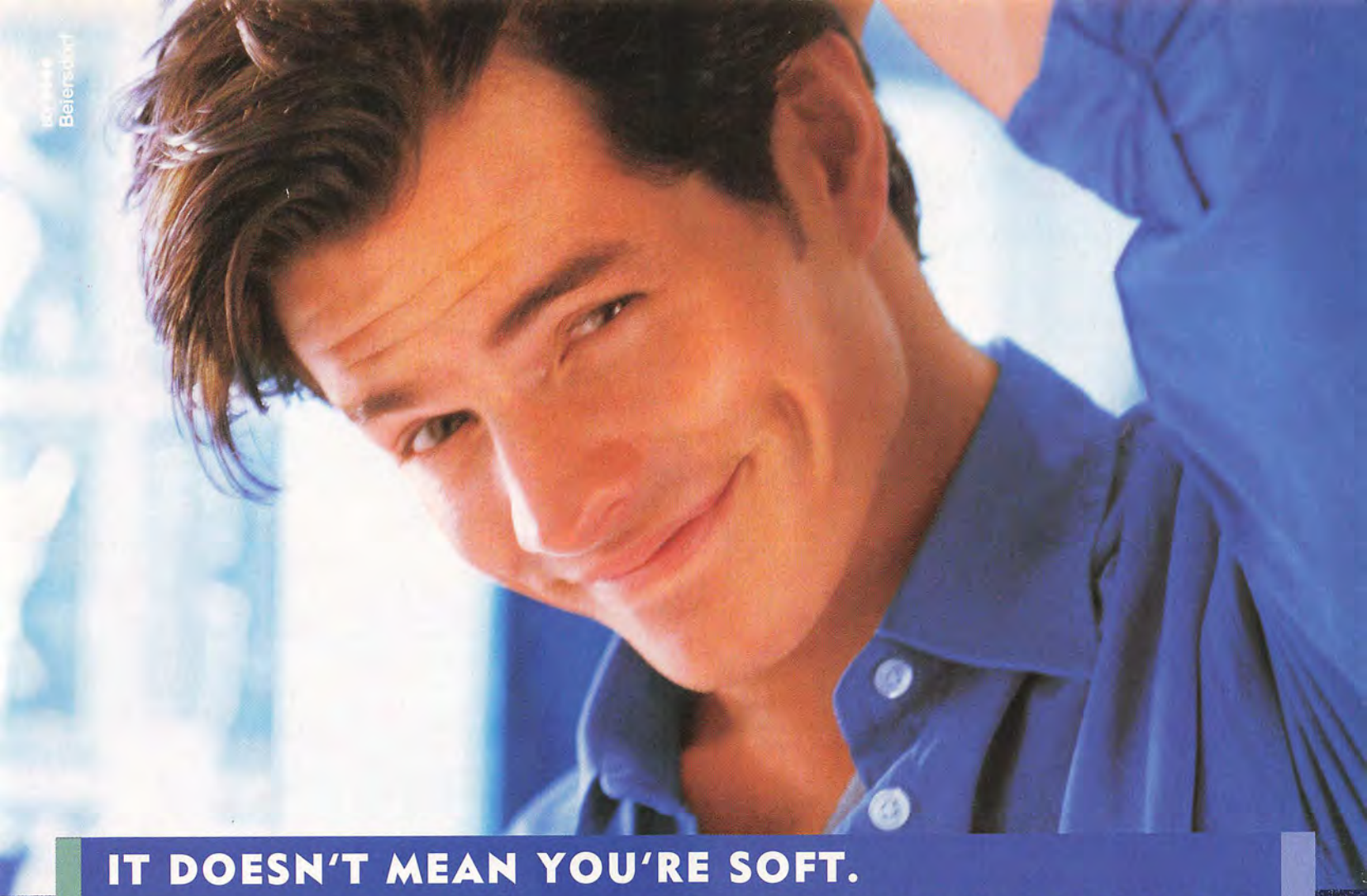
"I was trained by an opera singer and got to Grade 8," she reveals, "but what I'm doing is garagey. I guess I want to be the female version of Craig David."

Just think of it! Craig David minus the tidy beard and silly hair. And looking slightly more like a woman. Katie Vigers. Met her on a Monday. Interviewed her on Tuesday. She was making music on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. She had Sunday off. Bo, my selecta!

STYLING BY MARCELLA MARTINELLI. FIRST PAGES: TOP BY ADRIANA GOLDSCHMEID, PANTS BY BEAU BRA. THIS PAGE: TOP BY OASIS

most wanted interactive *Your chance to choose next month's lady*

Katie might have come up tops this month, but just look at the selection of leftovers and newcomers you can choose from this time around. And you thought Christmas was over. Just dial the number below your favourite to register your vote. Calls cost about 10p.
You can also vote at www.uploaded.com



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1 new entry — OL' DIRTY BASTARD

Despite facing drug, traffic and domestic violence warrants in New York (not to mention being on the run for a month from his court-mandated rehab programme in California), Wu-Tang comedy element Ol' Dirty made a surprise appearance in the city to promote the Clan's new album. He was eventually collared in Philadelphia while signing autographs in McDonald's. As the cops approached, Ol' Dirty thought they were more signature hunters, spotting their guns too late to complete a dash to his vehicle. He wasn't able to make Method Man's for Christmas dinner.

2 new entry — BARRY WHITE

The large sweaty crooner and and so-called 'Walrus of Love' had 2,000 fans up in arms Down Under when he arrived an hour late for a gig. To make matters worse, the seating plan meant he had his considerable back to most spectators, who also complained that he was mumbling. Jeering began after about 30 minutes along with cries of "Barry Shite". Incensed fans then laid siege to the box office before Sydney police arrived to restore the peace. One fan said "You couldn't hear what he was singing," although strange to relate, Barry's manager claimed he'd "never heard him sing better".

3 new entry — HM QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Her Majesty stepped out of the killing fields of Norfolk and into a world of controversy after she was pictured wringing the neck of a wounded pheasant while out enjoying a spot of bloodsport with her husband. The bird had been peppered with shot and gathered by a gun dog and Her Maj didn't hesitate to put it out of its misery with both hands. While she was roundly condemned by lefties, a spokesman for Buckingham Palace said, "It was clearly the most effective way of dispatching the bird" – giving rise to renewed speculation about her plans for Fergie.

4 new entry — ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Interviewing Arnie for ITV's *Big Screen*, Anna Richardson found the movie legend showing a lot of interest in her bosom. As filming ended, inquisitive Arnie pulled Anna onto his knee, leering "I really want to know if your breasts are real." Anna said they were an F-cup, whereupon he circled her nipple with his finger and gave it a playful squeeze. Satisfied, Arnie said "Yeah, they are real," and patted her bum. "I wanted to say 'You dirty bastard'," said angry Anna, "but you can't tell a powerful man like him to fuck off." No doubt the big fella was counting on that.

5 new entry — JORDAN

For some reason Jordan can't seem to get over her former boyfriend, the enigmatic Dave Bowers (formerly with top boy band Another Level). While filming *Jerry Springer*, she came across Natasha Hamilton of pop group Atomic Kitten, who has enjoyed a fling with the lardy ladies' man herself. Bouncers stepped in to restrain the chesty one after she flew into a violent rage, lunging at Natasha and calling her a "bitch". One onlooker remarked, "Jordan was so scary." Indeed, her colossal orbs could suffocate in seconds and should probably require a licence as dangerous weapons.

6 new entry — CRAIG DAVID

The R'n'B wunderkind has been told he's banned from playing organised football anywhere in Britain because of an outstanding debt owed to the Hampshire FA. Along with 23 members of his old Southampton Sunday League team, African And Caribbean FC, David owes the sum of £18 and can't pull on his boots until he coughs up. Southampton skipper Jason Dodd, who asked him to play in his testimonial, was shocked to learn David is blacklisted and offered to pay his fine "if he's skint". David is thought to have been too busy 'doing it' and 'chilling' to address the issue.

7 re-entry — ROBERT DOWNEY JR

Just months after he was released from prison for drugs offences, the king of coke was at it again, arrested for possession for the fourth time. Police received an anonymous tip-off that Downey was packing gack and found him alone in his Palm Springs hotel room. Not only was he carrying – cops also found him to be "under the influence" of the popular powder. At time of press his case had not come to court, although last year the troubled thesp told a judge his drug addiction was "like I've got a shotgun in my mouth, with my finger on the trigger, and I like the taste of gun metal".

8 re-entry — DANNIELLA WESTBROOK

While images of the gruesome pothole that is her hooter are being used to dissuade the young from dabbling with Devil's dandruff in a government campaign, it has come to light that, tragically, the former *EastEnders* starlet is still using it for exactly that. Danniella admitted that the cosmetic surgery to rebuild her face had to be postponed as the surgeon refused to operate because traces of cocaine were found in her blood. What makes celebrities return to their self-destructive ways again and again? Is it the result of deep-seated personality defects? Um, yes.

9 new entry — JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

The Nsync pipsqueak (and Britney Spears' boyfriend) went out of his way to scream at one of his group's fans because she suggested he wasn't as handsome as another member. Arriving at his St Louis hotel after a show, Timberlake snubbed teenies waiting in the lobby; upset, Daniele McGuire (15) shouted, "JC Chasez is cuter anyway!" and was promptly whisked upstairs by Timberlake's bodyguards, where the angry star backed Daniele against a wall and verbally laid into her. She'll probably think twice before haranguing celebrities again, in case they're as tough as Justin.

10 new entry — MEN

Women may be largely correct when they complain men aren't listening to them properly. It appears that men actually do only listen with just half their brain, and it may not be the good half. Research involving brain scans on 20 men and 20 women revealed that men mainly used just the left side, the region associated with understanding language. By contrast the women used both sides, presumably enabling them to understand, retain and pass on language in the form of gossip. In their defence it is believed men need to keep the right side of their brain free to think about sex.

key: romp, football, police, hospital, cocaine, fat bastard, tits, actor, jail, twat, done a bunk, rip-off, royalty, booze, red card, TV, swearing, bloke, no pants, boy-band fan, domestic violence, shocker, recording artist, dope, game bird, rapper

rod watch

His gimlet eye ever on the roam, Rod is reported to have been billing and cooing with the delectable Miss Carmen Electra (27) in LA recently. A 'friend' said: "Rod and Carmen met at a party and there were immediate sparks."

It was a familiar tale: star-struck nymph tells horny old goat what an inspiration he was on her early singing career, horny old goat laps it up, and they leave the party early. Still, what can you expect from the world's most eligible bachelor, a man who raked in £12m last year according to the *Sunday Times* Pay List?

Meanwhile, yet more 'friends' insist that the leathery lothario's ex-wife, Rachel Hunter, is pulling out the stops to win him back again. Little wonder a grinning Rod claimed recently, "I'm having the time of my life and feel in my prime. I'm just moving into the second phase of my life and couldn't be more excited." Lord knows what this new phase of Rod's life will bring. A shitload of blondes, perhaps?

Rod: willy-nilly

"18 packets of crisps and a pint of lager, please"

modern etiquette

Part two: how to behave at the bar

The scene: Busy bar in pub/club/cricket pavilion
The dilemma: Getting served quickly and efficiently with the minimum of discomfort to fellow patrons
The solution: Observe traditional British queueing system – unless in a very crowded bar, then it's every man for himself. Make your order. Then ignore any friends who approach you with a hopeful look and the phrase, "Have you ordered yet?" Yes, piss off.

Other points of bar etiquette:
1) Don't wave a £20 about at the bar like a pitiful, attention-starved child. You wouldn't walk into Netto waving your money in the air, would you?
2) Never ask for anything "with a head on it".
3) Don't drop your money and then say, "Oh! I'm giving it away."
4) Never let a woman give you money and ask you to go to the bar for her – she wanted equality, she can get her own. And yours while she's up.

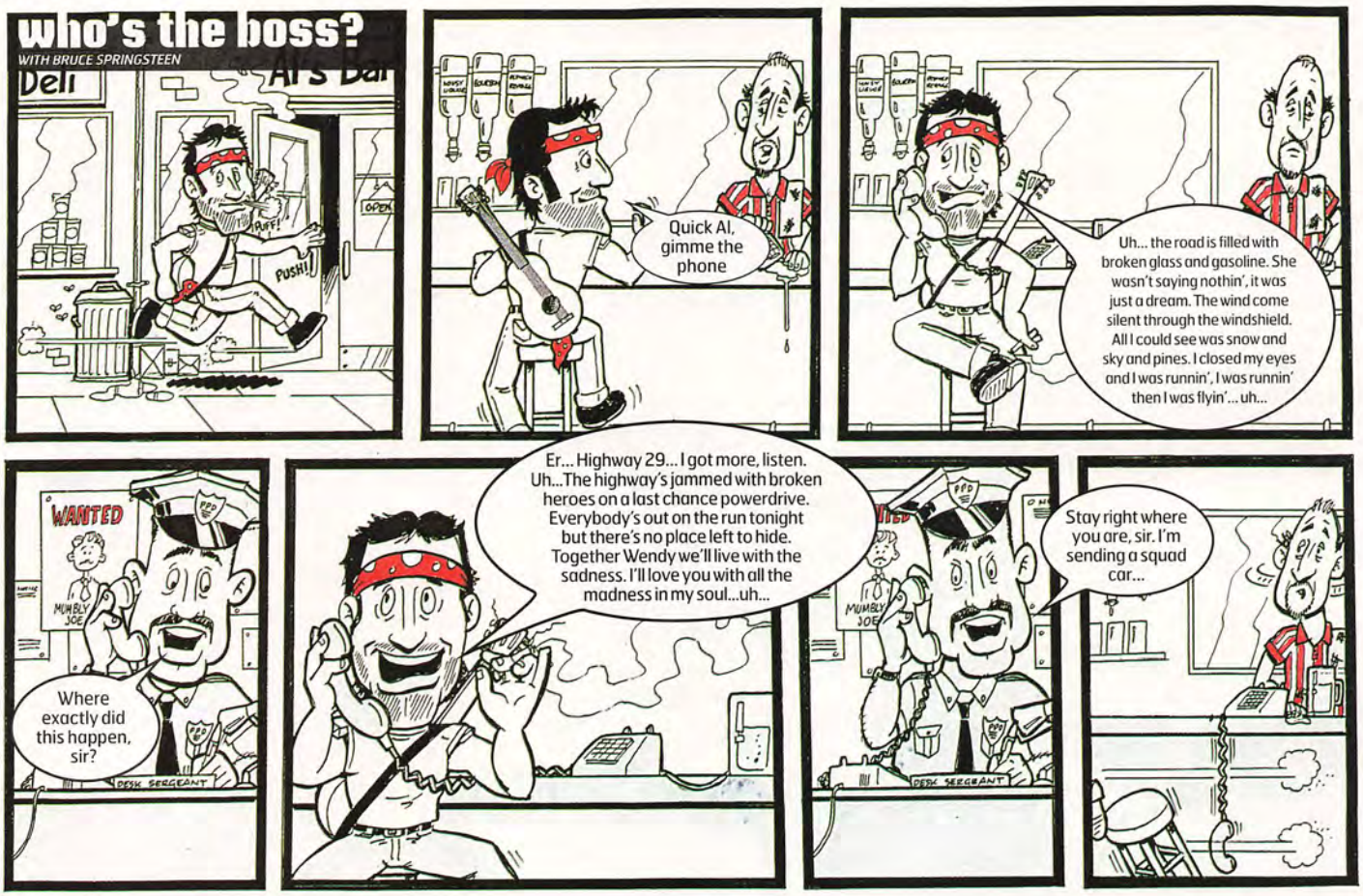
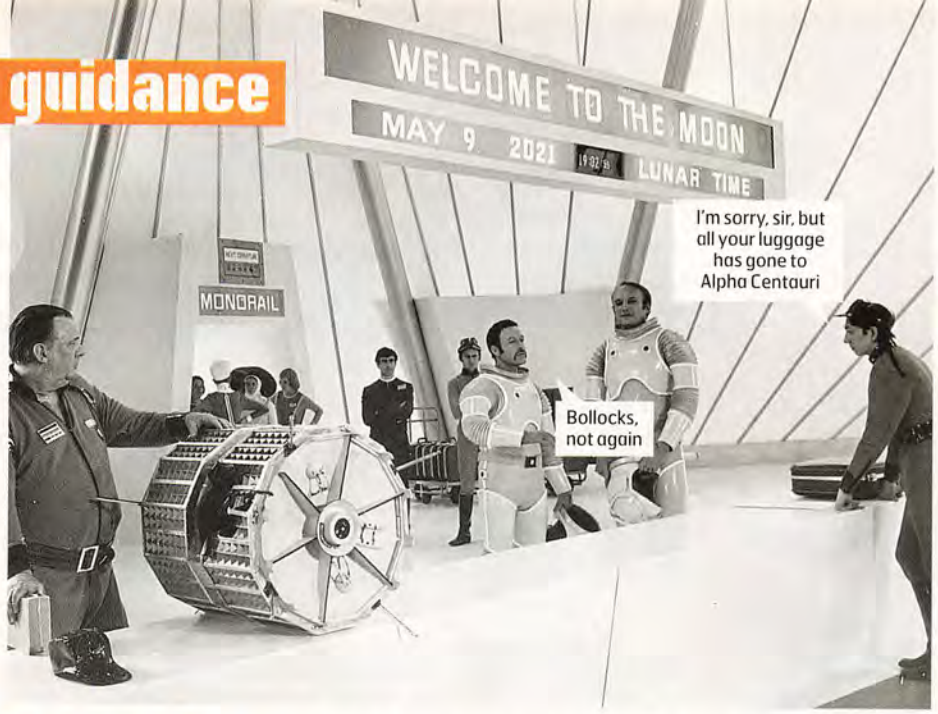

Who's the boss?
WITH BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Deli
Al's Bar
OPEN
PUFF!
PUSH!
Quick Al, gimme the phone
Uh... the road is filled with broken glass and gasoline. She wasn't saying nothin', it was just a dream. The wind come silent through the windshield. All I could see was snow and sky and pines. I closed my eyes and I was runnin', I was runnin' then I was flyin'... uh...
WANTED
MUMBLY JOE
Where exactly did this happen, sir?
DESK SERGEANT
Er... Highway 29... I got more, listen. Uh...The highway's jammed with broken heroes on a last chance powerdrive. Everybody's out on the run tonight but there's no place left to hide. Together Wendy we'll live with the sadness. I'll love you with all the madness in my soul...uh...
Stay right where you are, sir. I'm sending a squad car...

ILLUSTRATION BY STUART ENGLAND


WELCOME TO THE MOON
MAY 9 2021
LUNAR TIME
MONORAIL
I'm sorry, sir, but all your luggage has gone to Alpha Centauri
Bollocks, not again

how to: thrive on the moon

Living on the moon isn't a new idea. Christopher Cross once sang: "If you get lost between the Moon and New York City…" in the film *Arthur*. If this happens to you, head for the Moon – it's easier to spot, and not as cold as New York at this time of year. Still, Earth's faithful satellite can be a harsh and unforgiving place, and should you wish to set up and run a successful colony upon it, you'll benefit by reading these failsafe directions.

BE PREPARED

Your mission needs a futuristic-sounding name, such as 'The Cornelius Project'. Something in Greek or Latin is best. Basic kit for any Moon trip is a box of matches, a tin-opener, a case of Coffeemate or powdered milk substitute, a parachute, a magnetic compass, some canned gravity, contraceptive jelly and a stout golfing umbrella to deflect the tiny meteorinos which constantly bombard the lunar surface.

GET A DECENT SUIT

One day on the Moon lasts four weeks – a fortnight of daylight followed by a fortnight of darkness. Temperatures can be as scorching as 120°C, or as chilly as -160°C. It is therefore recommended that you acquire a good-quality lambswool or gabardine three-piece spacesuit. Marks & Spencer do one featuring oxygen at 3.75lb per square inch, a water-cooling system, integrated thermal visor assembly, side venting and a telekinetic fly. Burton's aren't far behind.

BREATHE

Earth microbes have been to the Moon, in the hubcap of the Apollo 12 lunar buggy, where they survived for three years and were still living when they returned to Earth. A spider clinging to an afterburner on Apollo 16 was not so lucky. It needed air, and so will you. Fashion a sealable shelter and expand it into a fully fledged moonbase. The material you use can be lighter than that used on Earth because gravity is only ⅙th as strong. Aluminium is fine, and use photo-reactive glass. Conjure an atmosphere using the Mitsubishi Home Atmosphere Processor and contain it within egg-shaped domes.

GROW POTATOES

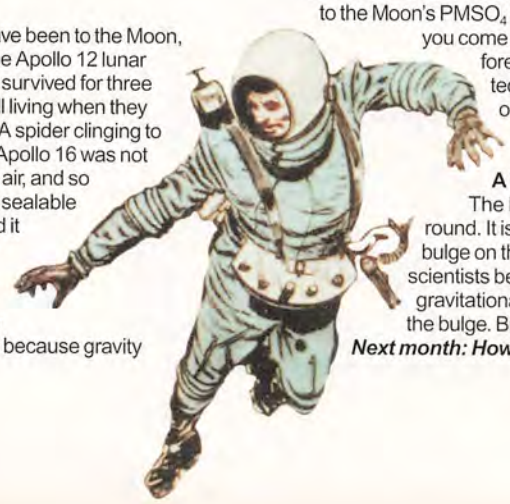
The Moon's surface is pocked with craters, some of the largest of which have names. Nigel is 145 miles in diameter and surrounded by crater walls of 17,000ft. The soil within Nigel is, unlike most of the Moon, sufficiently rich in nutrients to support the growth of King Edward potatoes. You will also need to bring some other foodstuffs, sealed in tins or tubs. At the poles of the Moon there are over six billion tons of water in the form of ice. The lunar ice deposit has been described as "the most valuable piece of real estate in the solar system" – even more so than the diamond mines of Neptune.

MAKE YOUR OWN FUEL

This is simple. Lunar water will serve very well as a source of oxygen and hydrogen, which can be used as rocket fuel. Trickleonium contained in Amorphous Marinate, which is plentiful in the rocks, should be used for the boosters.

BECOME RICH AND POWERFUL

Traditionally regarded as barren, the Moon is gradually revealing its economic potential. The lunar crust is rich in $PMSO_4$, two tons of which could provide enough electricity to power the Faroe Islands for a year – and could fit, if liquified, in one cargo bay of your Shuttle. When the energy sources on Earth are exhausted, people will look to the Moon's $PMSO_4$ reserves. This is where you come in. Your position at the forefront of lunar exploration technologies will mark you out as a future leader of our solar system.



A WARNING

The Moon appears perfectly round. It is not. There is a slight bulge on the side facing us that scientists believe is caused by Earth's gravitational pull. Don't trespass on the bulge. Bruce Willis owns it.

Next month: How to find your penis

celebrity vegetable swear-off

No1: Salma Hayek v Chris Tarrant

NEXT MONTH:
Kriss Akabusi v Ken Loach

product recall

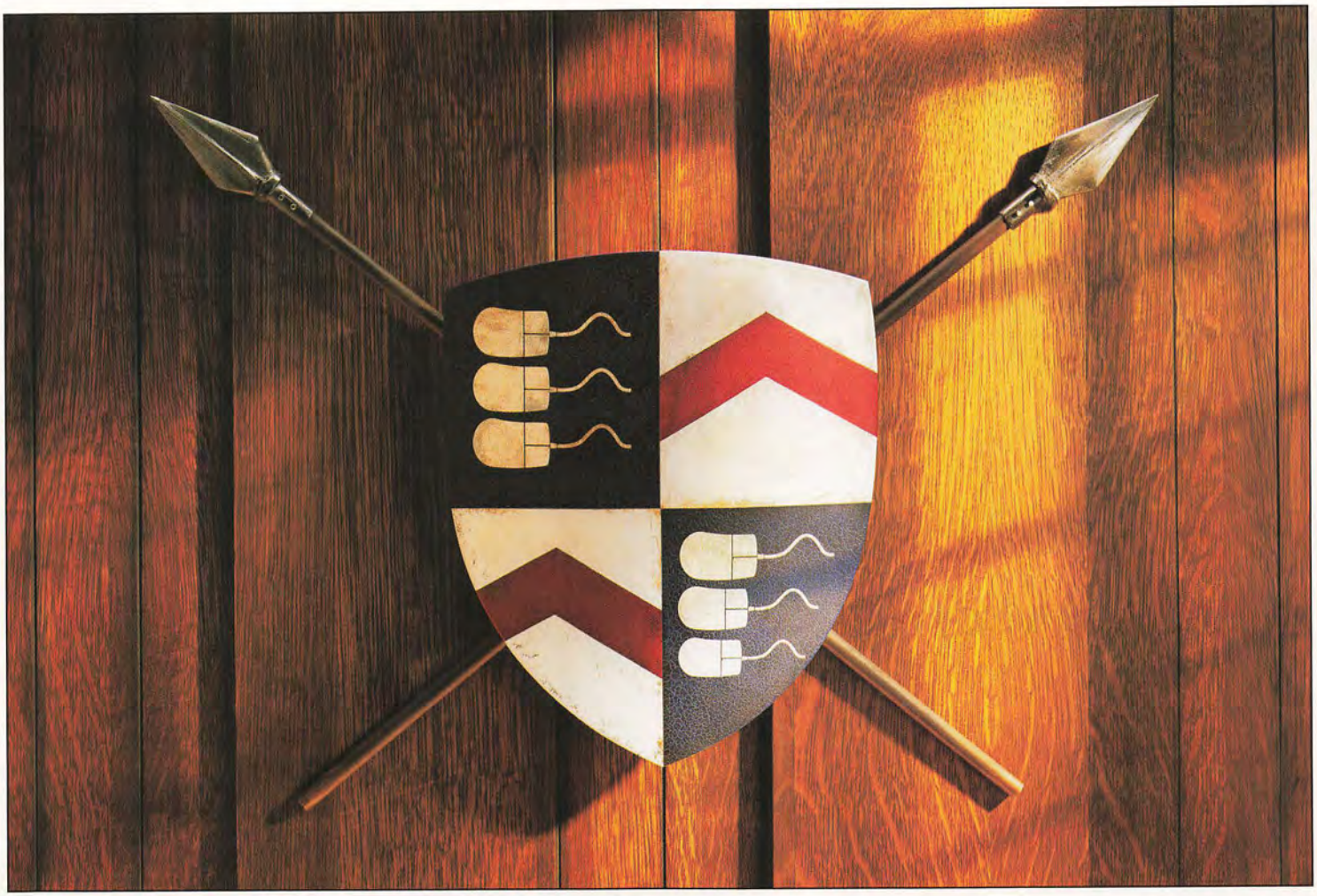
STATUS REPORT

NAME: Grant, H.
MALFUNCTION: Stagnating career as 'one-trick pony' fop.
SYMPTOMS: Bursts of severe local and general irritation.
IDENTIFIED CAUSATION: Nervous twitches and terminal politeness (glitch format: 'endearing' stammer). Hang-dog countenance. Bouffant hair. Irritable vowel syndrome.
RECOMMENDED SOLUTION: Total career re-fit prior to tactical relaunch as 'charismatic biker' or 'grebo'.
PROJECTED OUTCOME: Potential for 'street tough' or 'heavy' roles.
REQUISITION: Files: Rourke, M.; Gahan, D. Activate secondary sexual characteristics (facial hair). Add silver, tattoos, attitude.

APPROVED

INTERNET BANKING

Nationwide



If your Internet current account charges to arrange an overdraft - it's history

Protect your cash from attack by savage bank charges with a Nationwide Internet current account. We don't charge for day to day services, for arranging an overdraft, or to use 500,000 cash machines worldwide. And you'll earn ten times more interest on credit balances than you'll get from most of the banks. You can even choose the way you bank with us - from Internet, branch and telephone banking.

So change your allegiance today, defend your finances, and get in touch.

That's why it pays to decide Nationwide

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Banking | Credit Card | Insurance | Investments | Loans | Mortgages | Pensions | Savings

YOU MUST BE 16 OR OVER TO APPLY FOR A FLEXACCOUNT (NATIONWIDE'S CURRENT ACCOUNT). THE OPENING OF A FLEXACCOUNT AND THE PROVISION OF CERTAIN FACILITIES IS SUBJECT TO AN APPRAISAL OF YOUR FINANCIAL STANDING. OVERDRAFTS, DEBIT CARDS AND CHEQUE GUARANTEE CARDS ARE ONLY AVAILABLE TO THOSE AGED 18 OR OVER. OVERDRAFTS ARE REPAYABLE ON DEMAND. FEES MAY BE PAYABLE FOR OVERDRAFTS NOT PREVIOUSLY AGREED BY US. WRITTEN QUOTATIONS FOR CREDIT FACILITIES ARE AVAILABLE ON REQUEST. NATIONWIDE WILL NOT CHARGE MEMBERS FOR USING CASH MACHINES BUT THE MACHINE PROVIDER MAY MAKE CHARGES OVER WHICH WE HAVE NO CONTROL. YOUR PC MUST MEET A MINIMUM SPECIFICATION FOR ONLINE BANKING. NATIONWIDE IS A MEMBER OF THE BUILDING SOCIETIES OMBUDSMAN SCHEME, INVESTOR PROTECTION SCHEME AND SUBSCRIBES TO THE BANKING AND MORTGAGE CODES. CALLS MAY BE RECORDED. RATES AND INFORMATION CORRECT AT 1/10/2000.

"Figaro Figaro Figaro Fiiiiigaro!"

go on, bite me

Dr Mick on vampires and sadists

Two films released this month caught my eye. *Shadow Of The Vampire*, about Nosferatu, a bald dead bloke with massive ears (very light on his feet, doesn't reflect in a mirror, turns into steam to get through doors, etc); and *Quills*, about the Marquis de Sade. He's the man who gave his name to the previously unchristened concept of sadism – deriving a sexual kick from inflicting extreme inconvenience on other people. A Frenchman, needless to say.

Never met the bloke, but I've bumped into a few like him. Sammy the Turk for a start. Used to train his greyhounds by leashing them up to the back bumper of his Granada. He didn't drive about with them on the back, though – he just left it parked outside while he cooked a chicken on the barbecue in the back garden. Never understood the point of it. Those dogs were livid. Still, taught them the value of chicken, I suppose.

Now I haven't seen either of these films, but on the face of it I reckon I'd prefer the vampire one. Lot more going on. Not a bad lifestyle, actually. Undead. Fancied it myself for a bit. Get to wear a cloak all hours, turn into a bat and so on. Then again, the garlic thing might be a problem – have to sell the flat in Boulogne. Forget it. I'm better off getting into the sadism.

Got a taste for it when I was in the Falklands. Shot a bloke at Goose Green. Don't know who he was, just didn't like the look of him. Might have been one of ours, come to think of it. Christ knows why they let me have a gun – not even officially part of the fighting forces. Last-minute package holiday. Spotted it on the Teletext. Self-catering. Terrible weather. Still, I enjoyed myself. Cheers.

Shadow Of The Vampire and Quills are reviewed on p136.

Come back and do me properly, you big bender
Don't hurt me, you sadist!

Digital **Handycam**

So handy, you'll always have it with you when it happens.

To hang onto those once in a lifetime moments, make sure you're holding a Sony PC5 Handycam. It's the smallest Digital Handycam from Sony, so it'll go wherever you go. The PC5 is fitted with a Carl Zeiss lens so you can shoot clearer, more precise images. And it has a Memory Stick*, which enables you to store digital still images. You can shoot directly with the camera, or you can select the best stills from existing footage. So although the PC5 is small, it's designed without any compromise in quality. The PC5 has recieved the EISA award for European camcorder of the year, 2000-2001. How many more reasons do you need before you decide to get your hands on one?

The new PC5 Digital Handycam.

go create

MEMORY STICK

www.sony.co.uk/gocreate Customer information centre 08705 111 999

*8mb Memory Stick supplied. Sony, Handycam and Memory Stick are registered trademarks of the Sony Corporation, Japan.

SONY

craig: a life in music

How a cheeky spanner-faced Scouser turned the world of pop on its head

"I didn't even realise I could sing," said *Big Brother* winner Craig Phillips as shrewd bosses at Warners signed him in a bumper £500k deal. "I have signed Craig because I believe he is a very talented singer and fans will buy his records because of that – not because he won *Big Brother*," said the managing director of WEA. Craig's debut single, 'At This Time Of Year', was a certified Christmas smash; now **loaded** dusts off its crystal ball and surveys his future career with suitable approbation.

Craig shows Ronan who's boss at the 2002 Brits

2001: NICE BLOKE FOR CHARITY *Featuring the smash hits 'At This Time Of Year' 'I'm A Nice Bloke (Me)', 'Sound As A Pound', the Latin-tinged experimental beats of 'OBB' (Off Big Brother)', 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart' (duet with Sonya), 'Ferry Cross The Mersey' and 'Ferry Cross The Mersey (Craig's Arthur Baker Nu-Skool Electro Ruckus)'*

Craig busts out with a smart pop set on his smash-hit debut, challenging the expectations of critics who expected something shit. Later in the year he performs 'Sound As A Pound' at the Royal Variety Performance before Princess Anne, who says: "I was pleasantly surprised." Craig later admits: "Everyone's been pleasantly surprised. The world's me shellfish, like."

"Pleasantly surprising pop for all the family" – Teri Fennell, Asda Magazine

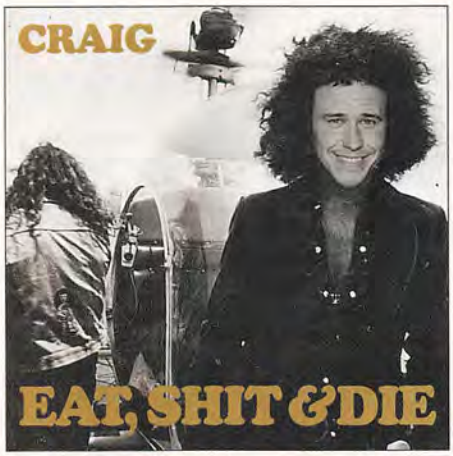
2002: EAT, SHIT & DIE *Including the hit singles '25 Miles High', 'Frankly Mr Houllier', 'By The Time I Get To Bootle' and 'I Wanna Tax You Up'*

Wearing dreadlocks and shades, and with his endearing naivety stripped away by a year exposed to the barbed wire jungle of the music business, Craig eschews pop for harder, more aggressive rock stylings and rails against everything from groupies to the government, updating some classics and sprinkling in a few angsty rip-roarers of his own. Shifting a record five million copies in the UK, Craig slaps arch-rival Ronan Keating at the Brit Awards and 300,000 stampeding fans trigger an earthquake as he touches down for his first Japanese tour in 2003.

"Roll up! Roll up! Pure essence of zeitgeist. Get it here!" – Johnny Menthol, NME

2004: GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR CRAIG *(produced by David A Stewart): 'Bohemian Rap', 'Highway To Heaven', 'Octopussy's Garden' and 'The Man Who Sold The Wirral' (Suite)*

"A bird in the hand is worth a couple under one of them bush things, eh?" winks Craig – now squiring both Nicole Appleton and Caprice – to DJ Prince William (who did the scratching on 'Bohemian Rap'), at a launch party for his third LP. It's a multi-textured 'R'n'B-rock crossover' affair, wherein Craig dissects and reassembles four rock staples, making them his



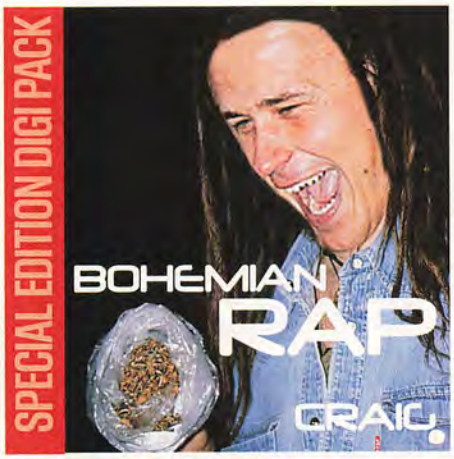
own. He tours the LP and then, to general despair, disappears for the best part of seven years. The official line is he broke both legs in a motorbike accident in upstate New York, but rumours persist of a debilitating leather problem.

"The proletarian art of rock'n'roll is in good hands. Awesome" – Tony Parsons, Daily Telegraph

2011 (NOVEMBER): WOMAN IS THE NIGGER OF THE WORLD *Double concept album inspired by Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music, produced by Bono. Consists of nine tracks, each called 'Crux', featuring Craig's electronic improvisations with spittle in the back of his mouth.*

After seven years of innuendo, half-truths and unconfirmed sightings, a lean and tetchy Craig finally emerges in Liverpool as his fourth LP hits the streets. Sporting mohican and chainmail vest, he announces his intention to buy the Galapagos Islands from Ecuador, stock them with rare animal species and create "an environmental, er… conservation zoo". During a live cyber debate, Craig throws a wobbler over the height of the debating table and Ecuador walk out. Tarnished in the eyes of the public, *Woman*… does little business despite good notes in the underground press.

"An extremely challenging work" – Ned Truscott, The Wire



2011 (DECEMBER): TOGETHER AGAIN, BALLADS OF LOVE *Craig reacquaints the world with some romantic classics: 'Together Again' (with Sonya), 'Medley: Moon River (incorp. Ferry Cross The Mersey)', 'Je T'Aime (Moi Non Plussed)' (with Sonya), 'Nessun Dorma' and 'Leave It Be' (With Ronan Keating)*

After a top-level re-think, Craig sacks manager Jizz Sumner and returns with a new image: housewives' favourite under fiscal pressure. Old showbiz friends rally round, he buries the hatchet with Keating and rediscovers the niceness. Marrying for the fourth time, Craig ends the year at number 139 in the Transcontinental Pepsi Chart System, for which he is truly grateful.

"A return to form… pleasantly surprising" – Teri Fennell-Phillips, Asda Magazine

howard marks

Mr Nice uncovers an astonishing link between sex, drugs and ornithology

It's extremely difficult to write about drugs without bringing up shagging. In fact, it's hard to do anything without shagging (especially if she's wearing pink knickers and stockings). Regardless of whether they evolved from monkeys and spare ribs, arrived on the Interstellar 001, or were created by God, Nature or some equally heavy entity, the first human couple to shag were presumably Adam (the name first given to MDMA) and Eve (MDEA). But we do not know who seduced whom.

Did Adam just cast a glance at Eve's tits and legs, inexplicably have a hard-on, and happen to bang his dick into the right hole? Maybe his sexual experiences had been limited to watching, kissing and petting his flock of pet sheep until then. After all, the Lord was his shepherd, and Mary did have a little lamb. Or did Eve, after experimenting with wriggling snakes and squeezing Adam's apples, strategically sit on him when he was wanking in his sleep?

In any event, the big bang happened, and the human world was soon up and coming. Adam and Eve had two sons, Caned and Unable, who clearly also shagged Eve (unless this is where the sheep came in) as there was no other female around. Incest is a common theme of almost all the different cultures and religions' accounts of the universe's first few shags. For example, some American Indians believe that, at the beginning of time, Father Sun shagged his daughter, who scratched her dad's penis to produce Viho, a substance found in the bark of about 60 species of tree and containing DMT. This sacred snuff from the sun's semen is snorted vigorously by South American shamen.

One should, perhaps, mention the alternative theory to incest: Caned got jealous of Unable and killed him, then ground his penis, his Adam's apple and his pineal gland into fine powder, mixed it with other still unknown ingredients, snorted it, ran off into the Garden of Eden, and fucked a wide variety of birds, including prairie chickens. This, of course, would explain the origin of the myth of phoenixes and storks being responsible for new births, as well as all sorts of hitherto puzzling vocabulary such as 'cock' for penis, 'goosing' for fucking, 'boilers' for

flesh of the South American bird 'oconenetl' induces vivid hallucinations when eaten.

The link between birds and sex probably accounts for the recent manifestation of 'lekking' among **loaded** readers and other males overflowing with testosterone.

The 'lek' is nature's version of a singles bar, a place where males in search of a mate display their wares before an audience of choosy females. Around 200 animal species are known to frequent leks, ranging from mammals to fish, although the habit is best represented among birds.

Birds of a feather flock together, ie: many cocks show what they've got simultaneously on the same lek – a disco for birds. A mere select few of the most attractive cocks are chosen as mating partners by the females. It is a bit of a puzzle to biologists why the also-ran cocks ever bother to turn up. Why don't these small, ugly cocks do the natural equivalent of drinking beer in front of the TV instead?

Biologists also discovered that cocks patronising a given lek were more likely to be closer relatives of other cocks at the same lek than of cocks hanging out at other leks. When the breeding season begins, the females come to the lek and the majority of them will breed with the most dominant cock. In doing so, the big cock will end up mating

Birds of a feather flock together, ie: many cocks show what they've got simultaneously at a disco for birds

attractive 40-year-olds, 'pecking' for kissing, 'swallow' for blow-job, 'bird' or 'chick' for female, 'hen party' for women behaving badly, 'WRENS' for sea women, 'birds and bees' for sexual knowledge, 'thrush' for itchy clitoris, 'featherlite' for condoms, blue tits and great tits, and proverbs like 'birds of a feather fuck together'. Pussies chase birds. And there's a bird called a shag. Fuck a duck!

A similar alternative theory must exist in South American Indian mythology – otherwise, they wouldn't do all that dressing up in feathers when they dance, shag and take drugs. Moreover, the not only with his mother or grandmother but also with his sisters and daughters. Back to incest, the game for all the family.

Of course, most of us are far too civilized (or embarrassed) to bring out our dicks when we're drinking shite lager in front of sexy women; but, unlike females, we do pull out our mobiles, stick them on the bar and play with them, making sure the girls notice. And we even try to make out that the smaller ones are sexier.

E-mail Howard at howard@mrnice.net, write to him at PO Box 27121, London W12 8ZJ or visit www.mrnice.net

drugs news *Make your own hash*

I've been thinking lately about the magical process that gives us hash from weed. So I took a trip down the information superhighway and, armed with the alchemists' secrets I would need, decided to waste an ounce of gear finding out how it's done.

First of all you need ganja. I'd recommend using normal grass, because if you fuck up it's a lot more painful to realise you've ruined an ounce of skunk.

Get a mortar and pestle, and crush your gear into a fine powder. Cover with pure alcohol and leave it to soak in a jar in a dark place for a few days. Then pour the mixture through a coffee filter and chuck away what's left behind in the paper. Get the mush that has gone through the filter – leave it somewhere warm and wait for the liquid to evaporate. Then scrape it together and press it into a cube (it should have the consistence of silly putty). This is your hash.

ganja

a bit of a hash

hash

If you've done it right, this will smoke better than any of the shitty soapbar or rocky you tend to get in this country. Depending on the THC content of the weed you use, you should yield anywhere between a 'teenth and a quarter. The most important thing is the alcohol part – I cut corners on this and was left with a pile of unsmokeable shite. Still, if all goes well you'll impress your pothead chums and get nicely toasted.

ANDY WIDDECOMBE

SAMSUNG
ELECTRONICS

Take one

"We heard the crowd all around us"

The dolby digital sound of the Samsung DN55 surrounded me, the AC3 system hitting me from all sides through six separate speakers.

Take two

"Then we had front row seats when they came on stage"

With amazing widescreen SP43J6HD digital vision, with the performance playing through the DVD compatible audio system, the experience is complete.

And you thought there was no substitute for being there.

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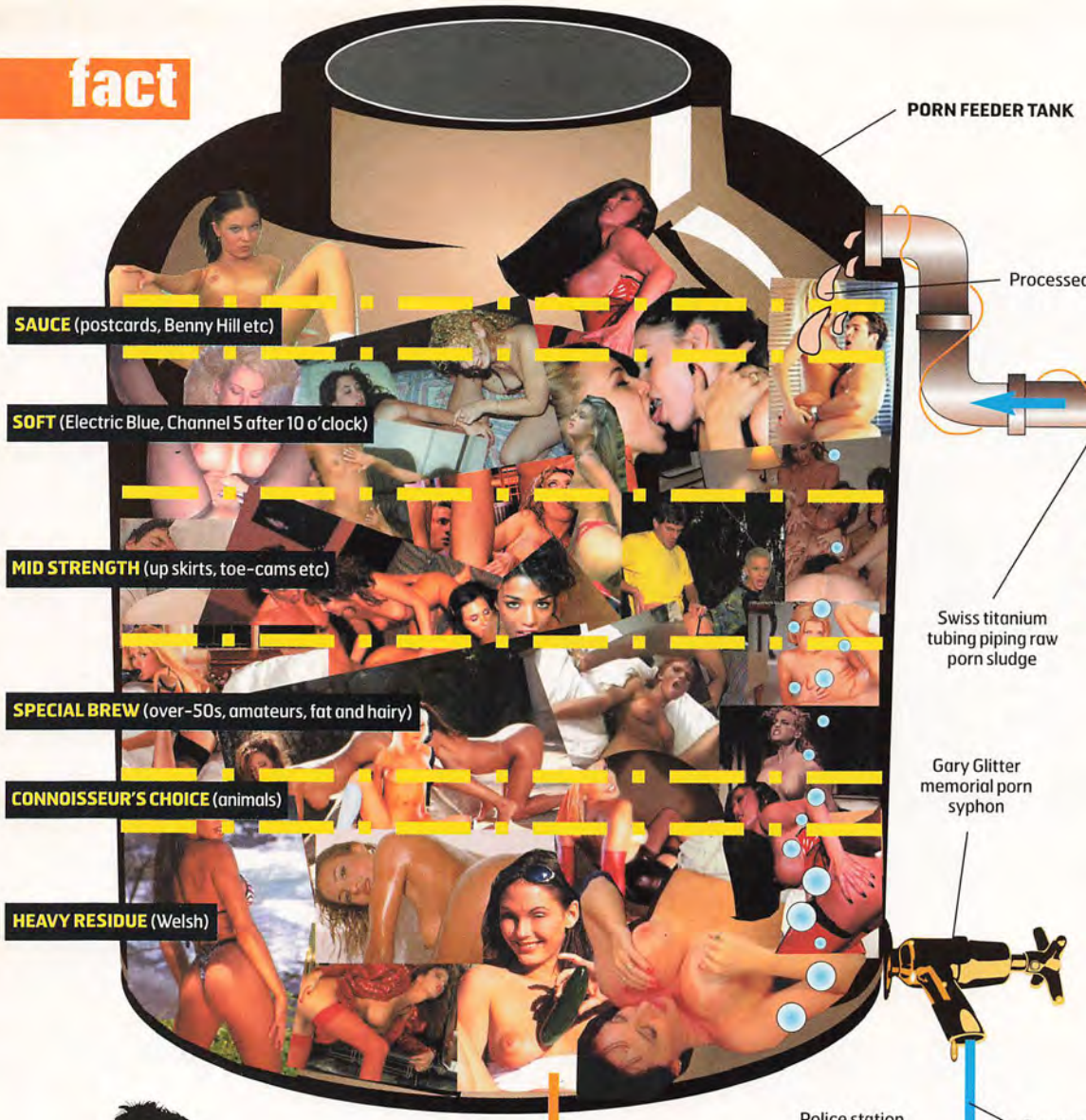
everyone's invited™


PORN FEEDER TANK
SAUCE (postcards, Benny Hill etc)
SOFT (Electric Blue, Channel 5 after 10 o'clock)
MID STRENGTH (up skirts, toe-cams etc)
SPECIAL BREW (over-50s, amateurs, fat and hairy)
CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE (animals)
HEAVY RESIDUE (Welsh)

Courtney Love monitoring the entire operation 24 hours a day for mentions of herself

Processed porn sludge

Swiss titanium tubing piping raw porn sludge

Cooling copper coils. Keeps it all fresh

Information terminus

IPCmedia

DVLA

RAC

AA

RSPB

YMCA

KFC

MI5

Gary Glitter memorial porn syphon

Seepage

Police station

Downloader

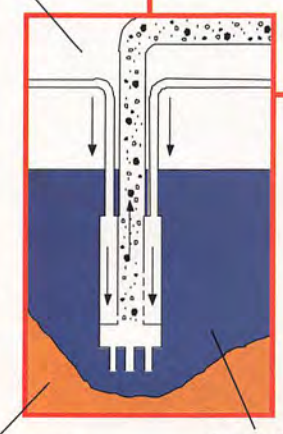
You, the user

MI6 filth monitoring shed

HOW IT WORKS No9

THE INTERNET

Information storage dump under Cornish Sea (dumping deformed, shop-soiled and defective verbiage)



Word sediment (500-year half-life)

Cornish Sea

WHO OR WHAT IS THE INTERNET? THIS WORLDWIDE WEB OF FOOLS? AN ELECTRO-INFO ETHERFLUX PLAYING ITS BUGLE IN vapour space? A wankerman's dystopia? A housebound pensioner's lifeline? Yes, it's that, but it's more besides. It's two men locked in a power struggle as vicious and intense as if it were going on in medieval times: chucking metal horses at each other and fearing each other up with spooky noises. Except this time it's control of your head that's the prize. Innerspace is the last bit of uncharted territory worth owning and sticking a flag in. And flag it they will, these baron giants of push-button electro-evil. Mr David Bowie versus Mr Bill Gates, battling for the portals of your mind. As Bowie burgles the world for facts, Gates pipes a thick paste of information into the ether. It's a fight to the death, with prime stock as the prize and electric spit to the loser. Bowie has control over all the world's words and letters, while Gates controls the numbers, shapes and colours, and 50 per cent of the earth's oxygen. Fruits, vegetables and salad are of particular interest to Gates; Bowie controls snacks and beverages. His big money-spinners are fossil fuels, leisurewear and rubber goods. His Department of Swear Words is now headed by Yoko Ono. How can he lose? Unless he fucks up somehow. Anyway, the Internet: this is how it works…

WORDS BY MICK BUNNAGE: ILLUSTRATION BY ADRIAN BROADWAY

What's he on about?

"Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow etc"

Ultimate arbitration

RAW PORN FURNACE

Evaporated sex soup falls as porn rain

Vapourised porn gas

Clarkson's extractor

Burping the beagle for patois, Bowie monitors world word usage and filters it for potential use as lyrics. Randomly reconstructed word-heavy songs are piped out into space where they colonise other planets, impregnating defenceless civilisations with Mr Bowie's nonsense and verbal confusions. Mars was first to go belly up following a punishing bout of insemination with Dave's poison word juice.

More plumpers, Mr Murray?

Yes, but easy on the Asian please, Keith

Mr Murray

Pre-arbitration gauge (most disputes settled at this level)

Vorderman's greasy surface

Keith

Raw porn soup

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE WHITE HOUSE

TRAVEL AGENTS

Swiss sex hoe

Lou Reed's personal spinnaker

Carol Vorderman monitors all numbers for Gates but sells prime numbers back to Bowie. "You mustn't overfish an area. You've got to lob a few prime numbers back in to let them breed," says Carol

21 3 88 4 6 15

Lou Reed, Minister of Long Numbers

DAVE

BILL

Bowie drivel deflectors

Whoa-oo-ay-ay, my son!

That'll be 20p please, boy

MIKE REID'S INFORMATION RUNAROUND (the benign toll booth)

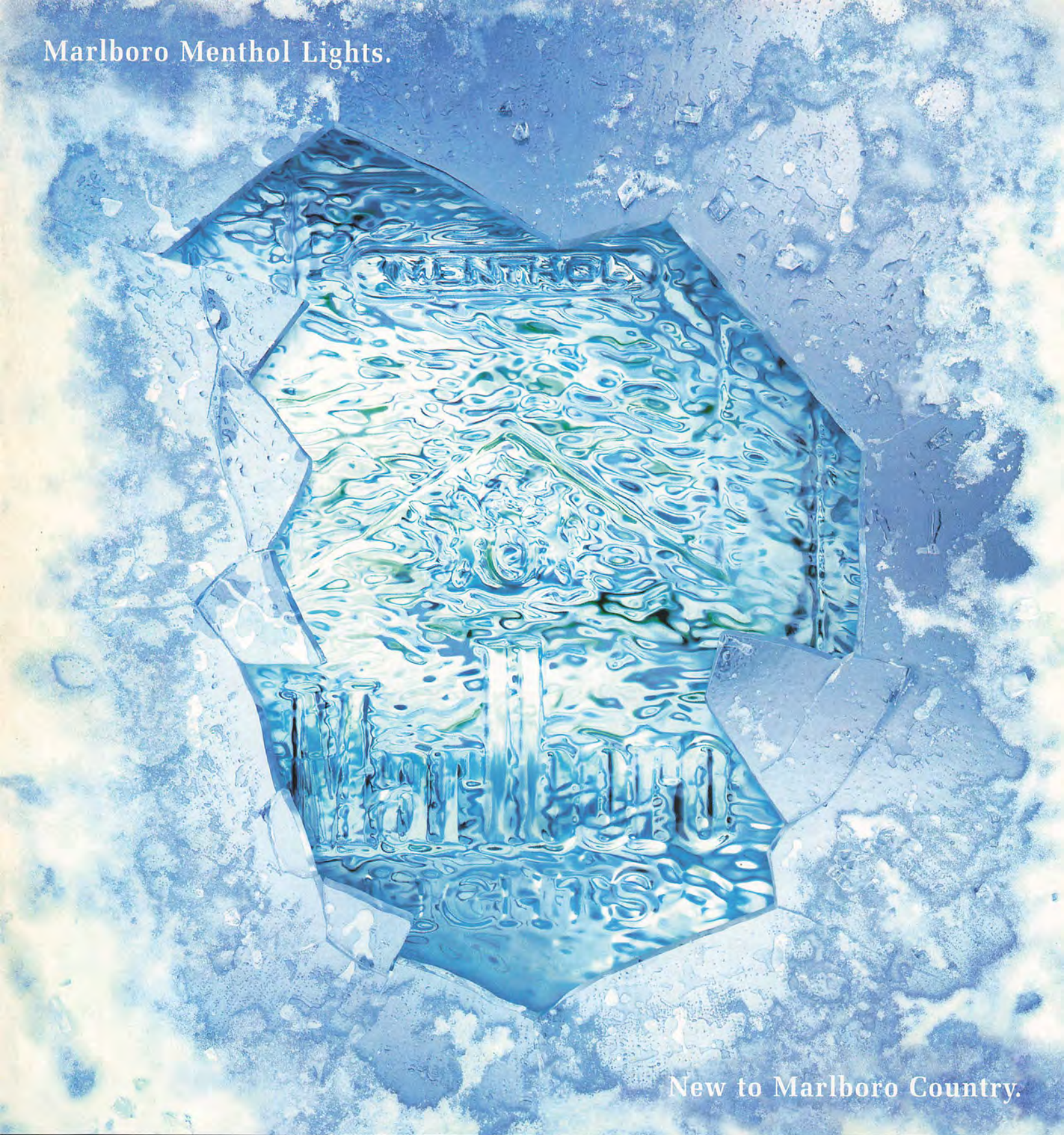
100010101101 00101110100

YAHOO

AMAZON

Virus elves (installed to serve and protect information banks)

Mains plug



SMOKING KILLS

Chief Medical Officers' Warning
Marlboro Menthol Lights
6mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine

stan bowles

loaded's betting columnist puts his chairman's greenhouse on the dogs

My favourite chairman was the one and only Jim Gregory at QPR, who sadly passed away last year. He was in sole charge at Loftus Road. When Jim called a board meeting it would be just him looking into a mirror.

Jim would often delve into his pocket and sort me out some money when I was skint (usually every Monday). He even gave me a house in Neasden to live in rent-free, and at one stage he offered to let me buy another house of his in Ruislip for £12,500 – but I never took him up on the offer. Eventually that bloody house went for about £80,000, so I lost out. As usual.

I remember one occasion when Dave Thomas gave me a lift back home after training and I invited him in for a cuppa. Dave was a good player, our winger at Rangers who could run up and down the touchline all day long – something he would do with or without the ball. Dave was an excellent crosser of the ball, even if his control wasn't a patch on mine. He was well into gardening at the time and he asked me if he could take a look at my back garden. Now this might surprise a few of you, but I wasn't really into gardening at all. I thought a Flymo was a can of deodorant. My own garden consisted of four square yards of six-foot weeds and a massive greenhouse at the foot of the garden. The greenhouse caught Dave's eye.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked.

"Fuck all!" I explained.

"I'll give you £100 for it."

"I can't do that, it's not mine," I said – thinking, "Hmmm, a ton would come in well handy for a night out at the dogs tonight…"

I thought Jim might take umbrage if he ever found out I'd begun to sell his possessions. I thought that, if I could use the ton at the dogs as speculative capital, with a few wins under my belt maybe I could buy the glass house back with a few quid besides. This is the way a gambler's mind works.

The argument seemed irresistibly steeped in logic. I gave it a few seconds' consideration before shaking hands with Dave. He returned sometime later with a truck and I helped load the thing, panel by panel, into the back of it until all that was left in the garden was a forest of weeds and a large, flattened empty space where the greenhouse used to be.

A kid asked me for my dab. I said, "Not now sonny, I've just done a greenhouse"

There were a few plant pots discarded on the ground, so to rid myself of any evidence, I tossed them all over the fence. My next-door neighbour was an elderly lady and I knew she'd tidy things up more efficiently than I would.

I lost the £100 the same night – after just four races, in fact, and neither Jim nor I ever got to see the greenhouse again.

Normally I sign autographs for kids whenever they ask me. Even though you can get tied up for hours on end, it's part and parcel of being famous. But that night I was feeling bad-tempered after losing the money. I remember a kid of about 14 coming up to me and asking for my dab. I said, "Not now sonny, I've just done a greenhouse." The lad seemed to accept it was a bad time for me, nodded his head and trooped off. Later, I felt more guilty about not giving him the autograph than about losing the greenhouse.

Jim Gregory did pop round to see me about six months later, and I suffered a few anxious moments when he looked through the back window. He did a little double take at the big empty space in the back of the garden and I could almost hear him thinking: "Didn't I use to have a greenhouse there?" Luckily he must have thought better of it and never said anything. The subject was never mentioned again.

Stan's betting tips appear on www.zoobet.com, the online betting site with links to all the major bookies.

STAN'S TIP FOR THE MONTH

Rugby Union: Six Nations (begins February)

Back France to win. It should come down to the last game at Twickenham, between us and them. Our boys will be unbackable (already odds on, I believe) by that point, and there's never that much between the two sides so this one could go either way. Pains me to say it, but get on the French – currently at 7/2 with Hills.

pudenda bender

loaded *contemplates a sex change*

I've got a problem. You know how you read in the papers about people who used to be men but went away for a bit and came back (in their eyes, and theirs only) as a lady? The ones that start: "Mr Graham Busdriver, a 46-year-old Media Studies lecturer at the University of Caterham, will return to his pupils in September as Ms Trudie Busdriver after a hideous sex-change operation on the NHS, paid for by people who also have gyp with their bodies but get on with it."

His pupils will poke fun at his attempts to walk in navy court shoes – for this is what transsexuals always wear – and point out how big his hands and feet are. Nobody will pass their exams for sniggering because their teacher just looks like their dad dressing up for a laugh at Christmas after too many eggnogs.

At least, though, these people know that they're a man trapped in a woman's body or a woman trapped in a man's body. I'm convinced I'm a bear trapped in a nine-year-old's body, but there's not a lot I can do about that except learn how to catch salmon with one hand and pound people who camp in national parks with the other.

But what if you're officially a girl and just want to be a boy because it's easier? What if you don't mind being a lady but you seem to only fancy gay men who look like women, and straight women who, er, look like women, not men? But dress like men. Not in dungarees, like proper lesbians, but trainers and the like. So if I went for a sex change and ended up Julian instead of Juliette, would the girls I find pretty like me or the men I find pretty like me? Or would I look like a hideous hybrid of David Copperfield and Joan Rivers? Probably.

What if you could get a sex change and keep some bits the same? Like I could get a penis, a big one of course, and keep my boobs, because even girls who aren't lesbians say they like boobs. It's the other bits the non-lesbian/curious/possible bisexual ladies have problems with, so if I had a knob and boobs, surely this would benefit everyone, including me? Mind you, men's things can be quite horrible-looking. And they make a mess, as Monica Lewinsky has testified. What I'm trying to say is that all the men I like are benders and all the women I like aren't. How confusing (not to mention disappointing) is that?

So this is what I'm going to do. I'm not going to bother going to hospital to tell them I want to be turned into a man, because I don't, that much is clear. I'm going to go write to Rolf Harris and see if I can get on *Animal Hospital*. As my mum tunes in for her weekly sob at cats with deformed ears and lizards who've been poisoned with crisps, she'll catch a glimpse of her only daughter in the background, laid flat on a table with an oxygen mask over her face, tongue lolling to the side under anaethsetic. After surgery I will be made up of animal parts – limbs and fur, beaks and wings – that have been thrown in the bin at the end of the show, able to go to discos safe in the knowledge that nobody will be able to resist me because I'll be a bit of everything. Sorted.

JULIETTE WILLS

If I became Julian instead of Juliette, would I end up like a hideous hybrid of David Copperfield and Joan Rivers?

PERFORM YOUR OWN SEX CHANGE

1. **Remove the penis**
2. **Fashion a vagina from remaining tissue**
3. **You'll now have to urinate out of your arse, but you'll be sitting down anyway**
4. **Multiple orgasms are yours!**

PHOTOS: SCOPE FEATURES / BIG PICTURES

pornalikes

Celebs who look just like models in rhythm mags

Eric Idle looks on the bright side of readers' wives *Porky, Edinburgh*

Courtney Love's Hole. Hahahahahahaha. *J, Lincoln*

The Street's Linda Baldwin displays her 'Underworld' *Leigh Rumble, Dorset*

Bobby Davro, funnier than ever *Foz, London*

Carol off Hollyoaks: big in the Chester region *Ste B, Liverpool*

Whey-faced queen of indie Jo Whiley rolls back the years *Michael & the lads in France*

Pornalikes wanted! Send them to Charlotte Crisp at the usual address, and don't forget to tell us where they've come from, ie: which magazine you've cut up from your vast smut collection. Ta.

HEINZ
Big
BAKED POTATO
Soup
Beef Chilli

flex this month's stance!

Cavorting aristo: Right royal hedonism – dress posh, no dosh

Give eating out and socialising a new lofty/carefree angle with this disarmingly regal yet casual, "I have a good time all the time/I'm bloody rich/Do you know who my father is?" look.

When being decadent, bust a proper posh blazer teamed nonchalantly with worn-in blue jeans. Juxtapose blazer with sporty casual top, collar up. Flex classic suede Gucci 'snaffle' loafers to confirm commitment to elegance and ostentation.

Choose respectable bar/restaurants to begin lunchtime cavort. Effect upper-class plumminess in voice, but do not overplay. Exude self-assurance and confidence. Befriend other lunchtime drinkers, generously buying them wine and ordering them food. Encourage them – especially girls – to stay with you for the whole afternoon and binge. Case restaurant for most discreet exit. Order everyone in the place a cigar, telling them it's the anniversary of your divorce. Propose a toast to freedom, wishing everybody "Top santé!" When company start to become drunk and relaxed, do a runner.

Don't look back, and flag the first taxi you see. Tell him to take you to the 'front line' of the worst estate you know. Get him to pull up by some flats or an alleyway. Be on your toes again, vaulting any wall in your way. Don't stop. Wait till cab has gone, then go on the prowl for street vendors.

Purchase one hundred pounds' worth of freebase cocaine.

Ask vendor to help you assemble pipe from water bottle, biro, foil and elastic band, in return for a smoke. Smoke pipe.

Return via cab to smartest hotel in town centre. Leave cab waiting outside. Ask concierge to book a table for six at the flashiest restaurant in town. Exit via kitchens.

Assume stance in restaurant as before, charming and entertaining other diners as you go. This time concentrate on drinking, with intermittent visits to the toilet to smoke your pipe. Once you are very drunk, order a large meal. Leave very shortly after that without paying.

Repeat cab stance. Return home, continue to drink and smoke pipe. Make death-threat phone calls, telling people 'Ricky Machete' is going to pay them a visit. Resume lunchtime stance next day in a different restaurant.

NB: Avoid acquisition of ruddy, weather-beaten complexion, as this will take your stance into 'Scouser at the races' territory.

TOM STUBBS

Suede 'snaffle bit' loafers £200 by Gucci

Gold cigarette lighter £200 by Alfred Dunhill
bottled mineral water 69p by Evian
red biro 22p by Bic

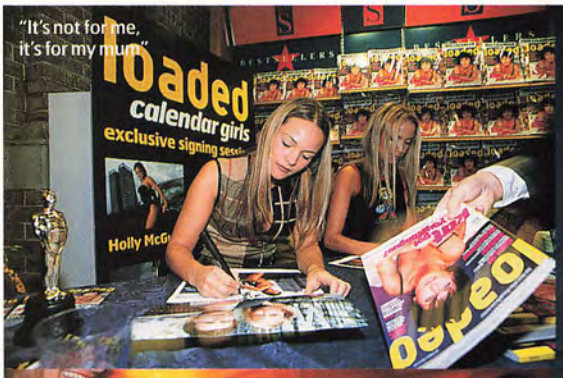
Polo shirt £85 by Polo Ralph Lauren

Worn-in jeans £67.50 by Levi 501s Red Tab

Navy cashmere blazer £695 by Aquascutum

FASHION ASSISTANCE: LAURA HARLEY; STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY: A.G. COOPERS; STOCKISTS: AQUASCUTUM 0800 282922, LEVI 01604 599752, POLO RALPH LAUREN 020 7535 4600, GUCCI 020 7235 6707, ALFRED DUNHILL 020 7290 8720

Crouton



"It's not for me, it's for my mum"

"Get a load of that calendar!"

Bloody students

Lisa Rogers and that lanky bloke off *FBI*

'See? They ARE all lesbians!"

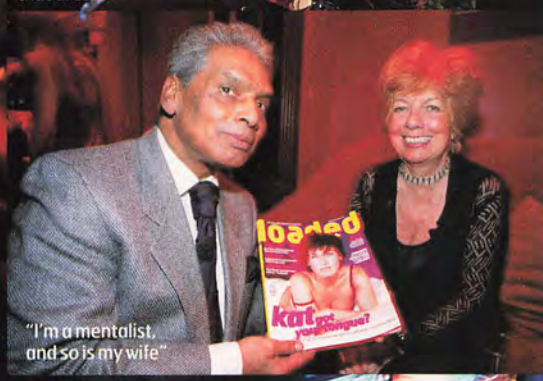
"They're undressing us with their eyes!"

Rowan Chernin gets the beers in. This rare snap wins £10!

"Better get your skates on or you'll miss the party"

The practised smile of an editor torn apart by his own ruthless ambition

Liz Hurley shows off 'that dress'



"I'm a mentalist, and so is my wife"

"I've just seen the cover"

Art Editor Adrian tries his celebrity love musk on Isla Fisher. She still hasn't called

Photography Editor Billy manages to stand up

The famous Ted from the office and his mates

"Bubbly?" "Yeah, I'm a real party girl, me"

Tara Palmer-Tomkinson, Kate Moss and Hugh Grant

"They've called me 'speccy four-eyed loaded geek' again!"

"Who let Anita Dobson in?"

"Smile please... no, no, I'm over here"

Eminess

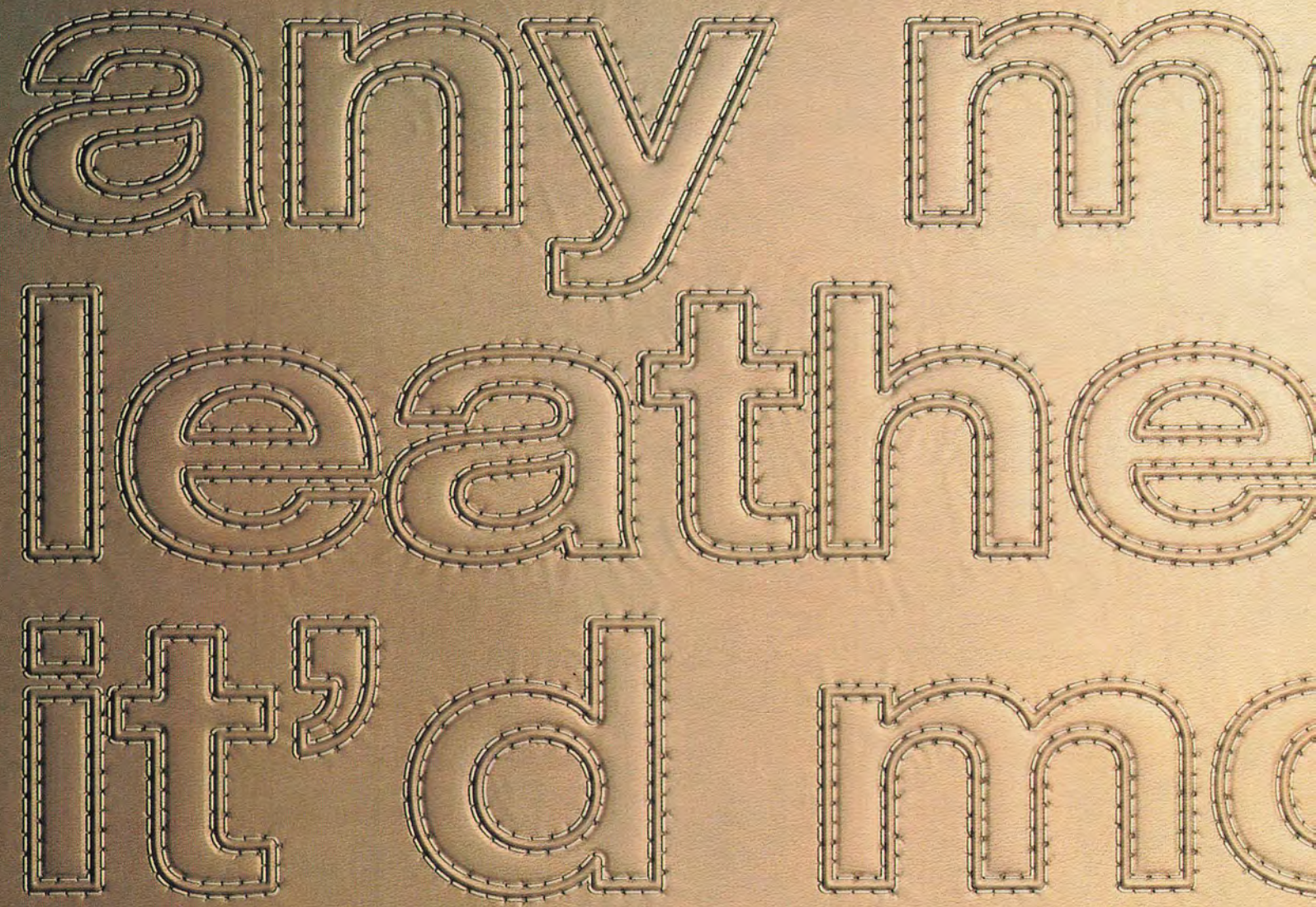
party of the year

The**loaded** 2001 Calendar bash

They all turned out: Lisa Rogers, that lanky bloke off *FBI*, Isla Fisher. Ted from the office and his mates. Not to mention the gaggle of lovelies that graced our 2001 calendar. And some girls on rollerskates. Couldn't get up the stairs, bless. A massive 1.4million viewers tuned into the Channel 5 programme, *The Making Of The Loaded Calendar*, to see footage of the outside of the party. And now here's an exclusive peek at what it was like inside – Bedlam, with free fags. And booze, courtesy of our mates at Kronenbourg and Smirnoff. Oh, and there was a surfboard from our pals at Gulf Stream Surfboards (01271 870831). Thanks also to The Mayfair Club (020 7629 0010) for letting us into their swanky joint. Sorry about the mess.

Win Jakki's surfboard!
The fellas at Gulf Stream Surfboards are giving away the board so lovingly caressed by Jakki (June 2001). All you need to do is answer this question:
Where is the best place in Britain to go surfing?
a) Birmingham; **b)** Newquay; **c)** Stoke on Trent
Answers to the usual **loaded** address.

PHOTOS: ANTHONY CULLEN



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the new ford**luxuryka**

Ford

teenage fang

Emma Caulfield heads up **loaded**'s Buffy The Vampire Slayer special, featuring Sarah Michelle Gellar, Eliza Dushku, Charisma Carpenter and that bloke off the coffee ads

story by WILL STORR photos by GILLES GAGNAN

club

"ALL TV IS A FORM OF ESCAPE... SOME NEED TO ESCAPE MORE THAN OTHERS"

STYLING BY ELISABETTA ROGIANI; HAIR BY ANDRE BLAISE/ARTIST (LA); MAKE-UP BY PATRICK TUMEY/CELESTINE (LA); CLOTHES BY ELISABETTA ROGIANI BOUTIQUE (LA); SHOT AT ORANGE STUDIO (LA)

Emma Caulfield

Demon turned human confectionery, Anya

SHIT-KICKING, LEATHER-WEARING, crossbow-firing queen of all the bitches. That's Anya, the beautiful if stroppy compadre of Buffy The Vampire Slayer who, with her sharp tongue, blunt opinions and leather trousers, has so convincingly upped *BTVS*'s sexual 'stakes'. She was a demon for 1,120 years before being cruelly turned into a human. And she's struggling with it.

"Well, she *has* only been human for about a year," sympathises Emma Caulfield, the actress who plays Anya. "Think of how long it takes us to work the world out when we're babies. You know, she used to be a vengeance demon and suddenly she becomes this 20-year-old mortal. She's just figuring out how to do it."

I suppose only having been human for a year might be a good excuse for rudeness. We should be grateful she's not burping up sick and screaming all night. But what about Emma? She is, by reputation, a very shy young lady. Is the character of Anya possessing her, demon-like, and making her real-life persona a little more evil?

"Yeah, actually," she laughs, "sometimes I do find Anya rubbing off on me. Not to the extent that I actually…"

Kill people?

"Yeah! Anya's just so honest, and if I had to pick one quality from that character that I'd want to emulate, it would be that. Not that I'm dishonest, but if you live in LA, everyone's so phoney and there's so much bullshitting that it's kind of contagious – you find yourself doing it despite yourself. So she's rubbing off on me that way. I'm more honest about what makes me uncomfortable and what makes me comfortable."

But new-found honesty or not, it must be difficult being shy and famous at the same time.

"Well, the shy thing is not so much about people recognising me," she explains. "It's about situations like this, where it's one-on-one and the whole point of this meeting between you and me is to talk about me. That's very disconcerting." She pauses for thought. "That's weird."

Not as weird as some of the people she meets, I bet. Those freaks who are into sci-fi/supernatural/horror programmes are all as mental as a Buddhist in a china shop, aren't they?

"All TV is a form of escape," Emma reasons, "and some need to escape more than others. I've ✈

Is it curtains for Anya? Or has she cleverly crafted it from a few old scatter cushions?

met a few fans who were really very, very strange. They really don't have any self-perception at all, they have no idea about the reality they're living in. But I really think those people are few and far between. At least I'm hoping they are. Otherwise I'm going to have a hard time sleeping at night."

But Emma should be able to pick a nutter out from a crowd of *Buffy* freaks with ease. She's got a degree in psychology, and was all set to be a shrink until stardom opened its flashy mouth and swallowed her whole. How's about doing some psychological deconstruction of her character Anya, then? Could she tell us what, for example, is inside her id?

"Oh, Anya is everybody's id," she laughs. "Anya is 'id' personified."

Of course! Erm… and remind me, what is an id?

"The id is our base impulse. We have the id, the ego and the superego inside our psyche. The id is Freud's way of describing our animal instincts, the things that our ego and superego keep in check. I think Anya's struggle represents our id – and all the characters that surround her are the ego and the superego, helping keep her in check."

As you might have noticed, Emma is no whining bimbo dunce. She makes me feel I have the intellectual prowess of Rory McGrath's beard. It's said that, in between breaks in filming, she doesn't nip out to the bogs with Buffy to do her nails and gossip about the size of so-and-so's stake. Instead, she and the rest of the cast like nothing better than a highly competitive game of Scrabble.

"Oh my God," she laughs and sighs at the same time, "yes, we really do. And they've gotten pretty ugly. I've had some ferocious games with Marc Blucas [*who plays Riley*] where he'll beat me by one point. He's amazingly good at Scrabble. It's really annoying."

"ANYA IS 'ID' PERSONIFIED – OUR BASE IMPULSE, OUR ANIMAL INSTINCTS"

So what's the best word you've ever had?

"Once I had 'melee', and I connected it with two other words on a triple word score, so I got 80-something points. And he still beat me. He still beat me, man!" She's getting angry now. "He came back! That's what's so annoying. I come up with that word, and he still beats me."

I'm amazed he doesn't let her win, out of pure fear. Some of Anya's vampire-fighting in Buffy is utterly brutal. If any **loaded** readers were to come across a vampire while walking home from Tesco's, how should they go about killing it?

"Hmmm…" she considers this for ages. "God… if it was just a one-on-one battle?"

Yeah. We're allowed a stake and perhaps one other weapon.

"Well, all you really need is the stake. I think you need to size up the situation – if you're much smaller, run like hell and get back-up. If you're not, just get the stake out and hope it hits. Oh, and remember to aim with the pointy end out." ◼

Buffy The Vampire Slayer is on BBC2, Thursdays at 6.45pm.

Anthony Stewart Head

Buffy's frightfully English mentor, Giles

Anthony Stewart Head is The Watcher. His role, as stammering Englishman Giles, involves looking after the rebellious Buffy.

"I teach her, train her and make sure she's doing her job," he explains. "The Watcher does have a dark side, though. He was a rebel in his teens, went on to dabble in black magic and ended up killing somebody."

But there are much worse things in Anthony's own past. Black magic and murder are one thing, but playing the lead in those will-they-won't-they Gold Blend ads that plagued the nation in the early '90s should be a crime punishable by death. The y told the story of two neighbours who fell in love over their shared love of instant coffee. Did he flee to America to escape the shame?

"Well," he laughs, "the ads made my TV career kind of go into hibernation in England – I just couldn't shake off the Gold Blend image. People said I was too high-profile, but here high-profile is a good thing. So it was a good move."

"THE COFFEE ADS PUT MY TV CAREER INTO HIBERNATION IN ENGLAND"

And do you drink Gold Blend, or is the punch of a good US cup of Joe just too hard to resist?

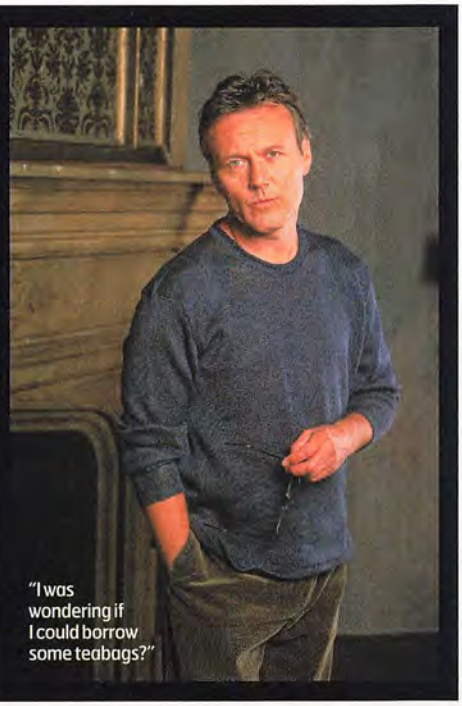
"I'm a cappuccino fan now. But my first drink of the day is still a cup of tea."

I bet he still pines over that lady with the thin blonde hair piled on top of her head like instant cream on top of a boozy trifle, though. Or have the septics stolen his heart? If he had to marry one girl, who would it be? Buffy, the coffee bird or our cover girl Anya?

"Anya? Good grief. Anya is barking mad. Buffy's a little young for me… I wonder. I suppose it would be the girl from the coffee ad."

Aaaaaah, sweet.

"Well, you know, you need to give me a few more choices!" WS



"I was wondering if I could borrow some teabags?"

Sarah Michelle Gellar

Buffy herself on bad girls and driving naked

BUFFY SUMMERS IS THE CHOSEN ONE. THE Vampire Slayer. She's the kind of doe-eyed blonde who gets called 'kooky', but she has a life mission to track down undead creepies in her home town of Sunnydale and slay the fuck out of them. But is Sarah Michelle Gellar, the 23-year-old actress, voted **loaded**'s sexiest woman of all time, who plays her a bad-arsed fighting machine? Or is her arse actually quite gentle?

loaded has just held its own Bad Girl Olympics [*see page 44*]. You were a child actress and a lot of them turned out to be bad girls, didn't they?

I don't know… those are just the stories we love to publicise – we love gossip. For every Dana Plato [*Kimberley off* Diff'rent Strokes, *died of an overdose in 1999 after a history of drugs and shoplifting*], there's four or five of me. I grew up in the business and I've never robbed, murdered or maimed anyone.

What about your fans and the public at large? Any evil levelled at you from them?

Yeah, I've had some of the nastiest things said to me recently, and it's not something I'm getting used to just yet. Someone yelled at me recently, "We're going to ruin you. We're not going to watch your show any more." It's an awkward situation.

Speaking of which, I heard a rumour you were caught driving to work naked – is that true?

Er, sort of. I'd worked all night on *Buffy* and I was at cracking point. I got out a really pretty dress and slip and boots and the whole deal, and got dressed. I had a convertible at the time. I was driving to work and everyone was looking at me, so I was thinking, "Well, I must be looking good." And all of a sudden, people really started staring. I looked down and I

"ALL OF A SUDDEN I REALISED I'D FORGOTTEN TO PUT THE DRESS ON…"

realised I had put the slip on but never put the dress on. I pulled my car over and put the top up immediately.

Could have been worse…

Yeah, but the writer of the show was waiting for me in front of the trailer, wanting to talk to me. When I had to stand up dressed like that he was like, "What's happened?" When I told him what I'd done, he dragged me to the set to show everyone. I've never lived it down – but at least I wasn't driving naked! **WS**

"Buffy?"
"Only if the part demands it"

Charisma Carpenter

Bitchy Sunnydale cheerleader Cordelia

CHARISMA CARPENTER IS NOT A MADE-UP name. The model-turned-actress, who played Cordelia Chase in *Buffy* for two years and now plays the same role in its spin-off, *Angel*, was named after a '70s perfume. Which is quite sweet, really, seeing as the Cordelia character is your classic American high-school bitch who likes nothing better than cheerleading, 'making out' with boys and worrying about her popularity.

Other odd things about 30-year-old Chrissy (as she was known at school, in Las Vegas of all places – presumably they had double roulette) include that she likes rock-climbing and "feeding and lying around" like a lion. She wanted to have a go at skydiving once, but when her Warner Brothers paymasters found out, they made her sign a contract that forbade her to try it. Which is probably just as well, because you wouldn't want a 5ft 7in rock-climbing cheerleading she-lion from Vegas landing in your allotment. **WS**

"I have grave misgivings about this."

PHOTO: STEVE SHAW/CORBIS OUTLINE

"I THINK I HAVE A CONNECTION TO THE BAD GIRL CHARACTER THAT MAKES IT MORE THAN JUST EVIL"

Eliza Dushku

Buffy's evil opposite number, Faith

WHAT WITH ALL THE UNDEAD STOMPING about causing all manner of hullabaloo, life for Buffy The Vampire Slayer is hard enough. The last thing she needs to worry about is an evil slayer putting bad eggs in her already nasty pudding. But that's just what Faith, played by 20-year-old Eliza Dushku, does in the show. **loaded** took the little minx to task.

Is Faith more than just a black-hearted queen of the night?

Well, I think I have a connection to the bad girl character that makes it more than just black and white, and more than just evil. I think people watching Faith have been really surprised when, at times, they felt sympathy for her, or they felt compassion. It wasn't just, "Oh, here is this black and white monster bad girl."

But I bet your fans aren't all so generous about your character...

Yeah, there is the reverse side where people come up going, "Who do you think you are?" and "Do you think you're tough?" And I'm like, "No, I really don't, I swear! I know I'm not tough, please..." But they get really excited.

And aren't some of your biggest admirers actually killers themselves?

Ah, yeah, the letters from prison thing hasn't gone over with me well. I don't understand why they screen a TV show about high school girls in maximum-security penitentiaries for men on death row. I just don't get it.

She's lucky they're all destined to be offed by the hands of the cruel and unforgiving US legal system. Unless, of course, the deep-fried corpses of those killers decide to rise up and spook the quaint little town of Sunnydale... **WS**

PHOTO: STEVE SHAW/CORBIS OUTLINE

THE BAD GIRL OLYMPICS

Ladies. Get a drink inside 'em and they start scrapping like sailors. So who is the hardest she-devil of all time? Gentlemen, to the mudpit!

IT STARTED IN 1903, WHEN EMMELINE PANKHURST FORMED THE SUFFRAGETTES with the sole purpose of giving men a good kicking. In the '60s, Germaine Greer continued the fight and taunted men by walking around with no bra on, as if to say, "Look at my tits – they're not objects for your sexual minds. All men are bastards." Over the course of the last 100 years, it has been proved beyond dispute that women aren't the fairer sex at all. They're the hardest muthas on the planet. But who's the hardest of them all? The crack **loaded** lady squad – John, Cigs, Charlotte, Danny, Chas, Mick and Johnny voted on who would take part in the ultimate battle of the bad girls, and went to the pub to discuss who would beat whom if they all had a fight. The results were astonishing. ✈

story by WILL STORR

1ST ROUND

GERI OFF HOLLYOAKS **V** **JANINE BUTCHER**

"Somebody who's been steeled in the East End environment is going to be far harder than those pasty-faced idiots from Hollyoaks," says Danny. "Ah, but Geri has this vicious streak," argues John, "and Janine's just a misunderstood teenager." "But Janine's a liar," Charlotte points out. "You don't kill somebody with a lie," John scoffs. "Oh yes you do," Danny counters, "you kill them inside." "No, it's got to be down to their physical prowess," John decides. "Geri would never get down on her knees to wrestle, naked as the day she was born," Cigs argues. "Yeah – whereas Janine's built like a Greco-Roman warrior," drools Danny.

Winner: Janine Butcher

ANYA THE EVIL SLAYER GIRL OFF BUFFY **V** **CINDY BEALE**

"Anya would immediately be stunned by Beale's hideous face," Johnny decides. "Yeah, but Anya's got all those excellent karate skills. She'd be bouncing round the room kicking the shit out of Cindy," observes Danny. "But imagine Beale fighting," Cigs interjects. "She'd be a maelstrom of slapping, hair-pulling and swearing." "But Anya would just stake her through the heart," insists Danny. **Winner: Anya**

MARGARET THATCHER **V** **ANGELINA JOLIE**

"Now, Jolie keeps snakes as pets," remembers John. "Ah, but Thatcher could easily deflect them with her handbag," counters Chas. "And Thatcher never sleeps," Charlotte reasons. "She'd just wait for Jolie to go to bed, make her snakes unemployed and batter her about the head with her handbag." **Winner: Thatcher**

ANNABEL CHONG THE GANG-BANGER **V** **MEDUSA**

"Annabel Chong shagged 251 men in one session," says John. "She is very, very hard." "But not afterwards," Danny interrupts, "she'd be exhausted." "And," Cigs picks up, "Medusa has snakes on her head. And we all know that girls fight by pulling hair. So Chong would try pulling Medusa's locks, only to get her hands eaten by the fuckers. She'd never survive that."

Winner: Medusa

DANNIELLA WESTBROOK **V** **BOADICEA**

"Danniella Westbrook's nose cavity is so huge," theorises Mick, "that she'd just suck Boadicea up it, chariot and all." "But Boadicea's chariot has knives sticking out of the wheels," recalls scholarly Johnny. "Westbrook's head would be torn to tatters."

Winner: Boadicea

COURTNEY LOVE **V** **DREW BARRYMORE**

"Courtney Love," Cigs begins, his face trembling with obvious hate, "would use all her fucking charisma and silliness to befriend Drew. She'd suck her into her hideous world, make her depressed, and then leave loads of shotguns and smack lying around. Then it's just a waiting game. Barrymore would eventually shoot herself in the head, believe me." We do. **Winner: Courtney Love**

THE BORG QUEEN FROM STAR TREK **V** **SHARON STONE IN BASIC INSTINCT**

"Well, Stone's got an ice-pick and she's a lesbian," begins John. "Ahhh, but the Borg is half-human, half-machine – the ice-pick wouldn't work on her," Johnny cries. "I reckon Stone would be attracted to the Borg and that would disorientate her for a few valuable seconds," says Danny. Until it's pointed out that the Borg would strap a massive cock on to her mechanical chassis and hump Stone to death. No one can argue with that.

Winner: Borg Queen

BONNIE PARKER FROM BONNIE AND CLYDE **V** **TARA PALMER-TOMKINSON**

"Tara would be coked up," theorises Cigs, "and she'd go, 'I say, you bitch, I could have you easily'." "Yes, but then she'd go shopping," counters Chas, "and Bonnie would track her down and shoot her in the head." **Winner: Bonnie Parker**

QUARTER-FINALS

BORG QUEEN

V

ANYA OFF BUFFY

"This one's obvious," Johnny decides. "The Borg Queen would use her powers to assimilate Anya. She'd become the Evil Buffy Borg." "No she wouldn't," says Danny. "Yes she would," says Johnny. **Winner: Evil Buffy Borg**

BOADICEA

V

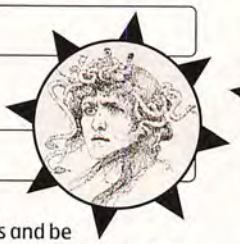
COURTNEY LOVE

"Courtney Love... [*the name has roused Cigs' ire once again*] will stoop to *any level* to get what she wants. She'd get down on her knees and wank off the horse pulling Boadicea's chariot. The horse would kick out and take Boadicea's head clean off." **Winner: Courtney Love**

THATCHER

V

MEDUSA



"Surely," Merlin begins, "as soon as Thatcher steps into the ring, she'll look into Medusa's eyes and be instantly turned to stone." "No," Chas decides, "because 'the lady's not for turning *to stone*'." "Ahhhhhhh," says everyone. **Winner: Thatcher**

JANINE BUTCHER

V

BONNIE PARKER

"Bonnie would whip out her guns and shoot the bejeezus out of Janine," considers Johnny. "Yes, but the bullets would just bounce off Janine's flabby dinner-lady arms," John counters. "And then Janine would get a pan of boiling chip-fat from the caff and pour it all over Bonnie's head." **Winner: Janine Butcher**

SEMI-FINALS

EVIL BUFFY BORG

V

THATCHER

"Evil Buffy Borg's powers come from the fact that she is, in a sense, a walking society," muses Danny. "And Thatcher famously said there was no such thing as society. Without that, the Evil Buffy Borg just won't work." The logic is undeniable. The Borg will be broken down into its component parts, then Thatcher will privatise them all, rendering them completely useless. **Winner: Thatcher**

COURTNEY LOVE

V

JANINE BUTCHER

"It's not looking good for Janine, is it?" ponders John. Yes, Love will lead her on and get her into heroin. "And she'll lose all the weight," John realises. "She'll be strung out, not wanting to turn on the chip pan," spits Cigs. "She might want some eggs now and again," muses Danny, inexplicably. **Winner: Courtney Love**

THE FINAL

THATCHER

V

COURTNEY LOVE

"Thatcher with a handbag, Courtney Love with a syringe," Cigs imagines grimly. "I reckon Thatcher could parry the syringe with the handbag quite easily," Johnny decides. "Thatcher's not interested in music, fashion, films, friends or smack. So where are Courtney's powers now? She is completely neutralised," Cigs smiles. But what if Courtney depressed Thatch into shooting her own head off? "If Thatcher blew her own head off," Johnny dictates, "another would just grow back in its place." "Yes!" Cigs leaps to his feet, "Then, like in *Star Wars*, Thatcher reveals she is Love's mother, and it totally freaks her out. Fucking hell!" With the extra publicity that Love gets from telling the papers about her evil mother, her powers just get stronger... "And it's nature's way that the old generation has to make way for the new," says Danny. "And Thatcher," John reckons, "will just lie down and die." "But when she does," says Mick, raising an ominous finger, "she'll give off a poisonous vapour that will destroy all life on the planet."

THE WINNER

COURTNEY LOVE

...but she reigns over a dead world

kiss it

kiss your sore throat better.

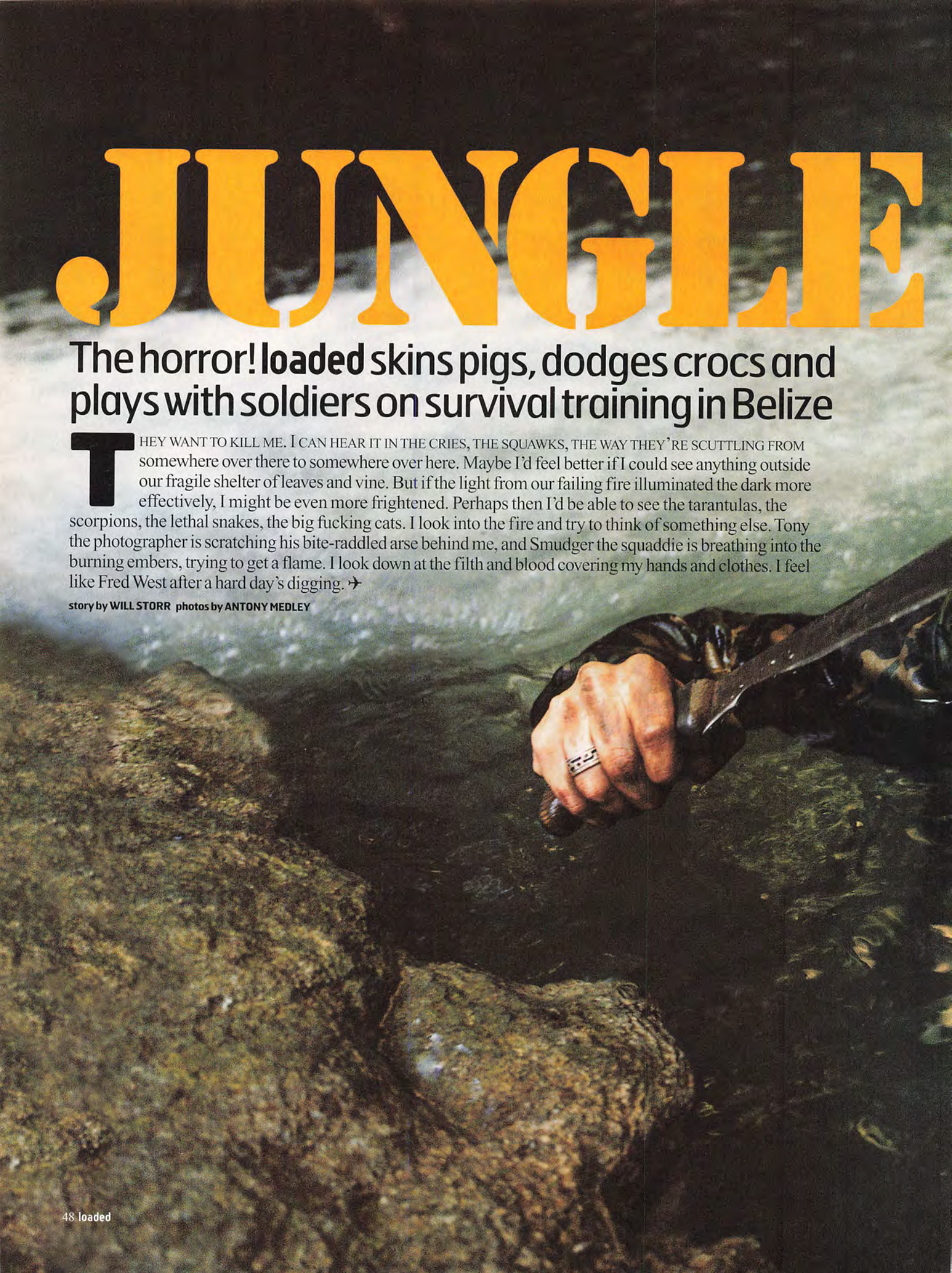
Always read the label

JUNGLE

The horror! **loaded** skins pigs, dodges crocs and plays with soldiers on survival training in Belize

THEY WANT TO KILL ME. I CAN HEAR IT IN THE CRIES, THE SQUAWKS, THE WAY THEY'RE SCUTTLING FROM somewhere over there to somewhere over here. Maybe I'd feel better if I could see anything outside our fragile shelter of leaves and vine. But if the light from our failing fire illuminated the dark more effectively, I might be even more frightened. Perhaps then I'd be able to see the tarantulas, the scorpions, the lethal snakes, the big fucking cats. I look into the fire and try to think of something else. Tony the photographer is scratching his bite-raddled arse behind me, and Smudger the squaddie is breathing into the burning embers, trying to get a flame. I look down at the filth and blood covering my hands and clothes. I feel like Fred West after a hard day's digging. ✈

story by WILL STORR photos by ANTONY MEDLEY



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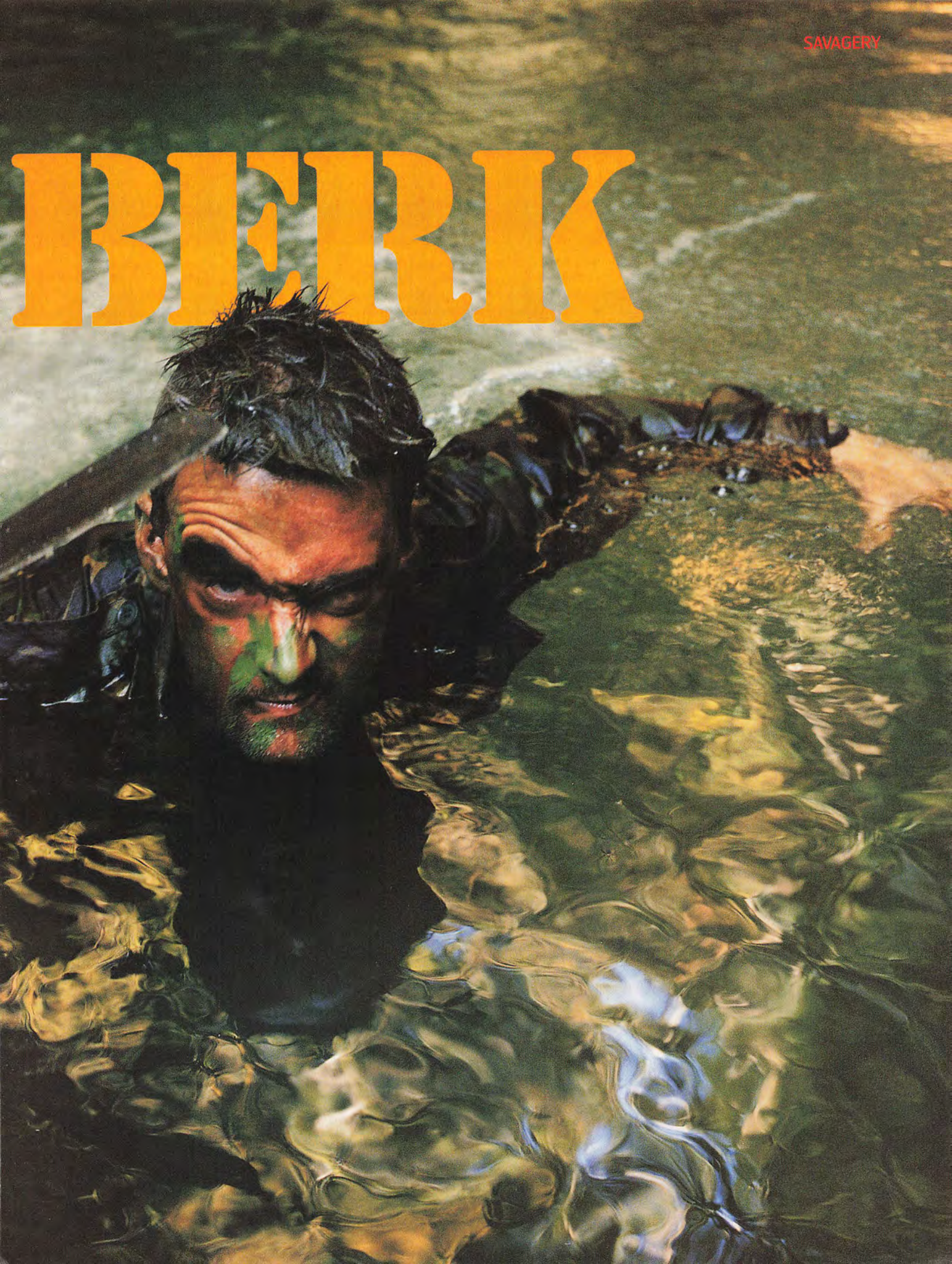

Grab your chopper...

...and treat your hot cock to a spit roast

Take your now limp snake...

Peel back the skin of your pork...

We're in this wilderness of vipers with the British Army, experiencing the jungle training that our crack infantrymen are put through to protect us and any other country the Government decides needs help. They are taught how to fight and stay alive if they find themselves lost or stranded with only a packet of matches and their laces to get them through.

We are in Belize, Central America, somewhere in the thick rainforest that covers the country. We've got a machete each, some cigarettes and a live chicken that's staring at me with scared, black eyes. Does it know I'm about to smash its neck open with my blunt blade? We need it as food to help us achieve our goal of getting through the night. It's been raining, the air is noisy with nastily coloured insects, and the ground is alive with ants and spiders. I'd give anything for a flame-thrower.

This night camp is pushing my townie arse to the limits. I've been here for four days and have been taught what I can eat, what I can't eat and what wants to eat me, as well as essential advice on gathering water and building a shelter. It could be worse – the soldiers we're with have been out here for three weeks and have another week still to go. By now, I bet these squaddies are hoping to survive Belize just so they can come back one day and nuke the bastard place.

Most accidents happen in the kitchen

Yesterday, I took part in a simulated battle with Five Platoon. Imagine the scene: an enemy army has built a camp in the jungle, and we have orders to destroy it. They say the first time you visit America it's like being on a film set; but the first time you find yourself in full camouflage, silently walking down a jungle path in formation with grim-faced soldiers holding SA80 assault rifles, *that's* like being in a film. A fucking nasty one.

The midday heat is static, solid and uncompromising. I've walked 2km in the tropical sun with Five Platoon, down a path to the river. The atmosphere is tense. We all know the next time these soldiers do this, it could be Sierra Leone, and the Bensons they'll be pulling on deeply then could be their last.

DOWN BY THE RIVER, WE TAKE COVER IN THE vegetation near the bank. As I get my orders, I run out low onto the rocks and drop into the freezing water. To my right, in a small boat, a soldier holds a large black machine-gun. He's on 'croc watch'. This stretch of river is known for its 14ft crocodiles, and the army has no intention of letting their expensively trained men be turned into a light lunch – bad for morale.

To get across the river, I have to put the hordes of water-borne parasites out of my mind and pull myself across a rope that's attached to each bank. With my kit, my boots and the heavy current against me, it's no easy task. Within 15 minutes, though, I'm over and back with Five Platoon,

ALL I CAN SEE IS MY ARM SMASHING THE NECK, AGAIN AND AGAIN. "ALRIGHT, IT'S

"Offensive?" "Yeah, he called me a speccy four-eyed geek"

...and get wood

"That's not what I meant by 'fall in'"

waiting for the order to attack. Sitting in silence, we can hear the guns of Four Platoon above us. And just as I'm squishing a man-eating fly on my hand, Budgie, the platoon sergeant, receives an order over his radio.

"Four Platoon have fucked it up!" he shouts. "Let's go!"

In the mess of the battle, I have no idea what's going on. The place is filled with smoke and bullets, the air cracks with shouting and explosions. This is what happens when the most ruthless and powerful species on earth turns on itself. Chaos, carnage and muddy shoes.

Eventually, everything is silent. Amongst all the impenetrable orders and seemingly random scurrying between the trees, the enemy camp has been destroyed. The soldiers retreat back down the hill, objective achieved.

Somehow it now makes sense. Apart from the dying bit, the day-to-day business of soldiering is simpler than living a real life. If you're in the army, every day is structured, every goal is achievable. Our civilian lives, with our daily, mundane obstacles, are far harder to navigate. While we have to get that job or get over that girl, the soldier simply has to climb that hill or kill that chicken. Like the priesthood or prison, the army is an alternative universe that has a straight, easy-to-follow gameplan. You *can* win, if you follow some simple steps.

BLADE DOWN ON THE BIRD'S DEAD!" SHOUTS A SQUADDIE

"It's no use, he won't talk"

If only I could remember them. Tonight, the terror of the battle has faded to a disorientating combination of hunger and fatigue. I feel cold and damp, and the chicken is clucking about in the dirt. The fact that I haven't explored the inside of its face with my machete yet seems to have calmed it slightly. Smudger is behind me, tending to a wound on his thumb. While cutting wood earlier, he missed and cut himself to the bone. Apart from saying "Ow, fuck!" a lot and squeezing his eyes shut, he's taking it quite well.

Christ, why on earth would you want to join the army? All that running about, getting wet and being killed. It's something that fascinates me, because I have a complete aversion to violence. I don't enjoy war films, I've never seen a boxing match, I haven't even kicked that many puppies. But as we were marching to the camp, I noticed strange things going on in my head. Dressed in full army gear, with a machete hanging off my right hip, I found myself fantasising about killing the locals. Now I'm starting to imagine fingering a gun, throwing a grenade. I don't know if it's infantile game-playing or I've tapped into a darker part of my subconscious. Maybe everyone's got this bloodlust hidden within them.

Earlier this morning, we had gathered in a clearing to see a pig being killed.

"Can I kill it?" I found myself asking.

"Well, I, er..." our instructor began.

"Oh go on, let me kill it. Please!"

"No – it has to be done as humanely as possible."

I was practically on my knees, begging the poor man. The 'humane' killer, Pedro, might have had the knife, but it was me who was getting evils from the pig while it squealed between his legs. Then Pedro pushed a sharp blade into its windpipe, and it drowned in its own blood.

"Obviously that's quite embarrassing," the instructor pointed out, "being killed and pissing yourself at the same time."

He was right as well – porcine urine was running into the deep pool of thick blood gathering beneath its neck. The screams and whimpers went on for several minutes before it was hauled, by its legs, onto a frame built out of thick sticks.

"Do you want to skin it?"

Before my mouth had a chance to reply, I was wrist-deep in fat, blood and slime. Pedro's knife slid easily under the skin. I punctured, sliced and pulled the blubbery muck off the carcass, from its back trotters to it's claret-pumping jugular. Some pacifist I turned out to be.

Back at the camp, though, I'm hungry. And I feel like Chicken Tonight. The trouble is, the thing's still alive and it's not happy. Smudger has got it between his legs and its head is stretched out on the ground in front of me. I take a deep breath. All the weirdness of the last few days wells up in my head and flows down my right arm. Suddenly, I'm bludgeoning the neck of a squawking flurry of feathers and there's blood spattering up my hand, clothes and chin. The first whack only half-severs its neck. I look down at the pathetic face, the stupid red beak-flange twitching with pain. Then I lose it completely. All I can see is my arm smashing the blade down, again and again.

"Alright, it's dead!" Smudger's alarmed voice shouts, breaking into my fevered death-frenzy. I wonder if Colonel Sanders ever had days like these. Two hours later, the bird's on a spit over the fire. There are no health and safety laws in the jungle. There's no blue plaster over Smudger's manky thumb and no besuited inspectors asking questions about the half-cooked dinner we're about to eat while we wait for the night to end.

AT LAST, THE DAMP BLUE OF THE DAWN SKY breaks through the tangle of the canopy above our camp. The Jungle Warfare Instructors have arrived to take us out of the woods. They seem impressed that our fire stayed alight all night, and the fact that I've been using a log as a pillow elicits a response of "Blimey, hardcore!" I think they expected us to bring Pot Noodles and thermal tents. This makes me feel good.

Over the last five days, I've crossed a croc-infested river, gone to battle, dodged snakes, skinned pigs, killed chickens and slept on a log. Now it's time to leave. After walking for an hour through the tight knit of the undergrowth we reach a thin concrete bridge over the river.

"Well done lads, you're going home," shouts one of the instructors, but I can barely hear him. The noise of the Lynx helicopter, flying kamikaze-low through the river valley, is drowning him out. ✈

... Then he went absent without leaves

THE INSTRUCTORS SEEM IMPRESSED THAT I'VE BEEN SLEEPING ON A LOG

"Friendly fire?" "Yes, most agreeable"

It lands on the bridge and a soldier runs low under the thunderous blades to collect us. We jump in, the door slides shut and we rise into the now hot sky. As we hover higher, above the trees, the stunning expanse of Belize rolls out beneath us. If I really did get lost down there, if last night was for real, it wouldn't have been cold or hunger that got me; it would've been sheer despair. I'm looking at the living definition of wilderness.

Even as we rise to a thousand feet, I can't see an end to the green undulating jungle, the huge waterfalls and the clouds of steam that the sun is sucking from the ever-wet trees.

In a curious way, I'm going to miss the highly organised plod of the army. But I am glad to be going back to Blighty – from military order to civilian chaos. If we get it wrong at home, we might lose a few friends or a few hours' kip; if a soldier gets it wrong, he's dead. And as long as this helicopter can get me out of this hell of trees and monsters, I'll be back in the smoke of the city in two days. Mind you, I'm never going to be able to eat Kentucky Fried Chicken again without having terrifying flashbacks. ■

EARTH'S NASTIEST BUGS

It's a jungle out there. Here are the evil little bastards to look out for when you're camping out in the tropics...

1) BOT FLY

Mainly using mosquitoes as carriers, these little buggers' eggs get through your unbroken skin in five minutes, and pop out a few weeks later as fully grown flies. The larvae can burrow through a child's soft skull to the brain and cause death. Ways to coax the larvae out of your body include covering the skin in bacon, nail polish, chewing gum and monkey jism.

2) BLOOD FLUKE

These enter your system when you come into contact with contaminated water in dodgy places around the Equator. After the fluke penetrates your skin, it enters your bloodstream. When it gets to the liver, it grows before migrating to your bladder to spawn. Can cause fever, bronchitis, liver enlargement and the shits.

3) TSETSE FLY

The evil bloodsucking cousin of the housefly, the tsetse can be found feasting in Africa, where it infects people and animals with the parasite that causes sleeping sickness. After a dormant period that can last years, you can look forward to heart damage, personality changes, emaciation, coma and/or death.

4) HOOKWORM

This one lives in poo. Found in the tropics, its larva enters through your feet and gets carried in your bloodstream to the lungs. This causes you to cough up blood containing the eggs, which also find their way down your gullet to your small intestine. Here they attach themselves to the wall and, once hatched, drink loads of your blood. Give you the shits too.

5) LEECH

Although used in the 19th Century for medicinal purposes, leeches cause you more grief than good. Aquatic leeches enter the body in drinking water or up your arse when you're swimming. If they come in the back door, you'll dump them out later; but if they come in via the mouth, they attach themselves to the lining of your throat and can pass into the lungs to cause suffocation and death.

6) CANDIRU

This South American catfish has a habit of swimming up bathers' japs-eyes. Once there, it digs spikes into the sides, and moving it requires surgery. Candirus have reportedly entered the gills of fish, fed on their blood and flesh and left a hollow corpse. If afflicted, drink 12 cans of Special Brew – that should flush the little bastard out.

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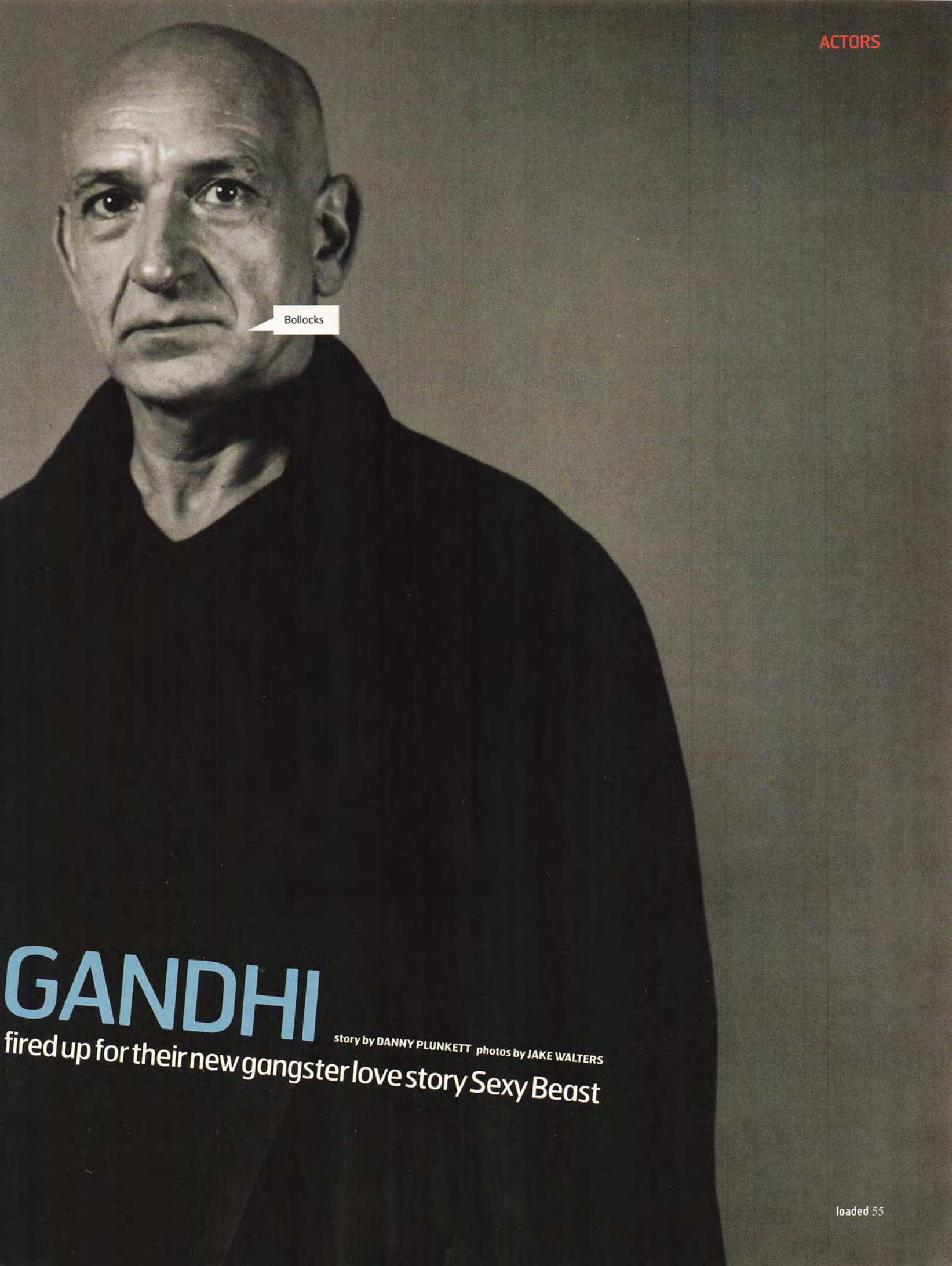
THE DADDY vs PSYCHO

British cinema's unlikeliest double act, Ray Winstone and Ben Kingsley, get all

THE FIRST TIME BEN KINGSLEY HITS RAY WINSTONE, IT'S A SHOCK. BUT THEN he's at it again, kicking Ray around his own bedroom in front of the wife. By the time the actor best known for playing Gandhi is smashing a bottle on Ray's head, it seems only natural.

The battering of Brit film's favourite Cockney hard man by someone who resembles a psychotic *Thunderbirds* puppet takes place in this year's first and probably best gangster flick, *Sexy Beast*. Winstone's playing a robber gone soft and living on the Costa del Crime. He comes up against a demonic former associate, in the form of an effing and blinding Kingsley, on a mission to recruit him for a job in London. Kingsley applies everything he learned doing Shakespeare for 20 years and comes up with an evil ✈



GANDHI

fired up for their new gangster love story Sexy Beast

story by DANNY PLUNKETT photos by JAKE WALTERS

little bastard who makes everyone around him, including the audience, uncomfortable. Winstone, playing against type, is a man in love with his wife, sunbathing and eating anything that crosses his path.

Directed by Jonathan Glazer, who was responsible for that Guinness ad featuring giant horses and boss-eyed surfers, *Sexy Beast* looks good but is made great by the Winstone/Kingsley double act. The two of them met **loaded** at a Soho members' club for a chat over coffee and camomile tea, where Kingsley threw up some more surprises, ranting about Hollywood studios and up-their-own-arses Yank actors.

If anyone's asking, it was Kingsley who had the camomile.

Ben, Your character Don is a surprisingly hard, foul-mouthed and disturbing piece of work. How did you research him?

Ben: Didn't.

Erm, so where did it come from?

B: It comes from me. [*At this point he stares malevolently…*]

You're doing it now, aren't you?

B: [*Eyes becoming even harder*] I'm sick of the dark side being exiled from our cinema screens. There's an insidious, nasty conspiracy that's come from some angry, slightly right-wing coalition somewhere not in this country. The dark side has been corroded away and people now watch films by committee. They mark cards. They decide the ending. It's disgraceful. What it's doing is insulting the intelligence of the audience over and over again...

Ray: [*Sitting back and enjoying the show*] Oh yes, well said.

B: ...whittling away at their capacity to be faced with a tremendous story and be shocked and shaken to the core, and then go home and have fish and chips if they want to. All the great films made in the '40s and '50s are about people torn apart by a single dilemma. Why do we love *Casablanca*? A man torn apart by a dilemma. Why is Ray's performance so linked into those characters? It's something to do with our received mythology about a man being torn apart by circumstance.

In the same breath, I'm a little bit pissed off when people say, "Oh, you're gonna play this guy who works in a fish and chip shop, so are you gonna work in a fish and chip shop for three months?" Do you really think that staring at a pile of chips is going to help me with my character? It won't. Don is in me. Don is in the basement of my psyche, rattling around with the empty bottles and the dead rats saying, "I'm fucking coming up there one day, Ben, you try and keep me down." Ray, you know what I'm talking about – no research. There's such bollocks talked about research.

R: I've heard it a million times, people saying, "How was you frightened of Ben Kingsley? Gandhi's coming in to bully you!" And you go, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

B: We all work differently. Because the system has encouraged them to, a lot of our American colleagues forget that acting actually means pretending to be someone else. Hello! That's what we do for a job! When somebody plays a character who is involved in a certain way of life, this actor will say, to impress the journalist, "Sure, I hung out with prostitutes in Noo Yoik for tree months, sure I got laid, sure."

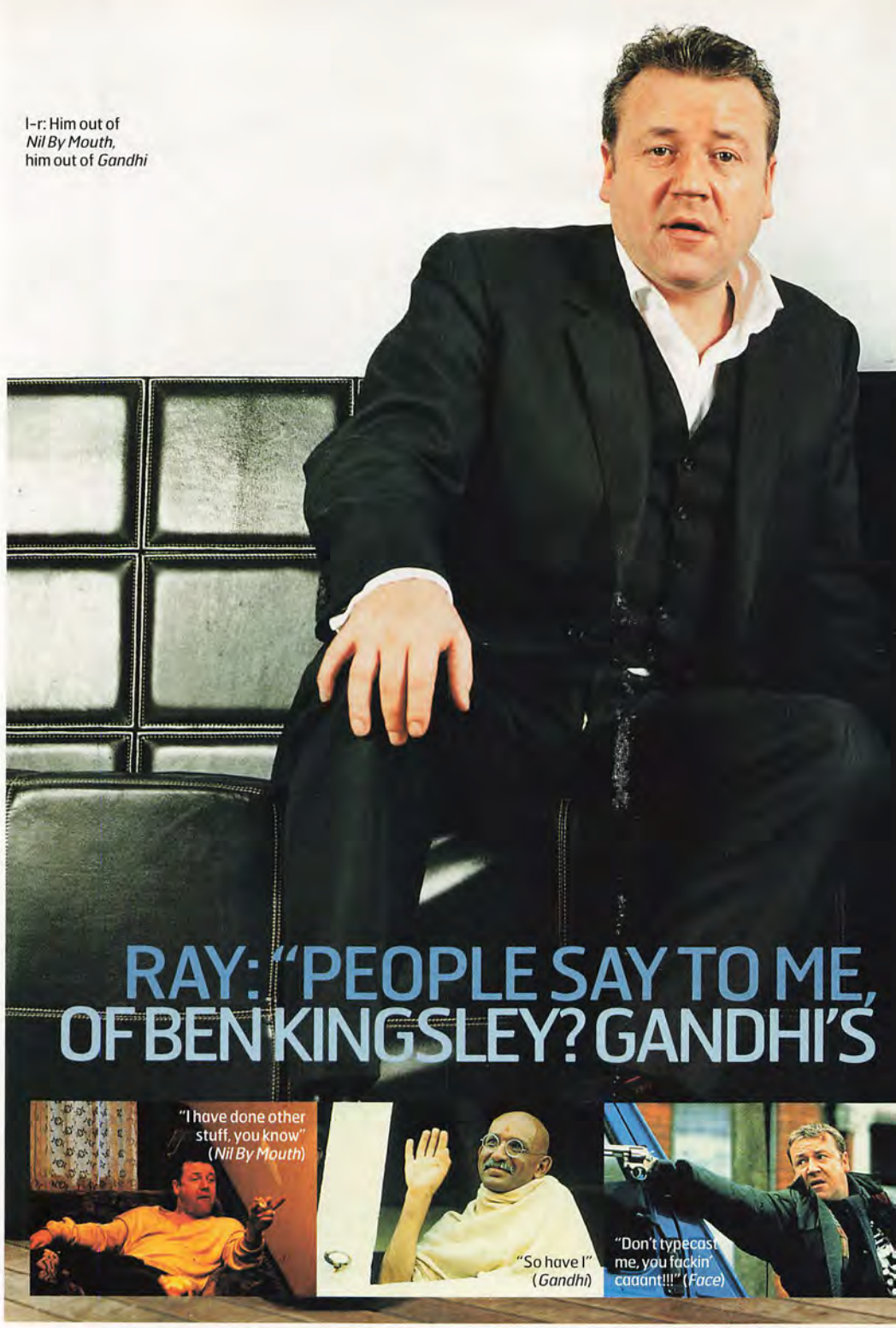
R: "It's OK, the wife doesn't mind about it. She knows I'm researching the job…" We have a certain director over here, who'll send people off to an ice-cream factory for nine months to research making ice-cream. And once he forgot to tell 'em the film was cancelled. I'd have come back and shot him. That's disgusting. As Ben says, it's something in you. We've all got lusts. We've all got a dark side, as Ben puts it. We've all thought nasty things. We all know how to do nasty things. You don't need to research that.

But wasn't it surprising to you, Ray, that the man who played Gandhi came out with this psycho?

R: I couldn't see it, to be honest with you. Ben came in and went "Uuurckkkk! [*does passable impression of John Hurt giving birth to an alien*] 'Ave that!" You know, he's got much more of a range of work than I've got. Give everyone a chance. It was a lesson for me.

In the same way, since *Scum* and *Nil By Mouth*, people expect you to play certain roles…

R: You know, there's this thing I'm told: I work too much. I'm a lucky boy, I do something that I really enjoy, and I'm told I work too much. You don't say that to a man who drives a lorry, who brings home food to his kids every day – "Sorry, you've been driving a lorry for 33 weeks this year and I think you should relax."


RAY: "PEOPLE SAY TO ME,
OF BEN KINGSLEY? GANDHI'S
"I have done other stuff, you know" (*Nil By Mouth*)
"So have I" (*Gandhi*)
"Don't typecast me, you fackin' caaant!!!" (*Face*)

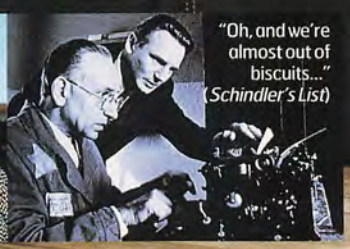
I-r: Him out of *Nil By Mouth*, him out of *Gandhi*

PHOTOS: MOVIESTORE

'HOW WAS YOU FRIGHTENED COMING IN TO BULLY YOU!'"

"And then I decided to play a spiritual leader..." (*Moses*)

"...while I took on the role of a Cockney hard man" (*Fanny And Elvis*)



"Oh, and we're almost out of biscuits..." (*Schindler's List*)

B: Or to a painter, "Excuse me, but I think you're spending too much time in your studio. You're painting too much." Fuck off!

R: People say, would I like to direct? Why? I've been acting for 20 years and I'm now really enjoying what I do. Why would I want to go and do something else? I think you could do it, Ben, and I could do it, 'cos we ain't got too much ego. We're generous when it comes to other people. I watch films with a certain American actor who directs his own films. Every time I see him he's well lit and he's got the most close-ups. I think, "You're really up your own arse, son, and your films are terrible now." He used to make good films and you think, "Oh God, I'd hate to be like that."

B: If you have a great producer...

R: I think he produces as well.

B: Oh dear.

I'm going to have to find out who this is.

R: Well, it's Kevin Costner.

Now Ben's wandered into your territory, are you inspired to play a great religious leader?

R: I tell you who I'd love to play. I'd love to play Adolf Hitler, showing him as a man, as a lover. We know what this man done, this monster, but to be a monster you haven't got to play a monster. To see the gentler side of this man, that to me is horrific. But it's getting those sort of parts... And maybe I'm too fat to play Adolf Hitler.

To take on the role of an ascetic like Gandhi, you'd have to lose a lot of weight.

B: Maybe he's a fat ascetic. What's the difficulty? You put weight on and you lose weight. It's easy.

In *Sexy Beast*, a great big half-man, half-bunny keeps pulling guns on Ray in his dreams. Have either of you got recurring nightmares?

B: I've got the obvious one – it's the actor's nightmare.

R: What? Drying? What is it?

B: I leave my dressing room... no costume, nothing.

R: What? Naked?

B: Completely naked.

R: Lovely.

B: Thank you. I stand in the wings and I say to the stage manager, "OK, just tell me the name of the play," and he gives me the script and it disintegrates into dust, and I have to walk on stage naked. Not only do I not know my lines, I don't know what play it is. And that's my recurring nightmare.

R: I 'aven't had that one yet. I've got one I had six or seven times as a kid, where I was standing by a tree watching my family get eaten by a pride of lions. I didn't even know who my family were going to be – I'm talking about wife and kids – and I've never forgotten it. I've never been to Africa because of it. Every time I've had a chance to go I've said, "No thank you very much."

So Tarzan's out, then?

R: Tarzan's off through the long grass, I tell you now. I have a fear of lions to this day. I walked into this zoo in Berlin... I always have a little look at them from a distance, but maybe they smelt my fear – they just went nutty. They were up against the glass and I just went whoosh, out of there. 'Cos I could see the glass going, me getting eaten, and goodnight nurse.

Now you've got a successful double act, when are you working together again?

R: We're doing pantomime at Christmas, *Snow White And The Seven Dwarves*, the adult version. Haven't they told you yet, Ben?

B: I didn't know whether it would be the *Seven Dwarves* or *Cinderella*.

What characters are you playing?

Both: I'm Dopey.

R: Alright then, I'll be Sleepy. I'll even be Snow White. I'd work with him seven days a week and twice on Sundays.

B: Mind you, you have to be cautious about this. Producers are terrified of actors who like each other. They think as soon as we get in the trailer we're conspiring against them. Producers are very nervous about putting actors together who have a secret language, a code. One raise of my eyebrow and they'll know we've sussed them, that we think they're a load of tossers. I reckon we could pose quite a formidable package. ■

Sexy Beast is in cinemas from 12 January.

And then they played Vialli and Glenn Hoddle in a film about Chelsea (*Sexy Beast*)

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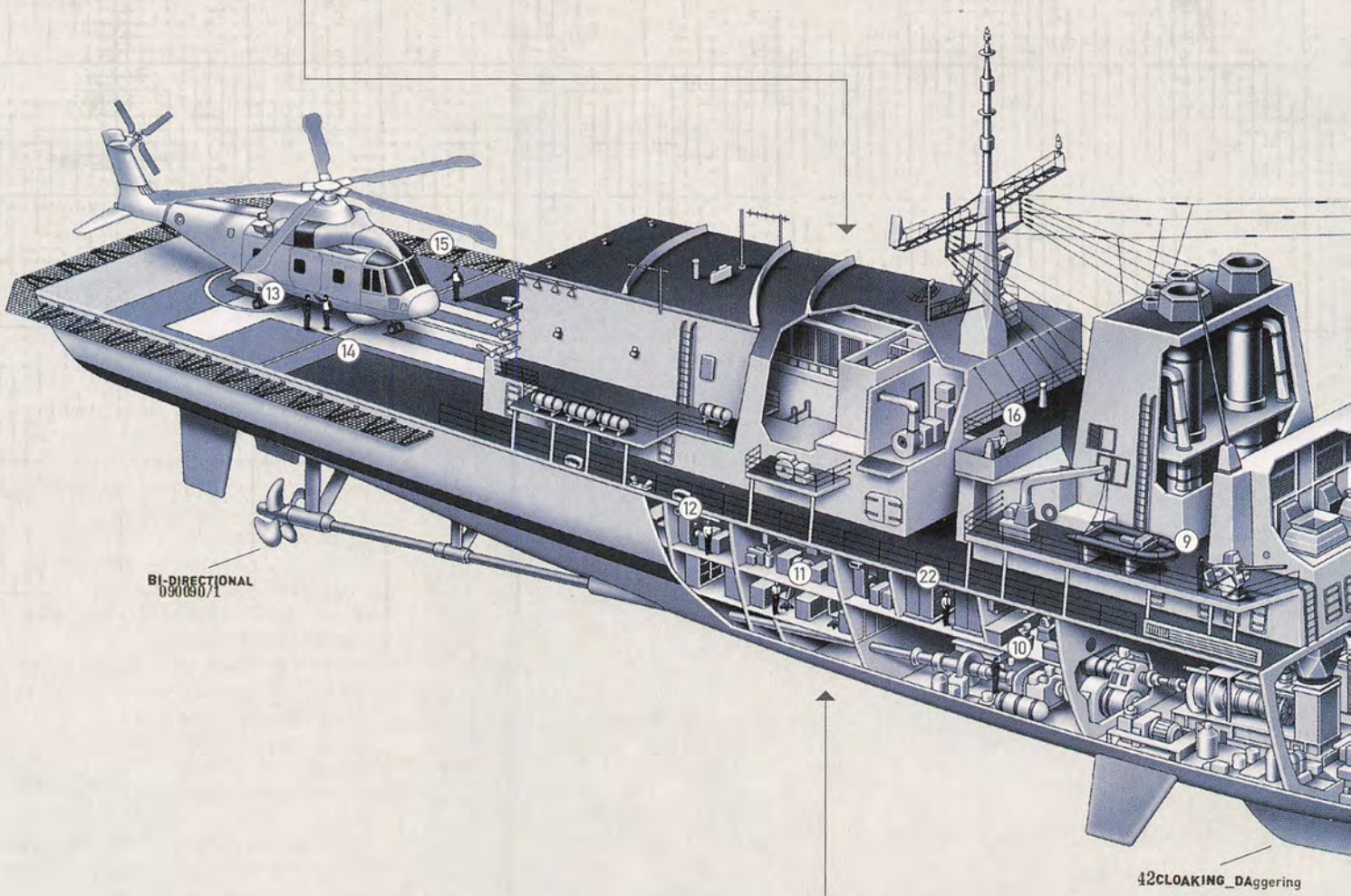

1	OPERATOR MECHANIC: ABOVE WATER WARFARE	12	CHEF
2	STORES ACCOUNTANT	13	PILOT
3	STEWARD	14	AIR ENGINEERING ARTIFICER
4	OPERATOR MECHANIC: UNDER WATER WARFARE	15	AIR ENGINEERING MECHANIC
5	OPERATOR MECHANIC: ELECTRONIC WARFARE	16	OPERATOR MECHANIC: ABOVE WATER WARFARE
6	OPERATOR MECHANIC: COMMUNICATIONS	17	WEAPON ENGINEERING ARTIFICER
7	MARINE ENGINEERING MECHANIC	18	NAVIGATING OFFICER
8	SHORT ENGAGEMENT SEAMAN	19	OFFICER OF THE WATCH
9	OPERATOR MECHANIC: ABOVE WATER WARFARE	20	CAPTAIN
10	MARINE ENGINEERING ARTIFICER	21	DEPUTY WEAPON ENGINEER OFFICER
11	WRITER	22	MARINE ENGINEER OFFICER

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THIS SEEMINGLY CONVENTIONAL
135 METRE LONG TIN CAN
UNCANNILY SHOWS UP AS NOTHING
MORE THREATENING
THAN A SMALL FISHING BOAT.
SOME FISHING BOAT. THIS
VESSEL HAS THE TECHNOLOGICAL
CUNNING TO DETECT, AND THE
SPEED AND AGILITY TO CATCH,
EVEN THE MOST SLIPPERY TARGETS.

IT ALSO

IF NECESSARY,
HAS THE POWER TO KIPPER THEM.
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ABSOLUTELY ON MANY UNIQUE AND
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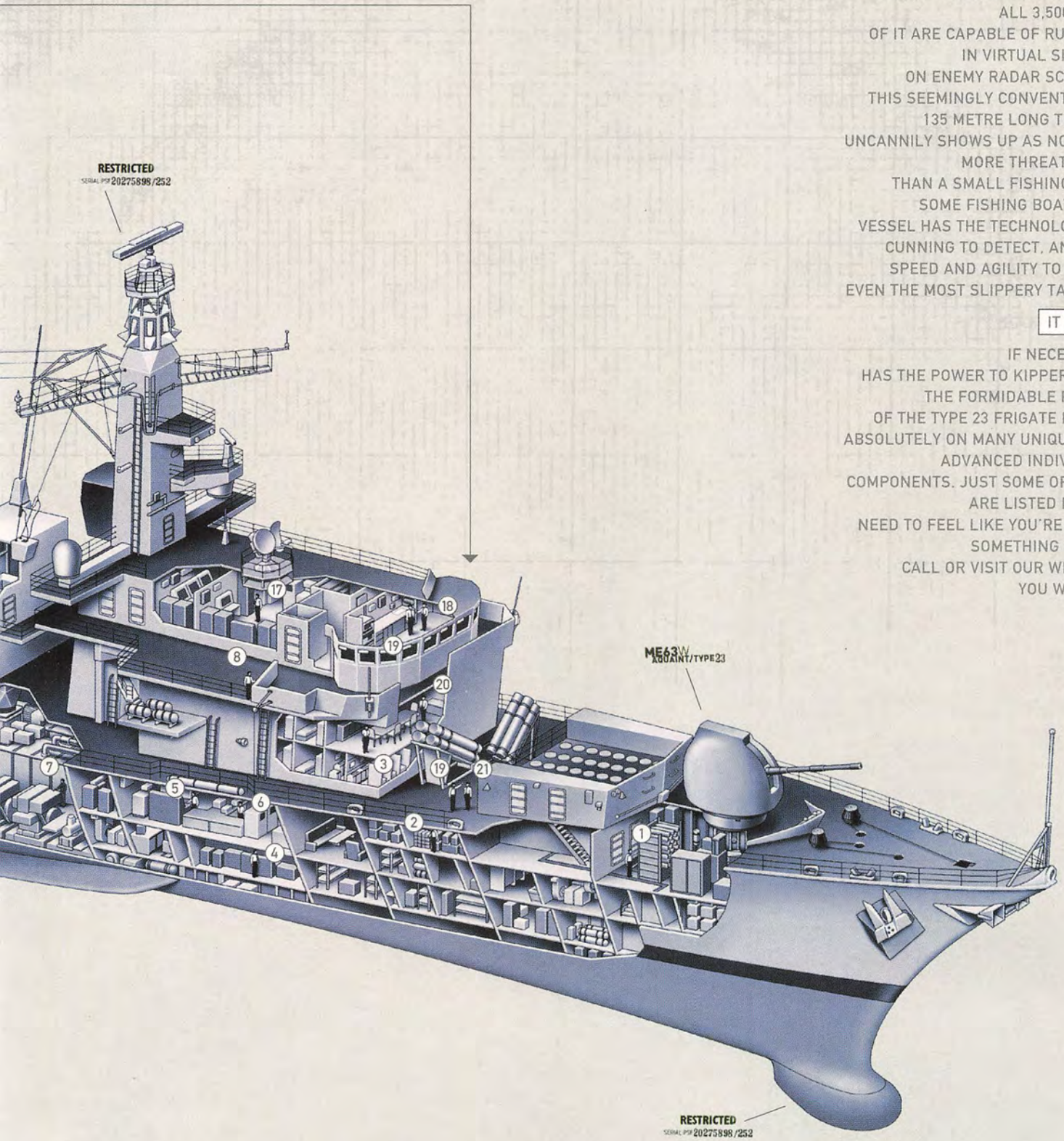

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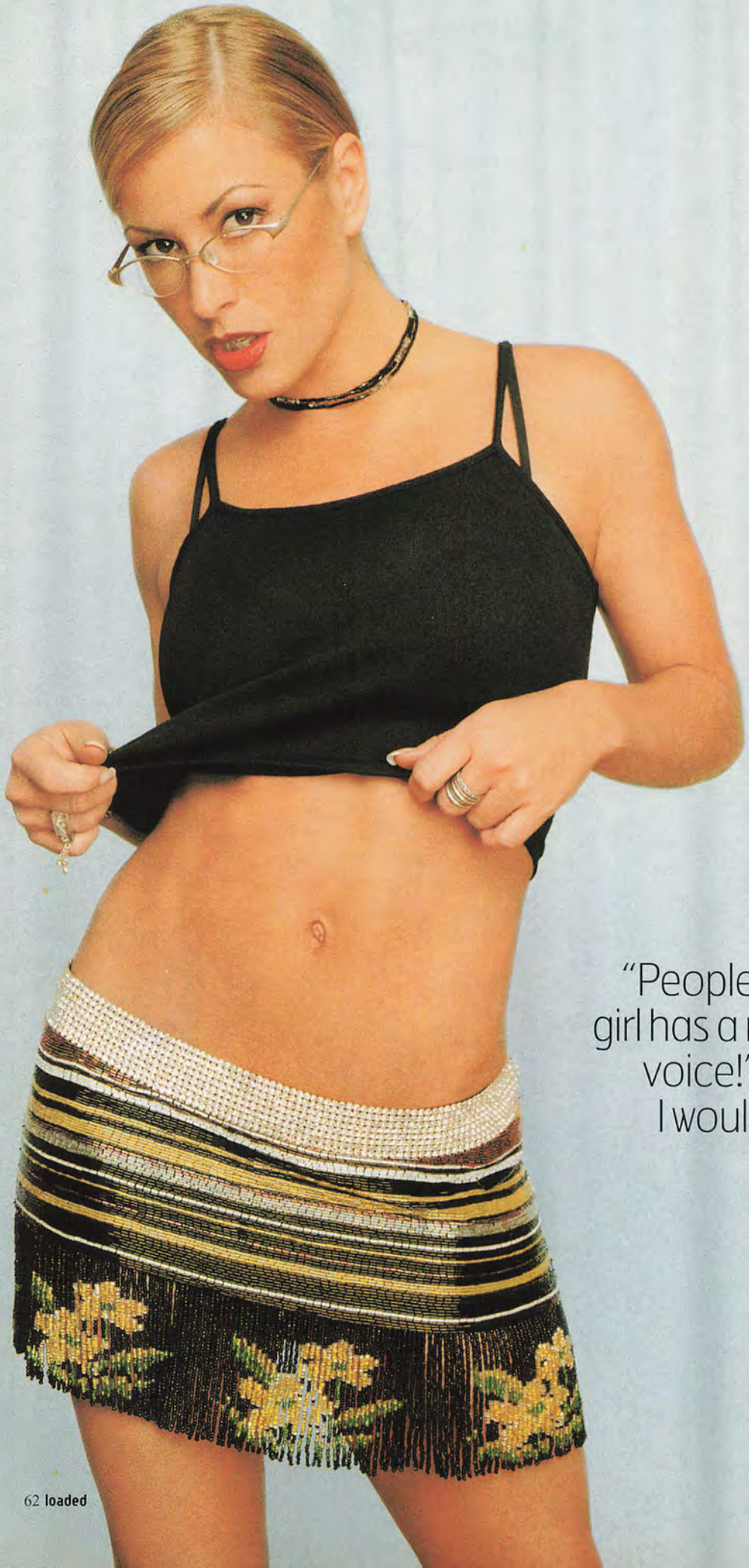
SPECCY PHWOAR

Saucily bespectacled pop diva Anastacia shares her vision

EYES

THE SCREAM OF YOUNG GIRLS IS DEAFENING AND the flash of instamatic cameras blinds us as, dark glasses flexed and scarves wrapped high around our faces like proper celebrities, myself and photographer Andrew run the gauntlet of Scandinavian prepubescents outside our hotel. They only want one thing. As cold hands claw at us from every side, a young Swedish voice cries out: "Hello! Do you know Backstreet Boys?" ✈

story by CHRIS BURKE photos by ANDREW HOBBS



MTV has brought its European Music Awards to Stockholm, and transformed it for two days into Euro music biz central. Record company cheese-eaters mix with Finnish crazies who could be the next Aqua, while bona fide celebrities like The Spice Girls, All Saints and the Bomfunk MCs are… well, staying at a different hotel. Sweden is the natural choice for hosting this year's awards. After all, its third-largest industry (behind Ericsson phones and Volvos) is pop music. Swedish songwriter/producer Max Martin and Stockholm's Cheiron Studio are responsible for the tunes of every major teen pop act of the moment: 11 of Five's songs, 16 Backstreet Boys hits, five of Nsync's, eight of Westlife's and a whopping 15 of Britney's – including 'Baby One More Time'.

So it's refreshing that, amongst this smorgasbord of pop by numbers and instant teen spirit, we find Anastacia Newkirk. She may look like an Appleton sister and dress like Christina Aguilera, but her voice, her songs and her breasts are all her own.

"The cool thing is," she begins, in her 'isn't-everything-cool?' American drawl as we chat in the bar of the Stockholm Sheraton, "when I signed, it wasn't about being 'another one'. I think they honoured the fact that I wasn't another Britney, and that I was really my own spirit. I don't do fake stuff. It doesn't work for me. But I was still quite shocked the record company allowed me to go in there and write stuff. I thought they'd give me one song, to shut me up and so everyone could think of me as a songwriter, and then they'd put Max Martin onto it."

But it's not just her songwriting that's got everyone so excited. It's her throat, too. Anastacia has a powerful, soulful voice – one

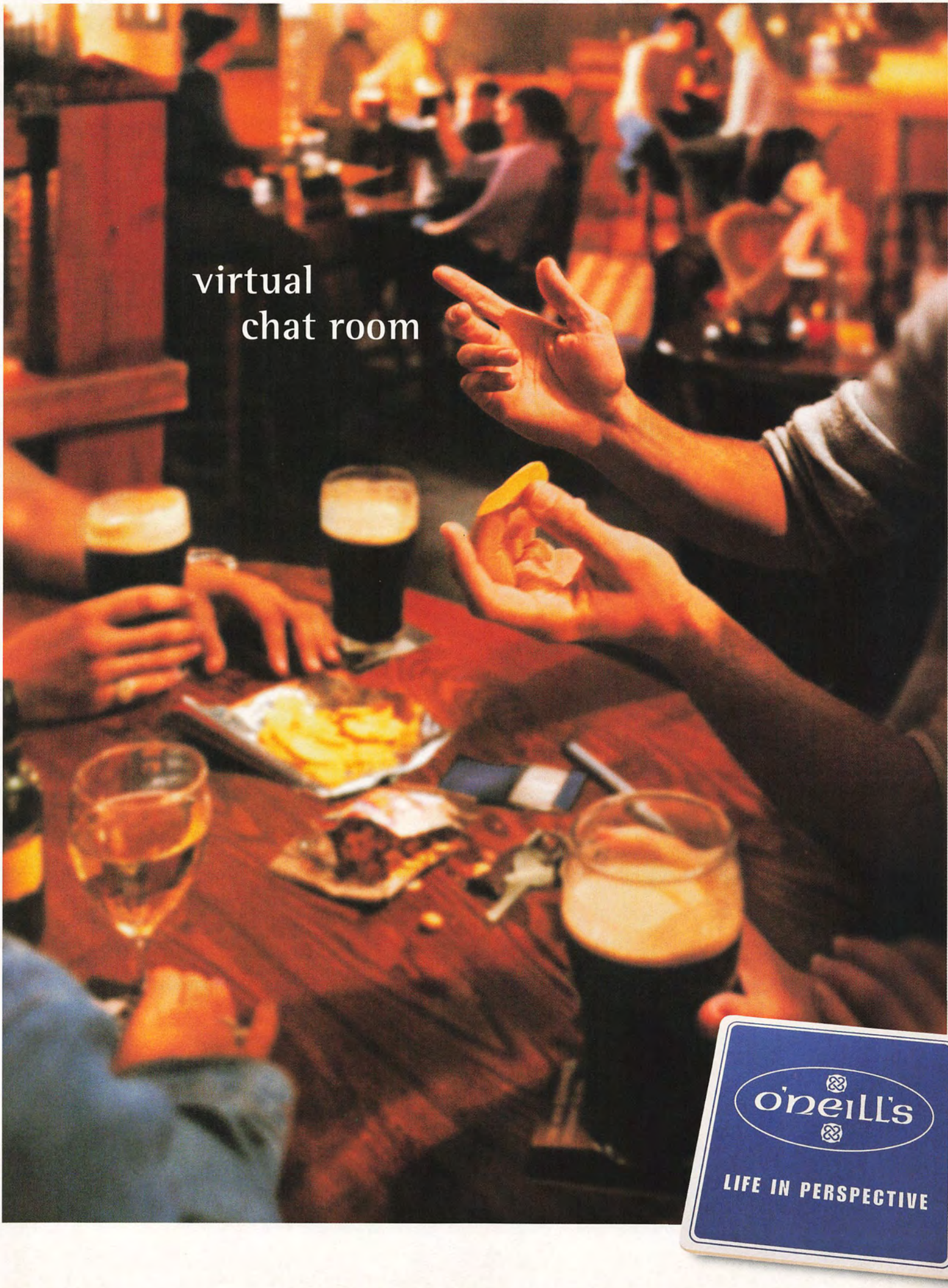
"People say, 'Wow, this black girl has a really great, powerful voice!' and then I'm like, 'Hi, I would be the black girl...' "

that seems unlikely to come from her slender young, and indeed *white*, frame.

"Even before they see it comes out of me, they're like, 'Wow! This black girl has a great voice!' And then I'm like, 'Hi! I would be the black girl... I'm sorta black...' It's really nice sometimes to shock your audience."

Anastacia's here because she's been nominated for an MTV Europe 'Best New Artist' award, alongside the likes of Sonique, Mel C and eventual winners Blink 182. Not a bad achievement off the back of just one single ('I'm Outta Love') and one album (*Not That Kind*).

She's won some influential friends, too. Like ✈


virtual
chat room
o'neill's
LIFE IN PERSPECTIVE

After I met Jack there was no keeping us apart. And no keeping us out of mischief; we were always up to something. But when we'd finished causing chaos, we'd spend hours chatting and plotting our next escapade. Still do.
Trium Mars. The handy little phone with WAP inside. So now conversation is about e-mail, the worldwide web, interactive games and music.
The pleasure of conversation.
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Trium
Jack, we must get together this week to make plans for the 'Big Trip'. Call
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Michael Jackson, who apparently phoned her to tell her how good she was. And then there's happy shopper Elton John, who asked her to duet with him on a recent celebrity-plastered show. Didn't she find herself staring at his hair?

"I was just so thrilled to be on stage with someone I feel is such a legend, and has been such an influence on me when I was growing up."

Well, you seem to have Elton's preference for, erm, 'eccentric' spectacles…

"I think Elton's influenced me subconsciously, and I didn't even realise it until I looked back. I mean, my mother didn't wear crazy glasses, I had nothing else to look at but Elton John albums in the house. And when my mother told me in the fourth grade I had to wear glasses, I was like, 'Cool, can I have the ones with the windshield wipers?' But it's great to have a trademark… and not to be seen as someone who needs glasses, because the tint has made people assume they're not real."

So how blind are you? Would you fall off the stage without them?

"I wouldn't be comfortable, because the clarity wouldn't be there. And I really look into people's eyes and have a very strong connection with who I'm talking to."

Madonna's been wearing the T-shirts of other pop stars like Britney and Martine McCutcheon lately. Is there anyone you'd advertise on stage?

"I would definitely wear Sting, Michael Jackson… I'd wear a collage of people – 'save the world' people – I'd have back-to-back glued-on faces. There's a lot of artists I would be honoured to be on stage with, but because I've conquered Elton I can't wear him."

"When my mother told me I had to wear glasses, I was like, 'Cool, can I have the ones with the windshield wipers?' "

I leave her to plan her ascent of the north face of Phil Collins. Outside the hotel, the young girls are still shrieking in the cold as Anastacia's whisked off to the MTV awards. Tonight, even though she'll suffer the indignity of watching the prize that should have been hers collected by dwarves (the 'Mini Blinks'), she will at least get to present with Ronan Keating, something she's "thrilled about".

Anastacia may be seeing the world through rose-tinted spectacles, but who cares? She looks OK from this side of the lens. ◼

Anastacia's album Not That Kind *is out now on Epic. Her new single of the same name is out on 15 January.*

ICE ICE BABY

T.V presenter gets frosty...

Christmas sure has got a lot to answer for - weeks and weeks of build-up and plenty of full-on festive frolicking then it's all over for another year. Leaving nothing but an empty wallet and weeks and weeks of dark, gloomy nights with ages to go until the summer.

There is hope, however. Yep, stuck away in the middle of the most pointless month of the year, there's always Valentine's Day. That magical time when the streets are rammed with loved-up couples snogging in public.

But it can be a chore if you're on your lonesome, so here at loaded, we have a solution for those who look like being out in the cold come February 14. We've teamed up with our chilled-out chums at Foster's Ice to offer three loaded readers a refreshing antidote to the traditional slushfest.

Now, have you ever wondered what top-drawer foxes like T.V presenter Rachel Brady will be doing this Valentine's? Well, here's your chance to find out. See, Rachel is the Foster's Ice Snow Fox and you could be joining her - along with 15 other single and up-for-it people - out 'on the piste'.

Where, you might ask? At the winter wonderland resort of Meribel in France, none the less, for the ultimate frolic-filled weekend with a "Sod Valentine's Day" theme.

The Trip:

Be ready to leave from London Waterloo station on the evening of February 9. You'll be travelling on the Eurostar - the all-night party train which gives you the perfect opportunity to get up close and personal with your fellow party animals.

There's no time for kipping. The action starts as soon as you arrive in Meribel with some serious sledging - so it's time to get your moves sorted! In the evening, you'll make real hell in Meribel at the resort's hottest restaurant and night club. Dust off those dancing pants and get those one-liners ready!

After a cosy night in chalet accommodation, it's time to split up in to teams (unless you found your match the night before!) and let Rachel lead you to battle in the Foster's Ice Snow Games. Ever fancied Ice Bungee and Sleigh Bed racing?

The following morning, February 12, it's time to ship out - all in one piece and hopefully with an ice maiden in tow!

So if you're looking to escape from all the cosy coupledom of Valentine's Day and break the ice with someone new this year, this is all you have to do. E-mail, write, send poems, Valentine's Day cards, tapes or videos to convince Rachel Brady, the Foster's Ice Snow Fox, to invite you to spend a weekend with her frolicking on the crisp white slopes of Meribel.

It's that easy. Up for the challenge then? Then get your creative juices flowing immediately - there's ice breaking to be done!

Terms and Conditions.

Entry to the competition is open only to UK residents who are single and aged 18 years old or over.

Entry is not open to employees (or their families) or agents of the Promoter or IPC Magazines Limited or anyone connected with the administration of the competition.

To enter the competition respond to the challenge above send your entry with your name and address to Fosteris Ice/loaded Competition, 91 New Cavendish Street, by the closing date of 31.January 2001 Proof of posting is not proof of receipt. No responsibility will be taken for lost or damaged entries.

Entries will be entered into the competition and judging will take place on 31 January 2001 by an independent judge. The three winners will be the entrants who have fulfilled the set challenge in the most imaginative and amusing way in the judgesí opinion from all the entries received. The judgesí decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. The three winners will be notified by 1st February 2001. All entries become the property of Scottish Courage and will not be returned.

The prize is a trip to Meribel from 9-12 February 2000 and includes return train tickets and transfers from London, Waterloo station to Meribel, two nights full board, chalet accommodation, selected activities (subject to availability) and standard cover insurance. Full details of the prize will be sent to winners.

Winners must pay any additional costs not included in the prize (e.g. bar drinks, travel within the UK, additional insurances).

Winners must hold a valid 10-year passport.

The prize is non-transferable and no cash alternative will be available.

Only one entry per person will be accepted.

Winners may be required to participate in publicity.

Some activities offered, as part of the prize may be hazardous. Winners are under no obligation to participate in any of the available activities but if they do so they must satisfy themselves that they are physically and medically able prior to participating.

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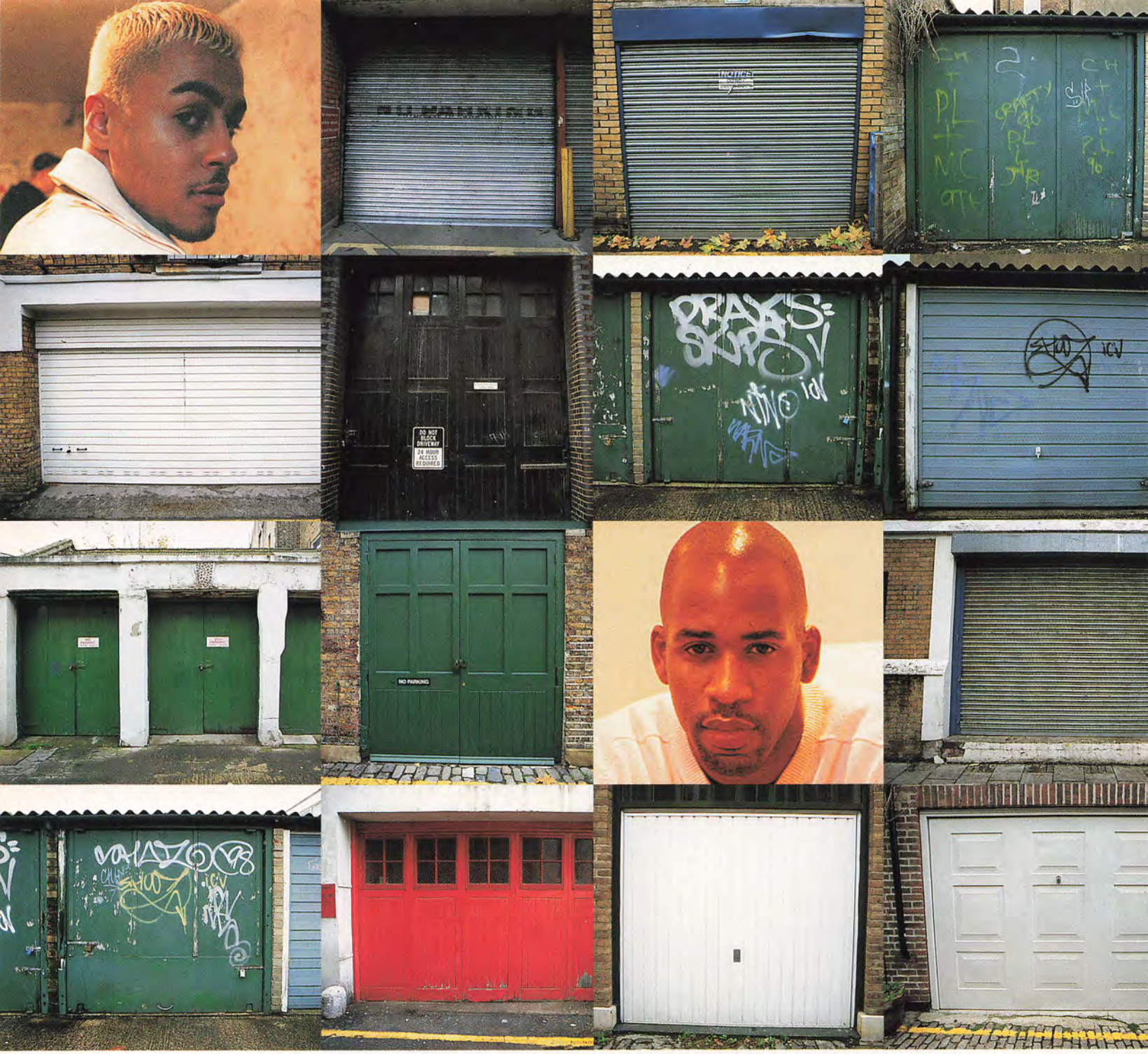
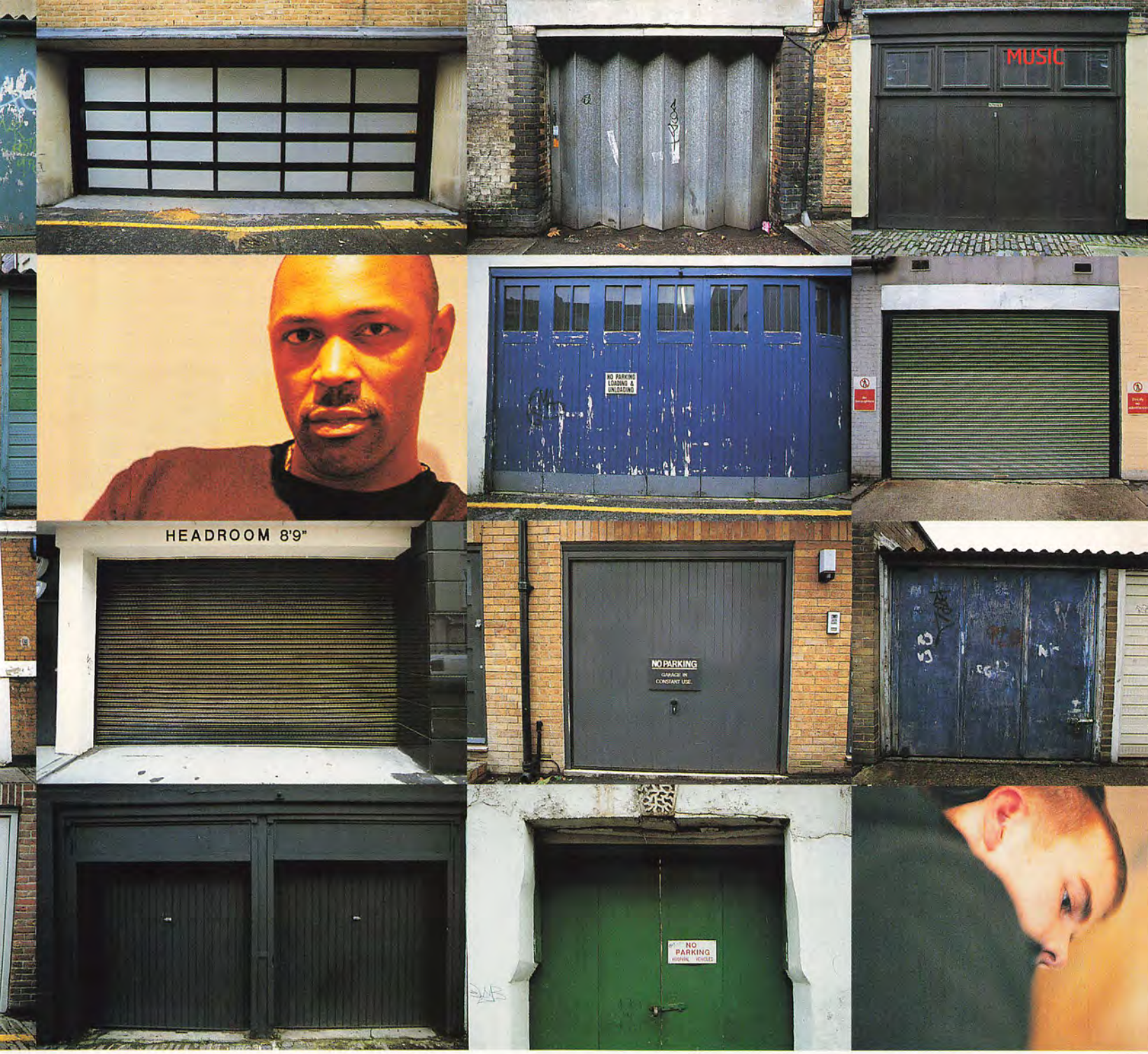


WHAT IS

loaded asked Radio 1 overlords

GARAGE IS EVIL. THE VERY SAME EVIL THAT MADE '50s teenagers spawn quiffs, show their socks and slash the seats in ecstasy. And our charts are full of it. Hit after hit. The mainstream Mecca club chain can't host enough garage nights – even the superclub venues are slowly converting. Once it was

story by ROWAN CHERNIN photos by CHRIS TERRY



GARIDGE?

Dreem Teem and two (step) teenage pirates for an answer

underground; now even an unknown act can scale pop mountain without any airplay on Radio One – sell half a million singles and top the summer charts with a dance record the adults won't play. A DJ and an MC, alias Oxide And Neutrino – combined age 36 – sampled the *Casualty* theme tune off the telly, put it together with a 'two-step beat' and laughed all the way back to their parents. Not once did they wear make-up. Neither did they grow up in one of the music management kennels where they churn out yappy clutches of media-trained boy-banders.

So what is garage? Or 'garidge', if you live in South London. The term has always been around. It can mean ✈

anything from '60s US garage bands (so named because they used their suburban car-houses to practise) like The Electric Prunes, to UK punk bands like the Clash, who even sang: "We're a garage band, we come from garage land." If you've just started to notice more scalp than hair, your garage in time probably stank of poppers. And that kind of garage is the root of today's sound.

It was born in The Paradise Garage in New York, where DJ Larry Levan played every weekend from 1976 to its closing in 1987. According to *Altered State: The Story Of Ecstasy Culture And Acid House* by Matthew Collin, the Paradise Garage is where "*garage* ['ga-raaaj' in American] *came to mean an uptempo house music with a gospel vocal. Born out of Levan's eclectic taste for playing anything that captured the devotional life-affirming feeling he was after: disco, soul, gospel, rock, reggae, European electro-pop, even German kosmische synthesizer epics.*"

Today's mutating dance sound is made by a new school of pop moguls whose ages range from 17 to 40. Artful Dodger, Wookie, MJ Cole, Stanton Warriors, Tuff Jam and Zed Bias are among the many who have charted. Some of it sounds as if all the brightest dance samples of the last 20 years have been collected and mixed up by some magpie genius, then played on a loop to endless cars containing nodding blokes in peaked caps.

loaded went out on God's Sunday into the eye of this apocalypse to find the authoritative voice of UK garidge, The Dreem Teem – three men, combined age over 100 – in the plush luxury of Radio One. They originated from pirate radio station London Underground, then moved on to Kiss FM and now host the prestigious R1 Sunday breakfast show. Timmi Magic, Mikee B and Spoony – the premiership DJ Teem famed on the world's dancefloors and the UK's airwaves as our garage overlords. We met them after their show, relaxing in the salubrious (leather sofas) BBC lounge, and asked the confusing question: What is 'UK garidge'? And did I say it right?

"It came from the USA about 12 years ago and is closely connected to what we now call house," says Timmi. "Around '96, a distinction between what was being made in the UK compared to the US started to show. The UK's sound wasn't as smooth, the beats were a little upbeat and rawer, less vocals… and a British bassline close to that of drum'n'bass was added. Clubbers liked the bass and you could drive it across the radio."

The term 'garage' covers a multitude of dance styles. Can you give it a precise definition?

"It has a two-step and a 4/4 beat, it has an R'n'B UK twang, and has a very street UK side to it."

These English 'streets' and 'twangs' don't make it much clearer. What about the dark medieval ravey garage they play on the pirate radios? What do you call that?

"We like Oxide And Neutrino's remix of a single we've been playing, 'Oh No', but then some of the other stuff they do… we're not sure if we'd class it as garage. We've always played the more vocal, soulful music. I think the scene has done what it's done and got where it is because of this. It's easy to take that away and turn it into another club music. When everyone gets too old to go out raving, the music dies. Kids don't stay kids forever."

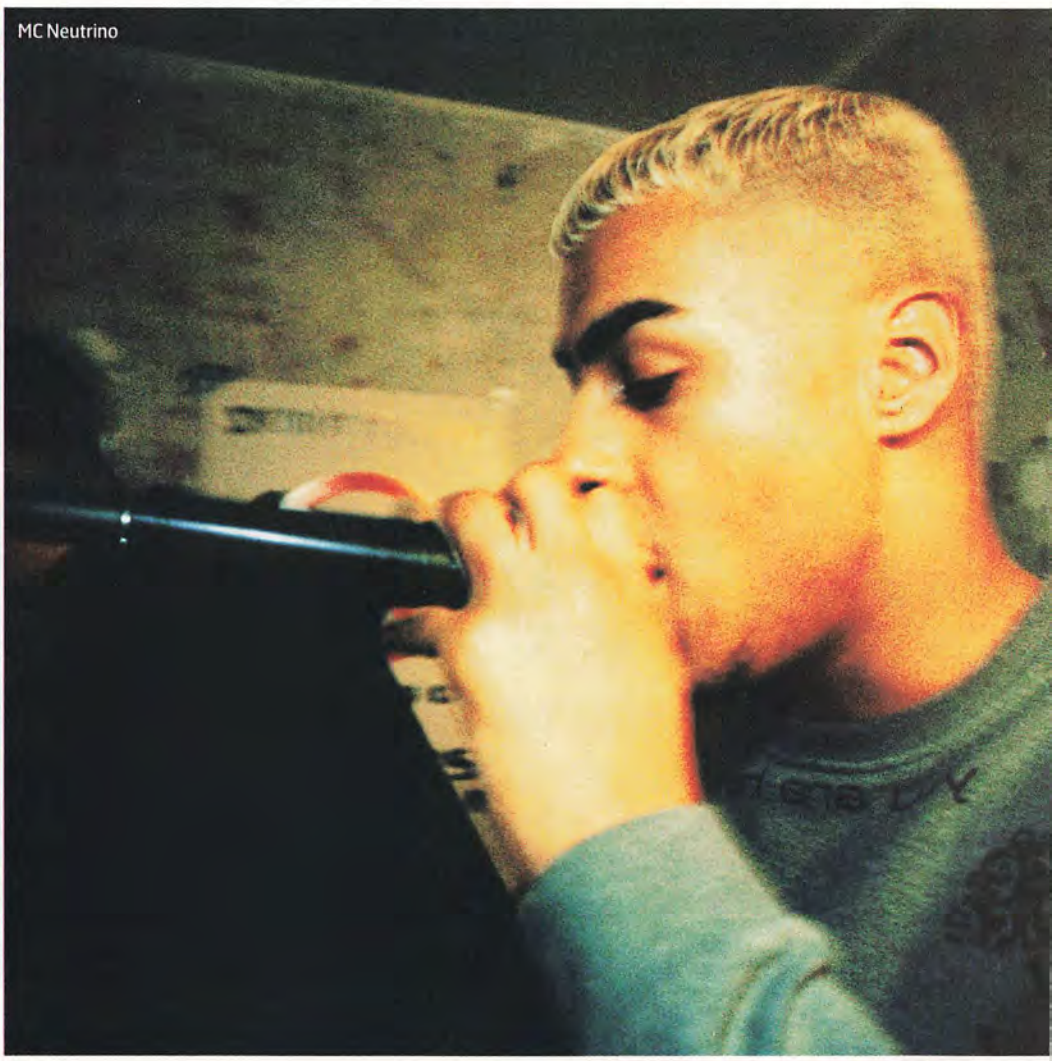
"WE GOT TO NO.1, BUT PEOPLE THINK WE'RE TAKING THE PISS"

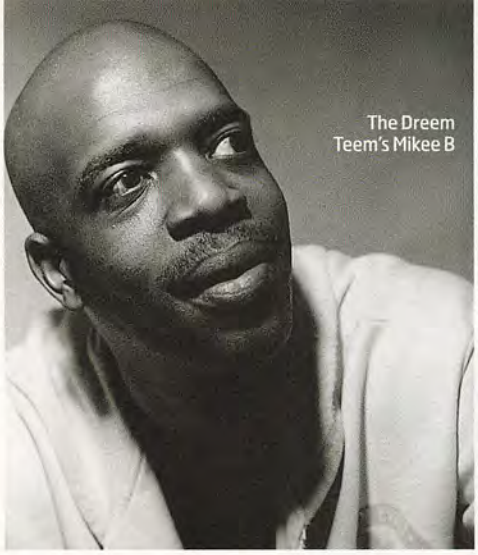
Melody Maker became so infuriated by this sound stealing the charts from its depressed guitar bands, they nearly bit someone: "UK Garage My Arse – The Alternative Nation Fights Back," they growled. This fightback entailed dedicating a stern four pages to Coldplay. Which, funnily enough, did nothing stop the 22 pirate radio stations we counted one weekend in London banging out every type of garage known to irritate the furred arteries of a grown guitar man. According to the DTI, who confiscate

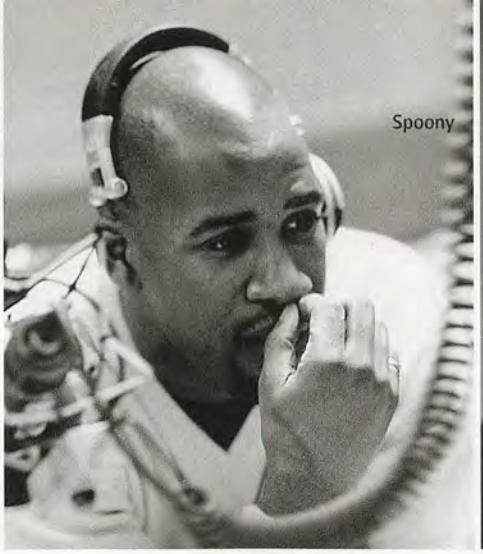
Studio

Phones

Dog


MC Neutrino


The Dreem Teem's Mikee B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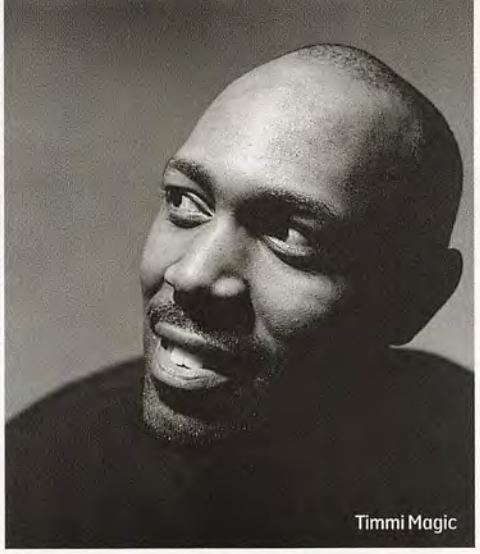

Timmi Magic

IN THE WORDS OF ONE PIRATE MC, IT'S "ALL GONE PATRICK SWAYZE"

van-loads of illegal radio transmitters every week, it's like the acne of their teenage adversaries: the more you squeeze, they bigger they seem to get. It has, in the words of one of the many pirate MCs, "all gone Patrick Swayze".

BUT ALL THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE NOT paranoid. Our invite to the studio of Delight FM, from where Oxide And Neutrino operate, turns out to be the equivalent of organising a trip to the Chernobyl reactor compared to our breeze into Radio One.

Stealth is the key to a pirate's survival. We meet up inside a shitty pub, get walked around in the dark, past a 'serious assault' police sign, and are directed into the lift. "You don't remember where this is," I'm told. "You get me?"

Once inside, we don't have to worry about winter any more. It is that time of year when the council put the heating on and leave it on.On and on, until June. The electricity is plentiful and the neighbours above, below and on either side are safely tuned into the oblivion of dish and digital TV– too much so to notice any sharp ghetto-dressed pirates.

Oxide is the DJ, Neutrino the MC. They are a part of the 20-strong So Solid Crew. A business enterprise and creative source, writing, producing and distributing their music. Ages of its members: 17 to 23.

The current site of Delight FM is an unfurnished, unpainted concrete room with two turntables, one microphone, two mobile phones and a spaghetti junction-box wired up to the roof. With a Number One hit safely in the bank and another two years' service before their 20s, what does UK garage mean to Oxide And Neutrino?

"You can't really narrow it down," says Oxide. "Certain people try to set rules and make it go one way. It's unstoppable. When we came in with the *Casualty* tune, people wouldn't accept it as garage. The pirate stations backed the single; of the mainstream DJs, both in clubs and on air, roughly 90 per cent didn't. Said it was "a load of shit". But people wanted to hear it. Outside of London it had a proper wicked response."

Before they signed to East West, the duo were independently pressing up 1,000 singles at a time, selling them and making barely enough to print the next 1,000. The demand was relentless then, and with record company support it made Number One almost a year later.

"There's a tune on the album with the lyrics 'Up middle finger'," continues Neutrino. "It expresses what happened at the '99 Notting Hill Carnival. There was a list of 'DO NOT PLAY' records on the Dreem Teem's sound system, and *Casualty* was on it. No one said nothing to my face."

So what was the reason?

"People were saying it was because we used that "getting shot" sample from *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels*. But it wasn't about getting shot. It was, 'Shit, I've been shot. I don't fucking believe it, can everyone STOP getting shot.'"

Some areas of the London underground scene attract a lot of violent freaks. Has success brought with it any ugly attention for you?

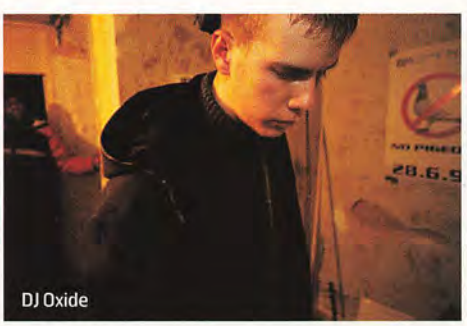
Oxide: "We cater more for the commercial crowd now, outside London. These people appreciate our music. They ain't got no shame – they come and tell you they like the tunes. In London, people stand and watch you and won't dance. It's an attitude kind of thing."

How has all this attention changed you?

Neutrino: "Certain things ain't changed at all. We're completely laid-back about it all. I don't think we get the credit we deserve – going to Number One means a lot of people bought our single but people don't recognise that. They think we're taking the piss."

Maybe they're showing their age. One man's version of garage is often another man's age-gap. There is no escaping today's version, which is so strong it could go on forever. Kind of like the Borg in *Star Trek*, assimilating everything in its path. Even Jamie Theakston calls himself "selecta" now. ■

Dreem Teem's In Session 2001 *mixed double CD is out now on 4-Liberty Records. Oxide And Neutrino's 'No Good 4 Me Featuring The So Solid Crew' is out now on East West.*


DJ Oxide

chanel *tunnel*

Estella Warren may sound like rabbits live in her, but in fact she's this year's hottest new film actress and the face of Chanel No5

THIS WOMAN CAN HANG UPSIDE DOWN, DO THE SPLITS, SPIN THROUGH 360 degrees with her legs behind her head and still come up smiling. She'd be fantastic at parties. One major drawback, though: you'd need to fill your living room with water. No wonder England's rivers burst their banks in anticipation of Estella Warren, supermodel, actress and synchronised swimmer, coming round to do a turn. Lips like Lilos, the face of a naughty angel and the ✈

story by **CHRIS BURKE** photos by **ROBERT ERDMAN/ICON**

lungs of Sharron Davies. Great Neptune! What does she want, a medal?

"My goal was to be in the Olympics," she coos. She has no one to blame but herself, since, despite being senior Canadian synchronised swimming champ at the age of 17, Estella shunned the '96 Atlanta Olympics to become a model, appearing first on the cover of Italian Vogue and going on

No wonder rivers burst their banks in anticipation of her doing a turn

to be sexy Little Red Riding Hood in the Luc Besson-directed Chanel No5 ad.

"Coming from a barely clothed childhood as a swimmer makes me really comfortable with my body," she reckons. That's what Duncan Goodhew's always maintained.

Coming in at Number Six in **loaded**'s Hot 100 last month, Estella narrowly avoided being Number Five and now has her sights set on an acting career, with roles in Sly Stallone's *Driven* and the forthcoming remake of *Planet Of The Apes*. Hopefully not in a monkey suit. But simian solar systems aside, Estella has her fame-rocket aimed straight for Planet Hollywood. That's right, the cheesy chain of themed eateries.

"I've always wanted to own my own restaurant," she admits. "Like a crazy but fun bar/restaurant. I love steak, and I'm Canadian so I drink beer."

Hang on, shouldn't you be eating lettuce and muesli in pill form or something?

"I think women should be happy and healthy," she says. And pissed as Mounties. You can always blame Canada for turning the pool purple. ◼

CMD-J5

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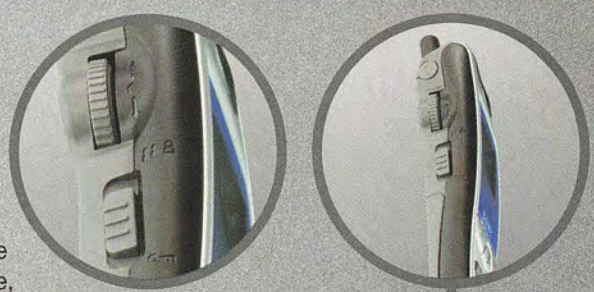

The gasp produced by iced water falling onto sun-drenched skin. Just one of the many ringing tones you can record with the Sony CMD-J5. With its built-in microphone, the options stretch to any sound you're capable of capturing. And you can change the ring whenever you want, wherever you are. Heavy with features, you can browse all kinds of WAP content, send and receive e-mails and have a hands-free conversation. Meanwhile the Sony Jog-Dial brings you navigation at its swiftest and simplest. CMD-J5 takes mobiles a lot further. Yet, at 85g, you'll find it travels light.

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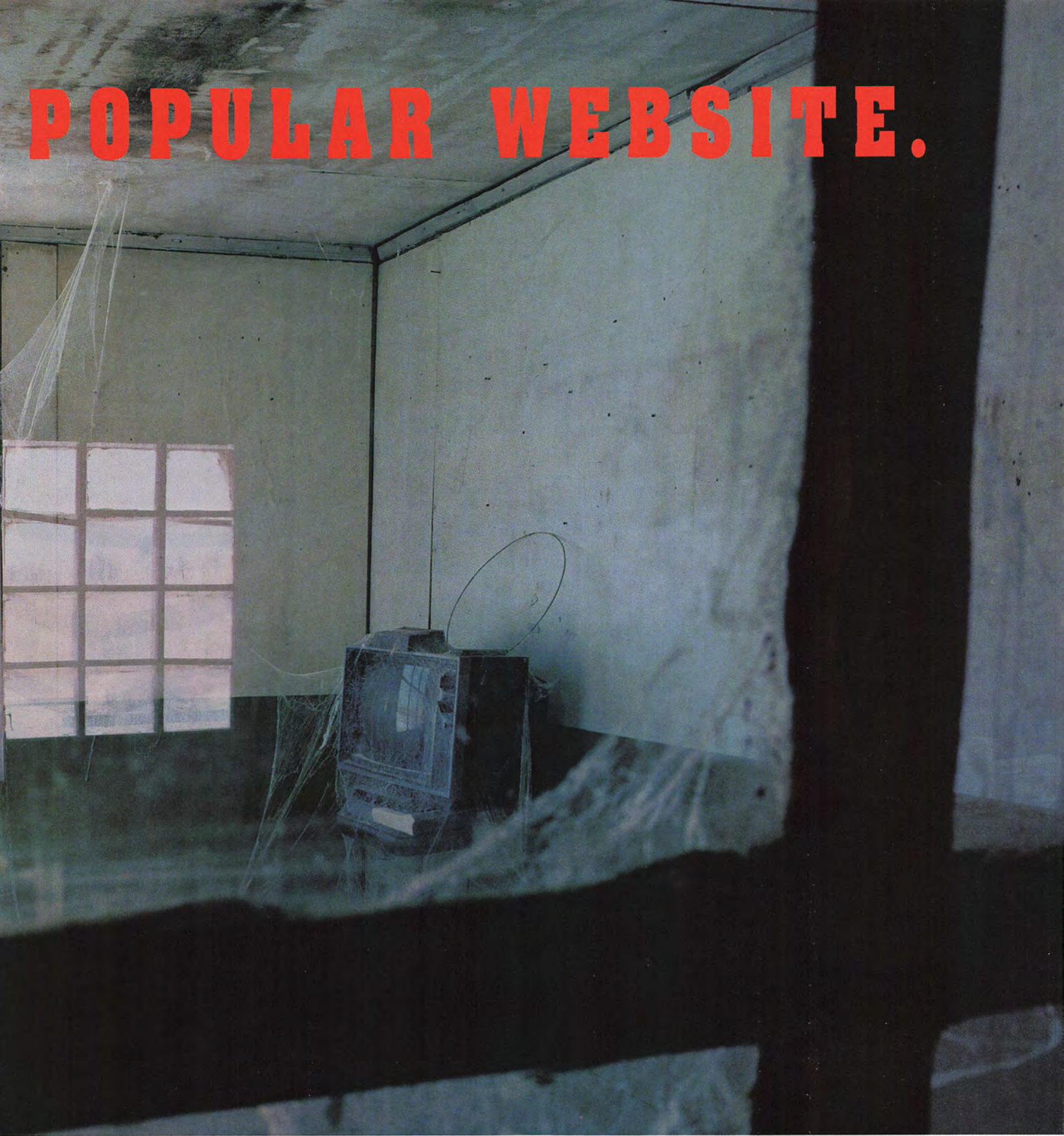

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RISING CAMP

Stand up if you've ever been behind the scenes with the fruity prince of Friday night TV, Graham Norton

WITH A LOOK THAT BETRAYS MORE MIRTH than embarrassment, a woman stands up before hundreds of strangers and an invisible audience of millions, blinks beneath the lights, and declares: "I tore his penis. And it bled." Wild applause follows.

"Her hip dislocated but we popped it back in, and, you know, kept on going," shrugs a man.

Stood before them, microphone in hand, Graham Norton is emanating just enough encouragement and amiable, freaked-out shock to keep this questionable exercise afloat. Opening your programme with tales of burst genitals and fountains of blood takes a certain warped finesse. Getting away with it for 40 minutes over 25 weeks is another matter entirely. The TV times they are a-changin'. Wogan never did this.

Though broadcast on a Friday, *So Graham Norton* is recorded on a Wednesday. As luck would have it, this is also the day that the show's most apoplectic critic, Gary Bushell, writes his column in *The Sun*. Norton succeeds where others have failed, in so much as he renders Bushell almost speechless with rage. "So Graham Norton? SOD Graham Norton, more like!" is about as far as he can thunder. ✈

story by MICHAEL HOLDEN studio photos by TIM ANDERSON portraits by NEALE HAYNES

Today's lack of bile seems to be a disappointment to Norton as I meet him at the studios. "He didn't mention us at all," the host says with an air of almost genuine regret. Like he should worry – he has a hit on his hands. In a rise to fame so rapid it almost rolls over and begs to be welded to the cliché 'meteoric', Graham Norton has invaded television with such ease you can only conclude it was asking for him all along.

An accomplished stand-up, Norton first tweaked the nation's nipple as the maniacally infantile Father Noel in *Father Ted*. Some time later, he filled in for the tragically miscast Jack Docherty in Channel 5's *The Jack Docherty Show*. Great news for Graham; a bailiff's note for Jack. Now Norton's show occupies a substantial corner of LWT's studios for half the year.

Those Friday night audience confessions have become a genuine 'watercooler moment' – the subject of earnest and enthusiastic debate in offices nationwide on Monday morning. With an appropriately facile approach to celebrity ("I just want to meet them – you don't always want to talk to them for half an hour"), clever use of the Internet and a good comic's gift for taking and enjoying whatever the situation can throw at him, Norton and his colleagues have somehow raised innovation from a burnt-out genre.

I'm sure it's an anagram of something...

BENEATH A PHOTO OF MICK HUCKNALL LOOKING as if he's trying to lure down a seagull from the night sky (the walls of LWT are festooned with such images of stars in action – Lorraine Kelly looking like she's smiling through 10 periods at once, Chris Tarrant smooth as Satan's sister), a team of researchers are collating their dirt on this evening's guests. On a monitor above them, Norton himself is sifting through an old suitcase wearing surgeon's gloves.

This is a 'camera rehearsal', a technical run-through of the evening's show. Underfoot, a dog in a cowboy hat shivers uncomfortably. Another day backstage at *So Graham Norton*. Watching TV being made can indeed be one of the dullest things on earth, but this is different. The crew are animated, affable, kind to strangers and, most importantly of all, enjoying themselves.

"Keep your hands to yourself, pal"

"Cwoooaaar! Eh? Eh?"

"What you doin' after, darlin'?"

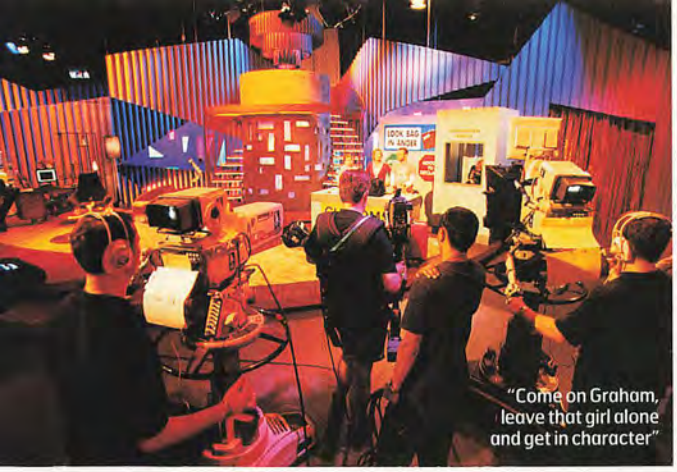
"Some nights the atmosphere's brilliant, we have a laugh and it's a disappointment when you watch the edit," Norton tells me. "Whereas on quite duff nights, the 'show' bits will be fine but I'm quite worried about the guests. But then, I quite like going into it with no faith in the guests."

The success of the programme has opened the door for an ever more unlikely array of celebrities to throw themselves into an arena where they are always third on the bill to Graham and the audience. What, you wonder, was Lauren Bacall doing on there the other week?

"God, I was flustered," says Graham. "You think, 'What the fuck are you doing on this show? You're a Hollywood legend and you're on this pile of shite on Channel 4!' But the guests don't leave unhappy, they have a good time… so far."

Tonight's rabbits in the headlights of the truck they call fame are actors Richard Chamberlain and Jane Horrocks. Though Horrocks has a CD to peddle, Norton's show is unique in that few of its guests are on the make. Chamberlain has flown in from Hawaii purely for fun.

Before final rehearsal, Graham sits down with his team to discuss what angle to take with the guests. Once upon a time, Richard Chamberlain was one of the biggest stars in the world. As Dr Kildare he received 12,000 fan letters a week. But the '90s thrived without his epic jawbone's


"Come on Graham, leave that girl alone and get in character"

shadow, and he has the kind of reputation makers of chat-shows dread: the 'not much of a reputation for anything at all' type reputation.

Which is where the research comes in. An armada of trivia is unveiled, along with two Dr Kildare dolls. Best of all, though, is 'Dr Kildare's Thumper', a souvenir stethoscope ("Pick Me Up And Hear Me Thump," insists the packaging). If Norton can't get a rise out of him with all that, then Chamberlain is a sour case indeed. Horrocks will have to contend with an array of disturbing teenage photos surrendered by a friend.

Out in the studio, after a timely gag about "Catherine Zeta Jones sucking off old men for money", Norton goes through the motions of the audience confession slot using members of the crew as stand-ins. In honour of Chamberlain, tonight's subjects are sex-related injuries and sex with people in uniform. The audience are given questionnaires to complete as they queue up for the show. When they're seated, Graham picks out the ones he thinks are telling the truth and will deliver on camera. "He has an amazing instinct for that kind of thing," says his producer.

Using another member of the team as a false Chamberlain, he goes through the doll routine, flaps around with some pornography he plans to spring on him… and then something really unpleasant happens. As is customary, the Internet has been sifted for 'amusing' mpegs. The first is harmless enough – a lit fart engulfing its protagonist in a wall of fire. The second, though, features a man in the Third World with a testicle bigger than a spacehopper. So big, he can sit astride it and use it as a table. Personally I am distraught, but here they've seen it all before. I hope I never see it again.

"I've wanted you on here ever since the monkey cancelled, Jane," brays Norton to his Horrocks stand-in. After which comes the closing segment, 'Look Bag In Anger'. And this is pure genius. Somewhere there is an auction house that sells off unclaimed, unopened luggage from airports. Graham and his guests will sift though the mystery bags (five for a tenner) while a member of the audience, assisted by the dog in the cowboy hat, will try to recall all the unveiled belongings in the hope of winning a holiday. Then there's an hour for tea and make-up, and then it's showtime.

AS YOU WILL HAVE GATHERED, THE AUDIENCE IS overflowing with tales of sexual wounding. The oddest is a man who looks like a mortgage broker, freely admitting to burning himself with a heated poker. It's one hell of an ice-breaker.

Then Chamberlain is upon us. "That," he says of the audience, "is a tough act to follow." He smiles at the dolls, smirks at the stethoscope. The turning point arrives during a break in filming when he turns to Norton, who is fiddling with a pensioner-based porn mag, and says, "Show me something good."

The mask has slipped, and the audience applaud as Dr Kildare embroils himself in cheerful smut. Chamberlain rapidly develops into something of a revelation, a perfect foil for Norton, and the studio is in uproar. Which just leaves Jane Horrocks.

After a dull, no doubt compulsory interchange concerning her CD, the versatile actress and supermarket-endorser remains unmoved by the succession of pictures of her looking funny in photobooths at remote northern bus stations 10 years ago. And who can blame her? It is only when Norton quizzes her over her ability to urinate on demand (something she recently demonstrated on the West End stage – why doesn't anybody tell you about these things at the time?) that the game is really afoot. Disdain without malice, astride a tightrope of almost unacceptable filth – this is what Graham Norton excels at, and as such he may just be dragging the national consciousness a few inches in the right direction.

Whatever, the show is working. 'Look Bag In Anger' is an amazing success. Falling back on his live roots, Norton creates a hilarious portrait of the hapless traveller from items in her lost luggage, too long, obscene and weird – as only the truth can be – to be broadcast in its entirety. Fair enough, he's had some good material to work with, but there are people backstage doubled up with laughter, tears even, and one of them is me.

I am glad to announce that New Guinea's biggest knacker didn't make the cut. But if you still need a reason to watch the show, with four months left to run, you might want to keep that scrotum in the back of your mind. ■

So Graham Norton *returns to Channel 4, Fridays at 10.30pm, from 12 Jan.*

"Did you spill my pint?"

"So then I put my head between her tits, like this..."

"When Lauren Bacall was on I thought, 'What the fk are you doing here? You're a legend and you're on this pile of shite!'"**

D LOOKING
L
TOMATO KETCHUP
TOMATO KETCHUP
THE TIGHT DESTROYER

THE FINAL FRONT EAR

Goat spiders? Three-breasted sex chickens? Genetically modify your pet with **loaded**'s guide to the 21st Century's most important science

PREPARE TO RUN SCARED, LADIES and gents. Scared silly. Scared completely spitless. The following scene might resemble a furry headtrip brought on by too much strong cheese and class-A hallucinogens before bedtime. It might sound like a blood-curdling moment from some far-flung, futuristic movie devised by Hollywood's most twisted minds. But maybe, just maybe, it offers a plausible glimpse of what the near future really has in store for us all...

So you're sauntering down the street. Maybe en route to your local pub to sup on a frothy beer after a hard day's graft. Onwards you amble, without a darned care in the world, until suddenly your sense of calm is disturbed by an ear-popping noise from above. Looking sharply up, you clock what at first appears to be a low-flying aircraft. But it isn't. On closer inspection, it turns out to be a chicken. A chicken the size of a jet bomber. ✈

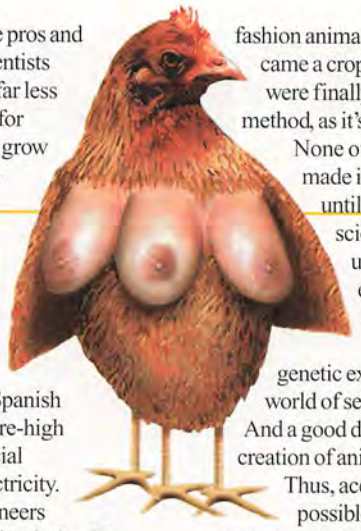
story by JON WILDE illustrations by JAMES PEARCE

Without a backward glance, you leg it down the street as the hen swoops down on an unsuspecting window-cleaner. At the corner, you stop for a breather and decide to make your getaway on the first bus that happens along. It looms into view… only, as it gets closer, you see it isn't a bus at all. It's big, it's orange, it's got bloody great claws. It could only be a giant lobster. You escape to the pub, fling open the saloon doors and are greeted by a horror show that is spookily reminiscent of the bar scene from *Star Wars*: a gathering of creatures with the bodies of humans and the heads of bison.

According to many experts, all the above will soon be a fact of life – if genetic engineering continues down its present, unchecked path.

"It's no longer in the realm of science fiction," says Princeton geneticist Lee Silver. "The technological breakthrough has already happened. It's only a matter of time."

HAILED AS THE REVOLUTIONARY SCIENCE OF THE 21st Century by none other than Tony Blair, genetic modification is one of the most chewed-over issues of our time. But while scientists and eco-worriers toss over the pros and cons of GM cauliflowers, scientists are busying themselves with far less mundane experiments. Like, for instance, Christmas trees that grow their own lights. A brainwave conjured up by a team of tomfool postgraduate students at the University of Hertfordshire, this involves the modification of spruce trees with genes from fluorescent fungus and fireflies. Meanwhile certain Spanish farmers are growing five-metre-high artichokes for burning in special power stations to produce electricity. According to the genetic engineers behind these monster vegetables, it should be possible within the next two years to grow an artichoke almost as tall as a birch tree.



Now, fucking with the food chain to create frost-proof strawberries and lettuce with a longer shelf life is one thing. Mucking about with the animal kingdom is an altogether dodgier game. One that kicked off properly in the late 1930s, when German scientists made the first attempt to fashion animal clones. These and similar efforts came a cropper until the 1970s, when frogs were finally cloned via the 'nuclear transfer' method, as it's known in the trade.

None of these cloned frogs, however, made it past the tadpole stage. It wasn't until 1997 and Dolly the sheep that scientists managed to clone an animal using adult cells – a procedure since extended to cattle, goats, mice, monkeys, goldfish and dogs.

Dolly blew open the doors for genetic experimentation, ushering in a new world of seemingly unlimited possibilities. And a good deal of this research involves the creation of animals that grow faster and bigger. Thus, according to reports, it is already possible to create ladybirds as big as gerbils, gerbils as big as chipmunks, chipmunks as big as pigs, pigs as big as cows, and cows as big as caravans.

Scientists have also been tampering with sealife, popular choices being salmon, carp, shrimp and prawn. In the case of salmon, size increases of up to 500 per cent have been reported – though not without unpleasant side-effects, including horrible green flesh and humpbacks. And according to newspaper reports, millions of these modified fish have escaped into the Atlantic from offshore farms in Europe and America.

The giant lobsters? As reported in *The Times*, Californian geneticists recently threw their hats up in the air upon the discovery of how to block the genes that limit a lobster's natural growth. Which means, quite simply, that these wiseacres can create lobsters as big as they damned well like. A stalk-eyed crustacean as big as a combine harvester? Piece of piss. Pop singer Richard Ashcroft is just one of many who have expressed interest in acquiring such a creature – with the intention of housing it on his 20-acre estate in Gloucestershire. However, Denny Henke, a spokesman for the GenetiX Alert Press Office (a US-based network encouraging non-violent resistance to genetic engineering) is sceptical about the chances of mega-lobsters catching on as pets.

RICHARD ASHCROFT IS SAID TO WANT A GIANT LOBSTER

"I just can't see it happening," he says. "The companies involved in this kind of experimentation are only concerned with maximising profits. A creature such as a giant lobster would be quite ghastly and wouldn't sell well."

Yet giant lobsters are only the half of it. Already, genetic engineering has produced the three-legged chicken, the legless turkey, the bald sheep, the headless frog, even the cow with no anus. More recently, an enterprising team of French genetic researchers have created the world's first glow-in-the-dark rabbit. Named Alba, the beast in question appears like any other furry white bunny in regular light. But stick her in a darkened room and she

lights up like Blackpool illuminations, with the help of DNA borrowed from a phosphorescent jellyfish. Remarked one Harvard professor, "In a sense, this rabbit is not any sillier than a chihuahua." Debatable. And the same team are also hard at work on creating a glow-in-the-dark chimpanzee.

Inevitably, these experiments have raised the dander of campaigners. Says Joyce D'Silva, director of Compassion In World Farming, "These innovations are a gross mutilation of physiology. Scientists need to think not just about what is possible, but also about what is ethical."

Glowing animals could make ideal gifts for the man who thinks he has everything, but they hardly rank as the high water mark of scientific achievement. Then again, it's fair to say that, if the human race is intent on going to hell in a handbasket, scientists will happily speed it there by Jumbo jet.

Which brings us to the latest chapter in genetic engineering. Transgenics, since you ask, which involves taking genetic material from one species and transplanting it into another. This method is an updated version of one used more than a decade ago to create 'geeps' – part goat and part sheep, engineered through a process known as cell-fusion. Technology has come on a bit since that time, allowing scientists to cross all conceivable biological boundaries and create mind-boggling varieties of new life-forms.

Among these is the goat-spider, developed by Montreal company Nexia Biotechnologies. Body of goat, head of spider. Or possibly the other way round. Apparently, this creature has been created for the sole purpose of extracting fibres for use in the making of bulletproof vests.

And it's getting more strange. Industry insiders report that scientists are working around the clock to create jellyfish-monkeys and cat-otters.

As you might expect, there has been a fair bit of opposition to all these developments. Eminent biochemist Erwin Chargoff, known as the father of molecular biology and therefore a man who would appear to know his onions, is firmly in the opposition camp.

Recently, he could be found describing genetic engineering as "a molecular Auschwitz" and warning that the technology of genetic engineering poses a greater threat to the world than the advent of nuclear technology.

Advocates of the revolutionary new science, including the scientists themselves, are decidedly more reticent. **loaded**'s numerous requests for interviews with research labs for this story threw up unreturned calls and party-line press releases. Too busy, presumably, trying to get a cat to moo.

HOW TO MAKE A BARKING CHICKEN

1. Get hold of a male dog and a pregnant chicken. Dogs can be purchased from most reputable pet shops. Pregnant chickens are a bit harder to find, so we recommend you nick one from a farm. The pregnant ones will be a bit fatter than the others.
2. Place your chicken on a flat, clean surface and extract a handful of ovulation pustules from its uterus. This can be done using a pair of tweezers. Probably advisable to wait until it's asleep.
3. Extract a thimbleful of sperm from a dog. Best achieved by simply masturbating the dog. This procedure is not unlike having one off the wrist yourself. Except you do it to a dog. Most dogs have no objections to this.
4. Using a syringe, inject the dog's sperm into the chicken's ovulation pustules. Then apply an electric current to fuse the two cells.
5. Sit back and wait for barking chicken to appear. Be patient. It might take months for anything to turn up. If nothing happens, don't give up – even the top scientists claim only a five per cent success rate in developing viable embryos from fused cells.
6. Be prepared for unexpected results. If, for example, you end up with a dog that makes a noise like a chicken, you've probably used too little dog sperm and gone overboard on the chicken pustules. And remember, practice makes perfect. For a chicken with massive tits, perhaps you could try using bull sperm.
Next month: How to make a mongoose that walks like a crab.

But their argument is well-rehearsed. Genetic engineering, they say, is merely an improvement on nature, a way of helpfully nudging it along. An evolution of natural biological methods, if you like. The public opposition to GE, they maintain, is largely based on fear and misunderstanding.

After all, current trends in genetic engineering are not so different from the kind of mutant experiments that dog-lovers and flower-fanciers have been engaged with for generations.

What both sides seem to be agreed on is that there is no way of telling where it's all headed. Twelve months ago, the very notion of human cloning was dismissed as an impossibility, even among the big cheeses in the world of Frankenscience. Right now, human cloning is on the verge of happening, a UFO-worshipping cult called The Raelian Movement having already set up the world's first human cloning company (Vailiant Venture Ltd). Now, it really would appear to be just a matter of time.

THE SAME, IT SEEMS, GOES FOR HUMAN-ANIMAL hybrids. Already, human genes have been planted in pigs and goats. So real is the threat of animal-human mutants that Jeremy Rifkin, the leading opponent of genetic engineering in the States, has applied for his own patent, in an attempt to head scientists off at the pass. "These radical scientific and commercial experiments are now underway," he says. "The possibility of creating, say, a human-chimpanzee composite creature is definitely feasible."

Has science gone completely bonkers? Most recently, a team of Chicago-based scientists announced they had created the world's first genuine cyborg: a mechanical body controlled by the brain of a fish. Steve Grand, an expert in artificial life with Cyberlife Research in Somerset, describes this innovation as "laudably perverse". That's one way of putting it.

The latest rumour on the Net is that a team of Californian boffins have succeeded in creating a creature that is half-macaw, half-kangaroo. Meanwhile, Spielberg's *Jurassic Park* fantasy looks set to be realised with the announcement (reported in *The Guardian*) that scientists are preparing to use a refined version of the 'Dolly' technique to recreate extinct animals like mammoths and Tasmanian tigers. Next up: dragons and unicorns.

Nobody knows where it will all end; although, as one top biologist puts it, "With the world's genetic pool at a scientist's disposal, the possibilities are truly endless. It's fair to say that everything that can be imagined will almost certainly be realised at some time in the near future."

You'd need to have the brains of Piltdown Man not to recognise that the genetic engineering of animals is a biological goldmine just waiting to be exploited to the full. How long, then, before custom-designed animals made to order become a fact of everyday life? Fancy a new-fangled pet with head of pony and body of cod? Just dial the number and have your credit card ready. Overnight delivery guaranteed. Or a full refund. And how long before giant lobsters become regular features up and down the nation's high streets? Years? Months even?

More to the point, what is one supposed to do when confronted by one of the blighters?

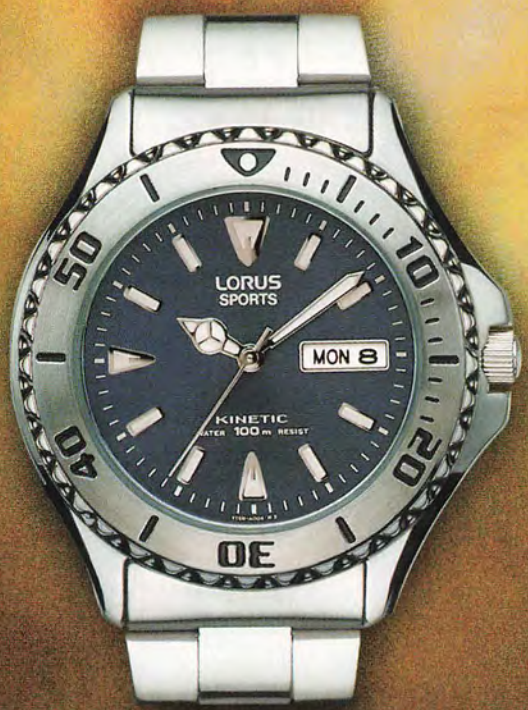
"Well," says Denny Henke at GenetiX, not very reassuringly, "you could always tell it a joke. If the lobster laughs, make an offer to go out for coffee. If it doesn't laugh, run for the hills." ◘

For further information about insane animal experiments, have a look at the GenetiX website: www.tao.ca/~ban/madscience.htm

"THE POSSIBILITY OF MAKING A HUMAN-CHIMP COMPOSITE CREATURE IS DEFINITELY FEASIBLE"

CHARGES

ON THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT



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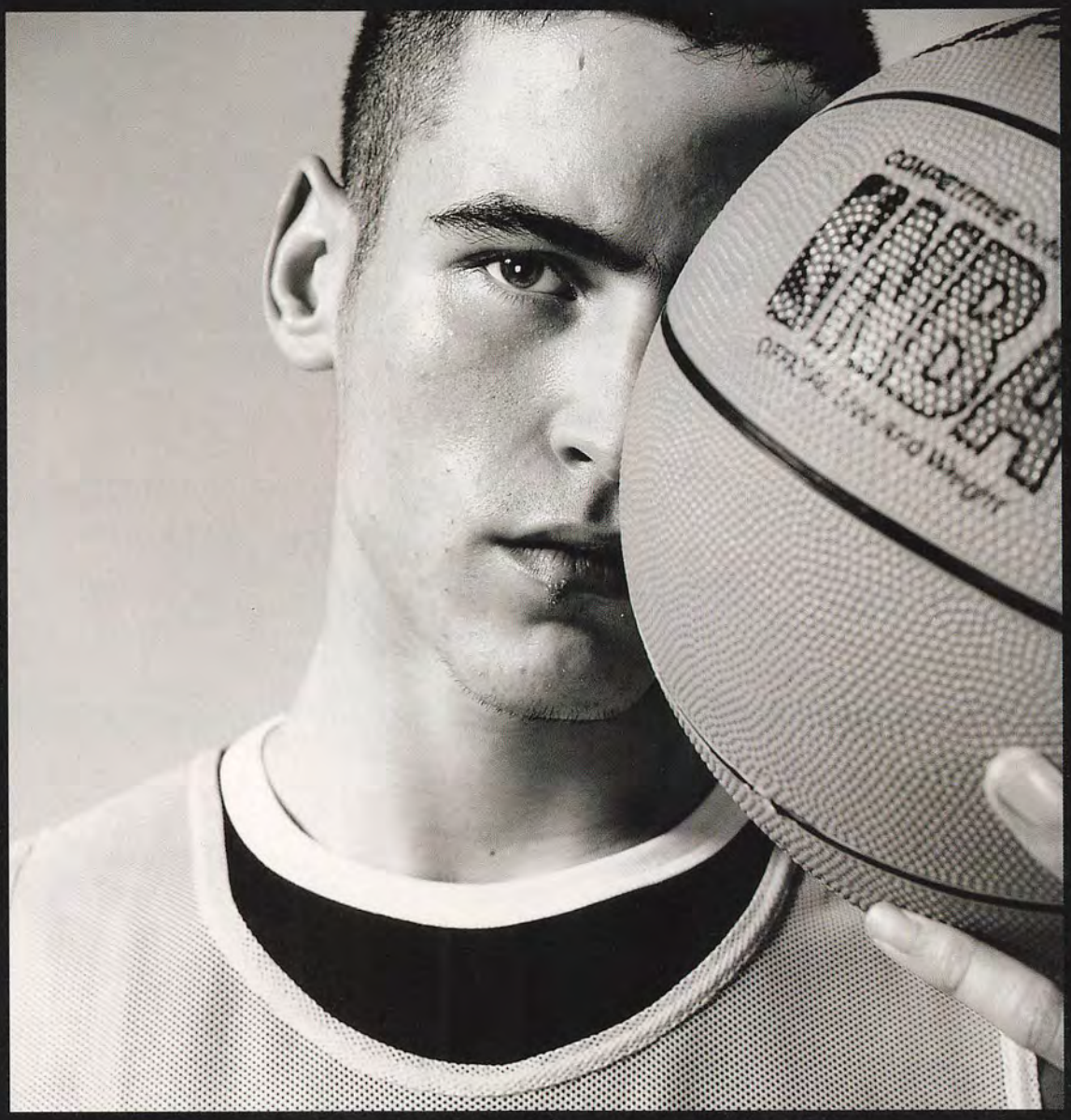

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p88-95 **NEWS:** text messaging, designer watches, metalwork and carrier bags
p96-105 **AGGRO CHIC:** menacing clothes. Don't have nightmares
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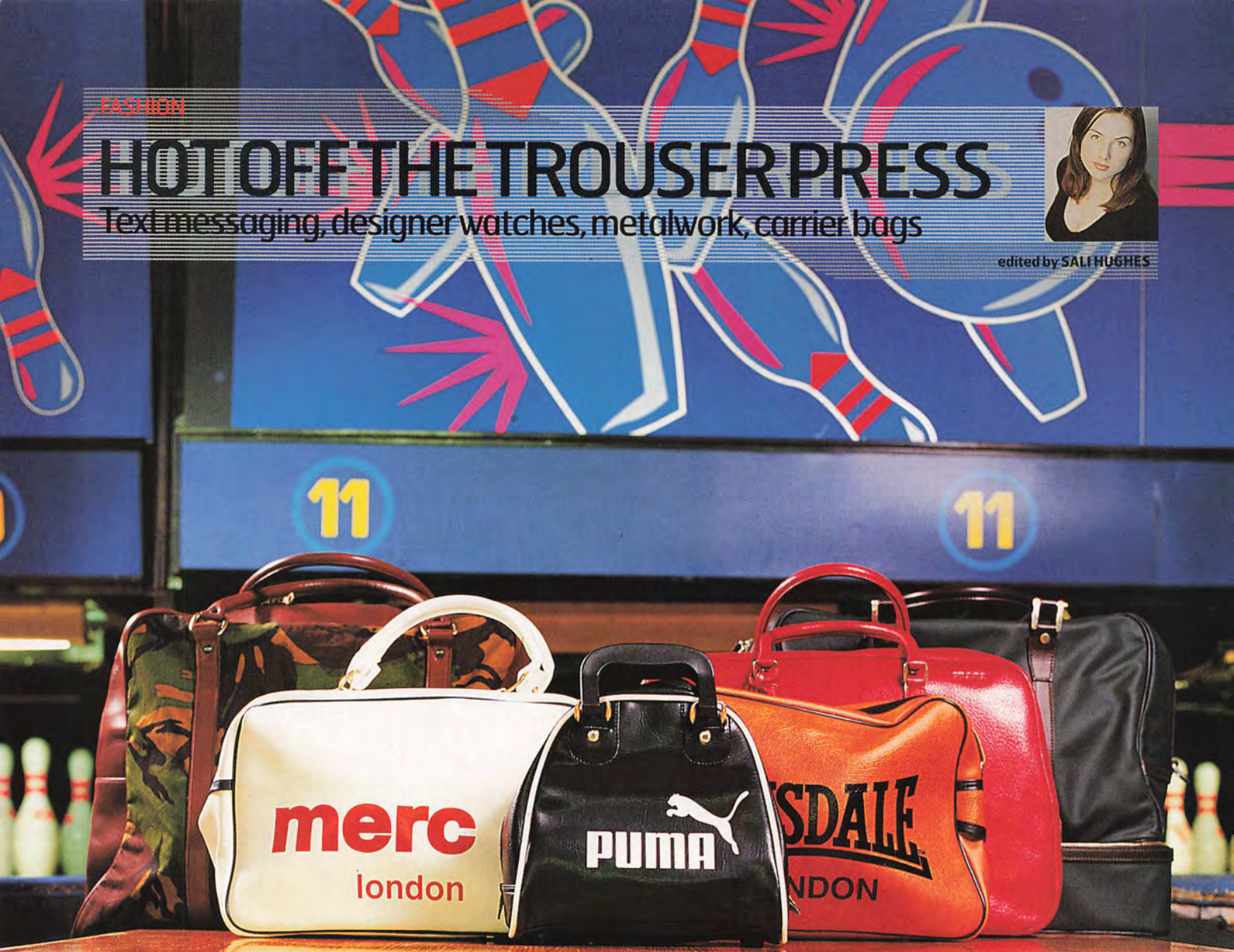
p115 **STOCKISTS:** give yourself a dressing down

HOT OFF THE TROUSER PRESS

Text messaging, designer watches, metalwork, carrier bags

edited by SALI HUGHES



THE BOWLED AND THE BEAUTIFUL

The bowling bag has extended beyond its decidedly unfashionable fanbase of sweaty, beer-swilling rednecks and gawky first-daters, and morphed itself into the accessory of the season. Spotted in the clutches of devout 'alley cats' Samuel L Jackson, Alec Baldwin and Puffy Combs (who seems to have a first-class reservation on every bandwagon), the bowling bag's new pedigree seems assured. These traditionally rigid two-handled kitbags (separate shoe compartment optional) offer the perfect solution for men who crave a portable home for all their daily essentials (phone, MiniDisc, keys, **loaded**) but have until now avoided the dubious connotations of a handbag. Pick up one of these choice versions for a perfect strike... **SH**

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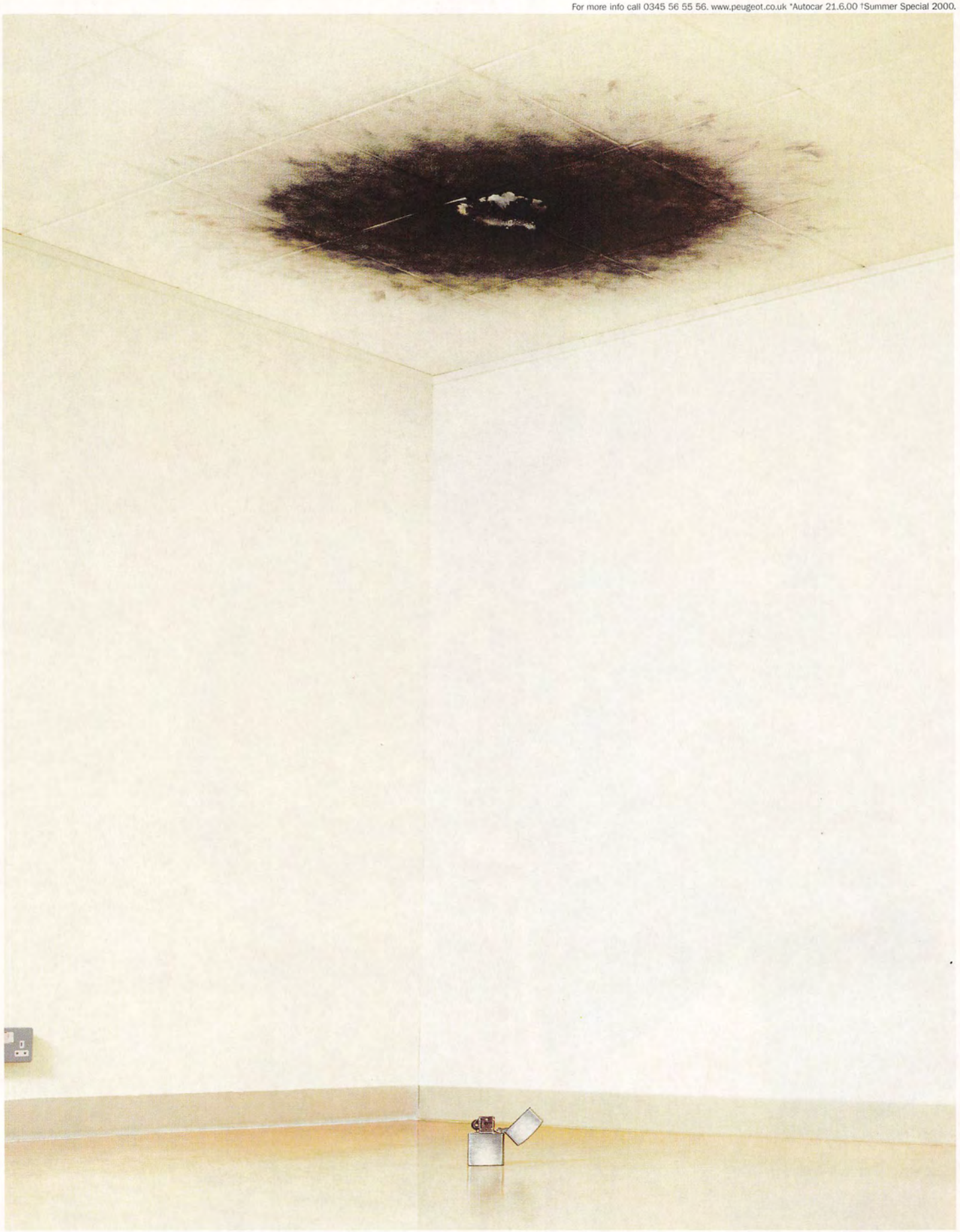

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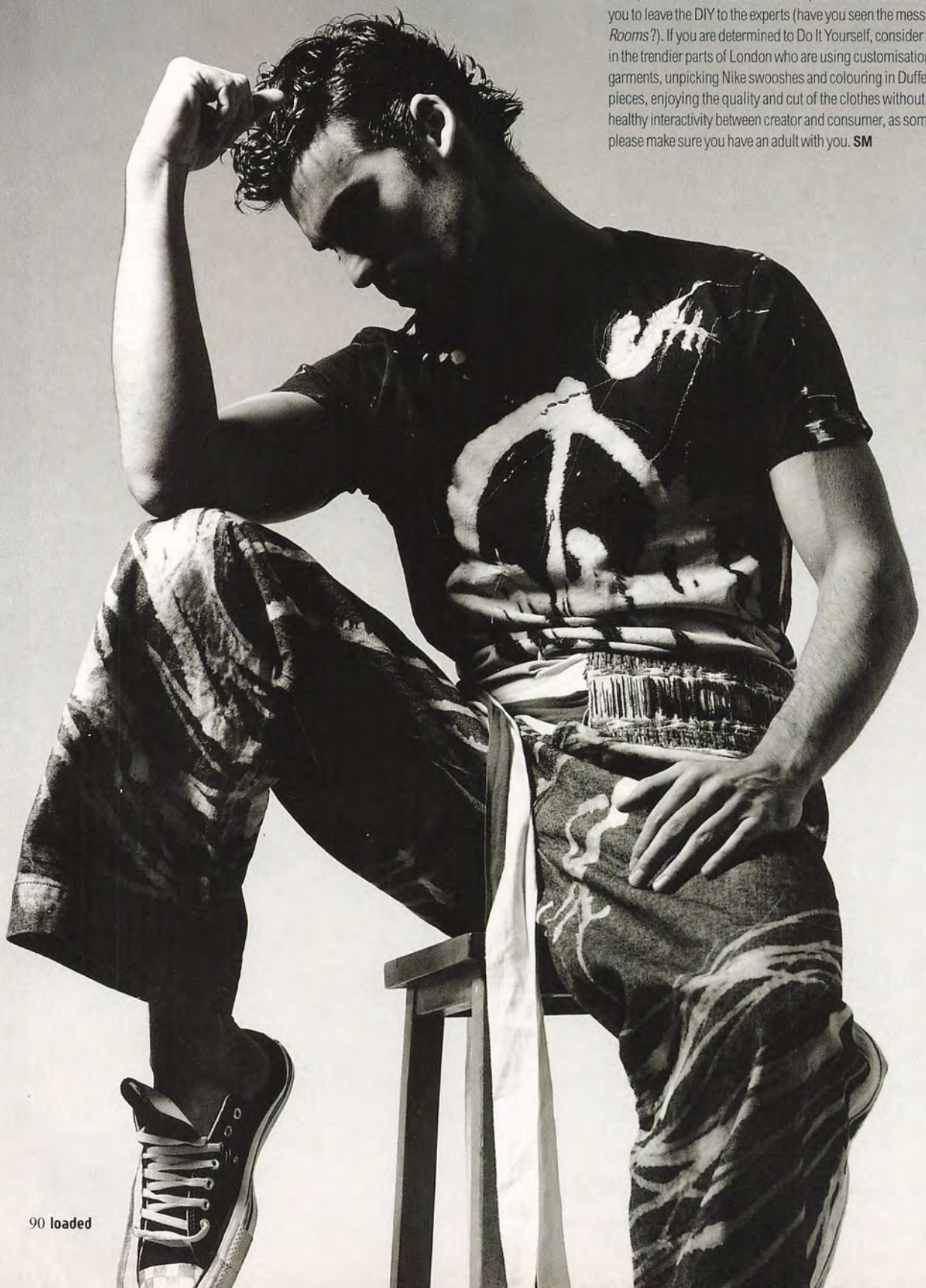
PEUGEOT

HOT OFF THE TROUSER PRESS

CUSTOMISATION: HERE'S ONE THEY MADE EARLIER

Bigger than Jesus this season is a touch of customisation. Designers have eschewed minimalism in favour of bleach splashes, painty business, feathers, bows, beading and haberdashery galore. Dismissing implications of "I could do that myself at home for a fiver", the cache of labels such as Uth, Levis and Alexander McQueen should convince you to leave the DIY to the experts (have you seen the mess they make on *Changing Rooms*?). If you are determined to Do It Yourself, consider the small band of hipsters in the trendier parts of London who are using customisation to 'debrand' their favourite garments, unpicking Nike swooshes and colouring in Duffer logos to create individualised pieces, enjoying the quality and cut of the clothes without being a walking advert. A healthy interactivity between creator and consumer, as someone posh might call it. Just please make sure you have an adult with you. **SM**



Black T-shirt with pink bleach marks £59.95 by Uth **bleached denim jeans with 'boxer shorts' waist** £89.95 by Uth **embroidered sash** (to order) by McQueen's **black All Star customised trainers** £27 by Converse

PHOTO BY RAM SHERGILL; FASHION BY CAMILLE HÄGGLUND; HAIR & GROOMING BY MAIJU; MODEL: IVAN SANCHEZ @ MODELS 1 MEN

TEXT, PLEASE

With most of the nation already in the grip of text messaging fervour and the NHS standing by for the worst RSI epidemic since the release of *Betty Blue*, it's refreshing to find the world of fashion playing catch-up on a trend that is not remotely of its making. Suddenly, no showbiz party is complete without the audio-assault of 30 message alert tones in quick succession – and at London Fashion Week it was all the designers could do to entice the press's eyes away from their complimentary Nokia handsets and on to the clothes on the catwalk. Here, we guide the late-comers through the etiquette of text messaging...

1. Choose a handset that allows both upper and lower cases. All-capital messages suggest you're in the throws of manic rage, and no one likes being shouted at.

2. 'Predictive text input' or 'smart texting' is definitely worth the investment, even if it is baffling at first. Give it a couple of weeks and you'll be able to bang one out in seconds. A message, that is.

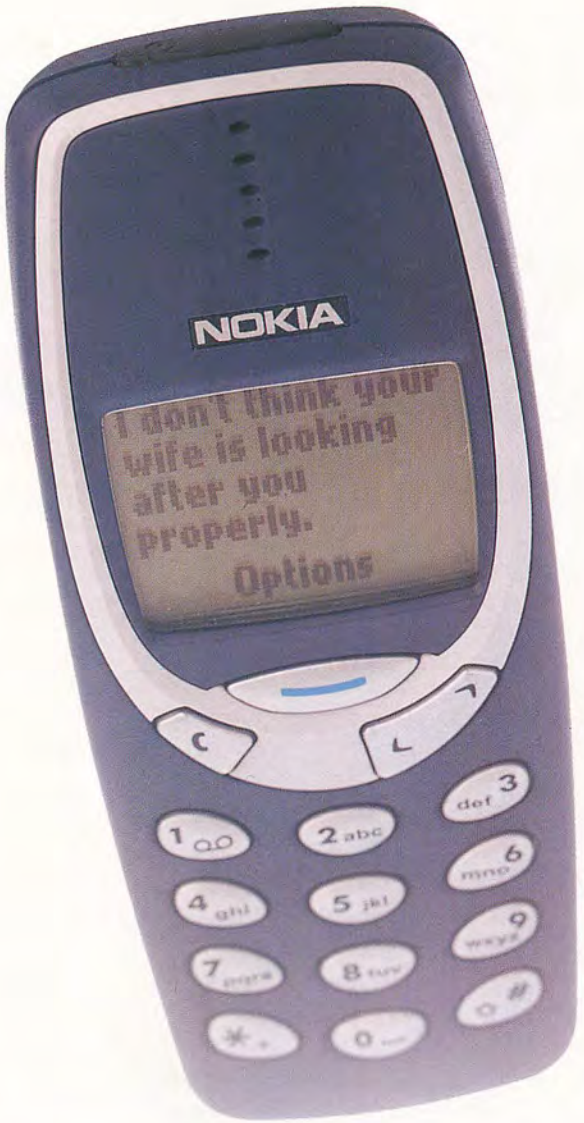
3. Dirty pictures are not funny and not clever. Just consider the level of the mind that sits around constructing a pair of tits out of commas, and then decide if you want to endorse their empty existence.

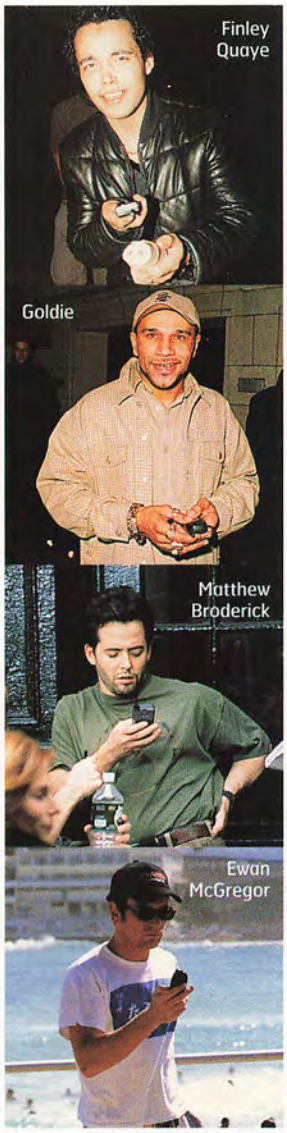
4. Turn your keypad tones off when typing. The Morse code beeping of a long message will rack the nerves of the most placid bystander and may get you sparked.

5. Avoid reacting overtly (ie: laughing, weeping hysterically) to incoming messages. This is the telephonic equivalent of playing your Walkman loud enough to be heard, but too quiet to determine which song you're playing, driving fellow passengers mental with curiosity.

6. When involved in a texting rally, know when the novelty's worn off and quit while you're ahead. Having your final message ignored will leave you feeling lonely and mugged off. **SH**

3310 dual-band handset with mobile chat facilities, extra-long message typing and predictive text input (all networks)
£20 approx (with contract) by Nokia





PHOTOS: BIG, ALL ACTION, LONDON FEATURES, REX

CLOSED ALL OURS

loaded is proud to have its finger and various other body parts on the pulse of menswear, and it is with this reputation as harbingers of the new and the nice that we present Closed, the men's and women's label from sunny Germany. Springboarding from that 1997 urban/military/workwear vibe but with a most definitely contemporary tip, the range comes in neutral, earthy colours with cheeky flashes of reds, burnt orange and blue in the lining and detailing.

There are no screaming 'look at me' pieces – it's the extras that separate Closed from less meticulous labels. Concealed zips, precision cutting, even the layout of the poppers shows Germanic attention to detail. Versatile and practical, the sort of key pieces you can comfortably buy and wear all winter till the arse falls out of them. Enjoy. **SM**

TIME FOR CHANGE

Gone are the days when a designer watch was a 20-year investment chosen to blend chameleon-like against an entire wardrobe, from business suits to your football kit. The current style climate of luxury and excess treats the watch as just another disposable fashion accessory, and all the major designers are welcoming the chance to extend their seasonal vision to matching timepieces. D&G's new watch range is instantly recognisable as the work of the design team who've just brought us a collection of rhinestone-studded and reptile-skin togs, and gives the look's fans the chance to be Ghetto Fabulous from head to wrist – Puff Daddy style, minus a few zeros. Calvin Klein is so keen to translate his fashion sense to cK Watches that the pieces in the new Undercover range are niftily disguised as trendy wristbands and cuffs, with hidden clock faces revealed at the rip of a Velcro patch.

All this may sound a little extravagant to us tight-wads who think a watch is for life, not just for Autumn/Winter. So clock DKNY's timepieces – at around £70 a throw, they're around three hundred quid short of what you might expect to shell out for a designer watch. And yes, believe it or not, all of these are men's watches – and who cares if you don't like this season's gender-bending glamour? Come summer it'll be all change. **SH**

Top to bottom: **Black rubber/neon pink domed 'Bussola'** £199.50 by Fendi Orologi **lime faux-snakeskin diamante face** £170 by D&G Watches **red soft leather digital cuff** £125 by Emporio Armani **black leather/gold Medusa-head** £740 by Versace **silver snakeskin cuff** £89 by DKNY **black/orange trim 'Undercover' Velcro cuff** £80 by cK Watches

STUD U LIKE

Riveting (arf) the fashion department this month is the almighty stud. Not Oliver Tobias in a dubious tweed hacking jacket, but those of the rock'n'roll, 'live fast, die young and leave an enormous Visa bill behind you' variety. Versace have gone into a heavy metal frenzy with this leopard-print T, be-spangled with studs and featuring zip-up side detail in a 'dinner lady's tabard' stylee. **loaded** favourites Dsquared have also embraced the stud (ouch!), covering everything but their own mothers in shiny rivets, and Top Man have produced a range of thin studded belts for those who like their metal a little more subdued. Think pearly king, not leather queen – this look is definitely more Sid Vicious than Blue Oyster bar. The be-'tached male should avoid. **SM**

Black panther print studded sleeveless top £1,749 by Gianni Versace **dark denim stretch jeans** £105 by D&G **black leather wristband with silver band** £105 by Scott Wilson **white studded wristband** £51 by Scott Wilson **black studded/ beaded 'Hot Fuck' wristcuff** £150 by Vava Dudu @ The Pineal Eye **brown suede studded pocketbag with belt** £125 approx by Dsquared

PHOTO BY RAM SHERGILL; FASHION BY CAMILLE HÄGGLUND; HAIR & GROOMING BY MAIJU; MODEL: TERRY GATES @ MODELS 1 MEN

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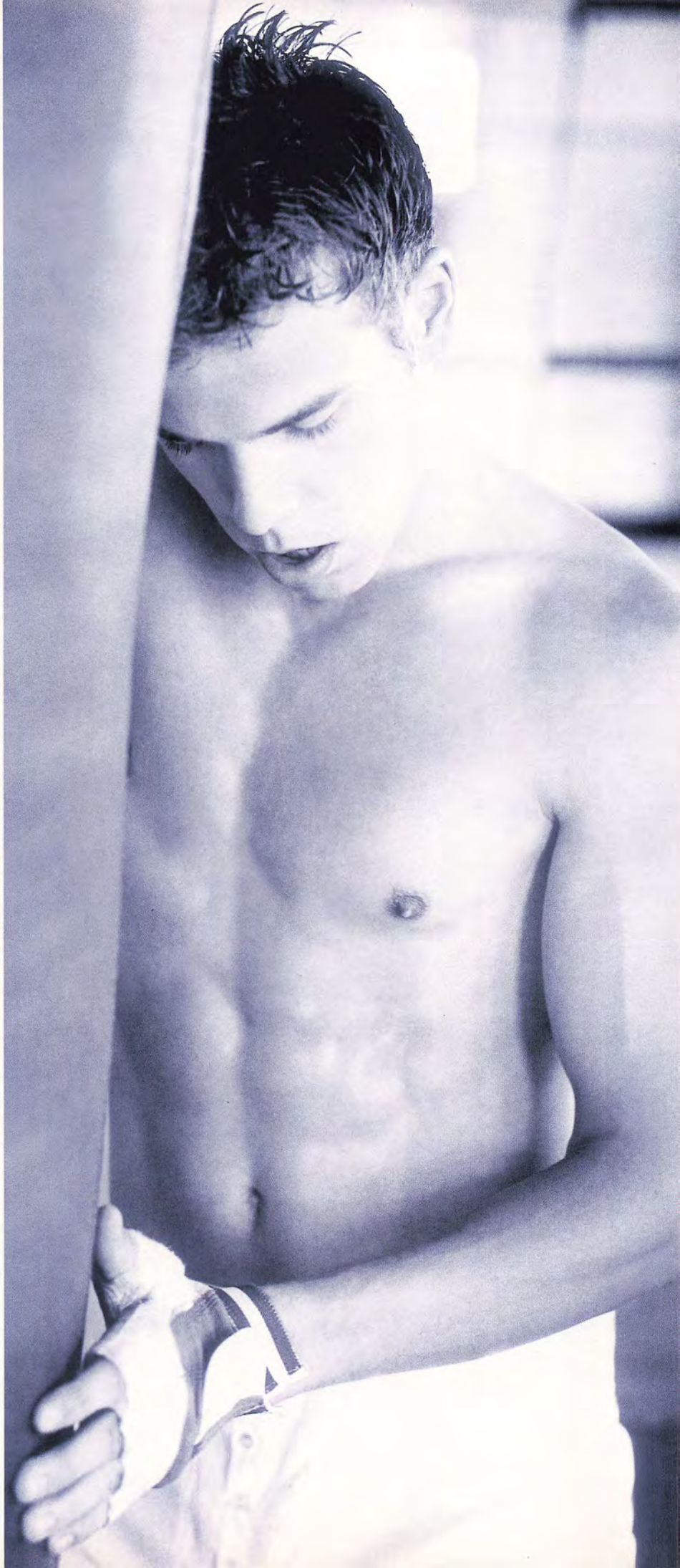


HOT OFF THE TROUSER PRESS

CARRY IT OFF

Last summer's most paraded fashion accessory wasn't a string of love beads or a pair of Chloe tiger-print sunglasses, but a Burberry carrier bag. The paper, free-with-purchase, shove-under-the-sink-until-the-next-trip-to-the-laundrette kind. This is no major scoop for fashion fans – any boy about town will tell you a credible carrier has long been essential fashion kit. Why else would so many blokes continually risk guillotining their fingers with the thin plastic handles of Paul Smith's coveted yet lethal rainbow-stripe bag? The truth is, a bag can be more exciting and recognisable than its contents, and is as strong a fashion statement as the name on your jeans or the branding on your trainers. So much so that the fashion companies are paying as much attention to producing cutting-edge packaging as they are to clobber.

Our tip for 2001 is YMC's turquoise cloth bag – which, with its logo design and durable fabric, is the kind of must-have accessory you'd be more than happy to fork out for. Marketers of the double-entendre FCUK take the carrier bag that bit further with witty acronym-based bag designs changing each season, in line with their brilliant TV ads. For traditionalists, Joseph's classic zebra bag is as chic a status symbol as the BMW Z3, and Prada's pristine holdall (suitable for 1-2 outings only) takes you straight into the Beckham league, even if it is only carrying library books. And don't think you can sneak by unnoticed with a crumpled up Sainsbury's polythene job. They're *so* Trendy Wendy Hoxton Dweller. **SH**

Redskins

AGGRO CHIC

Boys' clothes never looked darker

photos by JAKE WALTERS fashion by TOM STUBBS

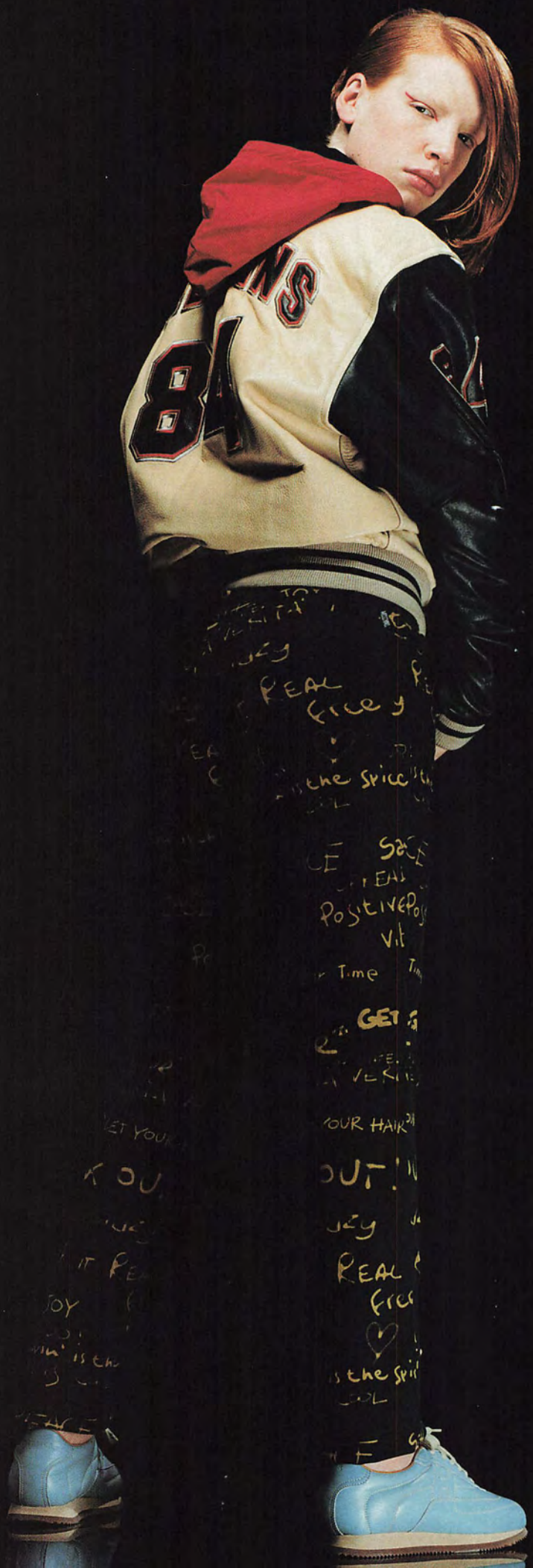
Previous pages: **Boy: Marl grey hoody with tartan lining** £190 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana **dark denim jeans with diamante** £75 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana **leather college-style jacket** £300 by Redskins

Girl: Purple leather biker jacket £495 approx by Emporio Armani **gold 'London Link' chain** £290 and **'London Link' chaps** £270 both from Go For Gold **white baseball pants** £140 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana

This page: **Cream zip hoody** £120 by Versace Sport **turquoise 'CBGB' corduroy jacket** £245 by YMC **red cap** £10 by Gap Kids

This page: **Red jeans** £85 by Moschino Jeans **gold and multicoloured link chain** from a selection by Salvatore Ferragamo **college-style leather jacket** £280 by Redskins
Opposite: **Red patent jacket** £261 by Versace Jeans Couture **white baseball pants with red stripe** £140 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana **yellow trainers** £60 by Puma 'Sprints'

Creased metallic jacket from £200 by Versace Sport
check umbrella £75 by DAKS



This page: **Leather college-style jacket** £325 by Redskins **black jeans with yellow graffiti** £108 by Moschino Jeans (Girls) **pale blue 'Quick' trainers** £295 by Hermès **red and black hooded jacket** £193 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana

Opposite page: **Brown leather 'Duck Rock' leather jacket** £650 by YMC **gold chain** £580 by Kinuko Cohen from Jess James **'Net' knickers** £20 by Moschino Lingerie

MODELS: JENNIFER @ STORM. STRETCH. HAIR BY CRAIG MASON @ ROCKIT FOR TONI & GUY USING TIGI HAIRCARE. MAKE-UP: KIM BROWN @ ROCKIT USING URBAN DECAY. PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANCE: CHARLIE HOLDING. FASHION ASSISTANCE: CAMILLE HÄGGLUND, TOBY McLELLAN AND LAURA HARLEY. THANKS VERY MUCH TO LANN @ PERSEVERANCE STUDIOS

HOOPS

photos by RAM SHERGILL fashion by ADRIAN CLARK

Put your best foot forward with our definitive guide to old-skool trainers – this season's sporting stars with a spring in their step

IVAN G: Pale green trainers with Velcro straps £195 **pale blue nylon shorts** £106 **pale blue blouson with detachable hood** (not shown) £425 and **sleeveless cream T-shirt** £75 all by Prada Sport

IVAN S: White trainers with navy blue stripe detailing £145 by Hogan **navy blue nylon shorts** £72 and **navy blue nylon sleeveless gilet** £124, both by Versace Sport

TERRY: Grey, orange and turquoise trainers with one Velcro strap £69.99 by Nike @ Size **sweatshirt with Union Jack patches** £110 by Fake Genius **grey marl shorts** £65 by Paul Smith Sport

PALDING

(left to right)
IVAN S: 'Original Elite' white trainers with gold detailing £39.99 by Diadora **black nylon track pants** (elasticated at the knees) £50 by SMTC @ Size **pale blue sweatshirt with faded old-skool lion print** £40 by Ben Sherman

TERRY: White trainers with orange soles £290 by Hermes **grey track pants with zips and pockets at the ankles** £79 by Paul Smith Sport **grey hooded fleece zip-up jacket with logo across chest** £42 by Lonsdale

Basketball £7.99 from First Sport

SPALDING
NBA

(left to right)
TERRY: 'V-Ripple' suede trainers £56.99 by Walsh of Bolton @ Office **grey marl jersey cagoule** £109 by Paul Smith Sport **slate blue shorts** £27 by Sisley

IVAN G: 'Roma' black leather trainers with gold side stripes £50 by Puma **camel nylon zip-up jacket** £208 and **matching shorts** £84, both by Versace Sport

IVAN S: White trainers with double red stripe detailing £80 by Jean Baptiste Rautureau @ Freelance **red sleeveless top with orange stripe** £119 by Versace Sport **navy blue tailored shorts** £90 by YMC

Basketball as before

STYLIST ASSISTED BY CAMILLE HÄGGLUND; HAIR & GROOMING: MAIJU; MODELS: TERRY GATES, IVAN SANCHEZ AND IVAN GONZALEZ, ALL @ MODELS 1 MEN

KEEP YOURSELF NICE

Chin-mowing choices, Tim Vincent's toothbrush and the mark of a man

SHAVING GRACE

When it comes to the daily scrape, one size definitely doesn't fit all. Pick out your skin type from this line-up and you'll never be blotchy again...

SENSITIVE

Symptoms: Face feels itchy and/or blotchy after shaving and can suffer from regular shaving rash and ingrown hairs.
Prepare: Fragrance and detergents can aggravate fragile skin so use an unperfumed, soap-free product like **Ultra Sensitive Shave Gel** (200ml, £2.45) by **Umbro**. Smooth on against the hair growth (this lifts your beard and makes shaving easier) taking care not to rub the skin.
Shave: Always use a razor with protective guards, like **3D Diamond Protector** (£4.99) by **Wilkinson Sword**, and make sure your blades are always really sharp. Don't press down on the razor – hold it at a 30-degree angle (like a pen) and shave with the hair growth, to avoid ingrown hairs and rashes.
Soothe: Gently pat in an alcohol-free protective moisturiser like **Sensitive After Shave Balm** (100ml, £5.49) by **Nivea for Men** to calm your skin and protect it from flare-ups.
Treat: If your face is really fiery after a shave, massage in some **Herbal Soothing Gel** (125ml, £8.95) by **American Crew**, a cooling gel which relieves irritation, moisturises any dried-out patches and protects the skin from further damage. An excellent emergency product.

DRY

Symptoms: Skin feels tight after shaving, can sometimes crack or feel sore in the winter months.
Prepare: Gels and foams can be drying, so choose a cream with added moisturisers like **Menthol Shave Cream** (100ml, £3) by **Skin Mechanics at Body Shop**, which contains soothing sesame and sunflower oils. Cream doesn't lather much, so spend a good 2-3 minutes working the cream into the skin to get rich suds.
Shave: Many men with dry skin opt for an electric shaver to avoid stripping the skin's surface of important moisture. The **Cool Skin rotary rechargable shaver** (£99.99) by **Philishave** is ideal. Not only can it be used with shaving creams (which help avoid the friction), but it actually dispenses Nivea moisturising lotion as it goes along, making sure the skin is kept comfortable.
Soothe: Dry skin will be parched after a shave, so a good moisturiser is essential. **Activ@te Post Shave Balm** (100ml, £3.49) by **Superdrug** is packed with healing Aloe Vera and gives a rich moisture without greasiness.
Treat: The added moisturisers in **Pre-Shave Face Wash** (150ml, £3.45) by **FCUK** make it a useful first step for thirsty complexions, as well as an excellent daily face wash for normal to dry skins.

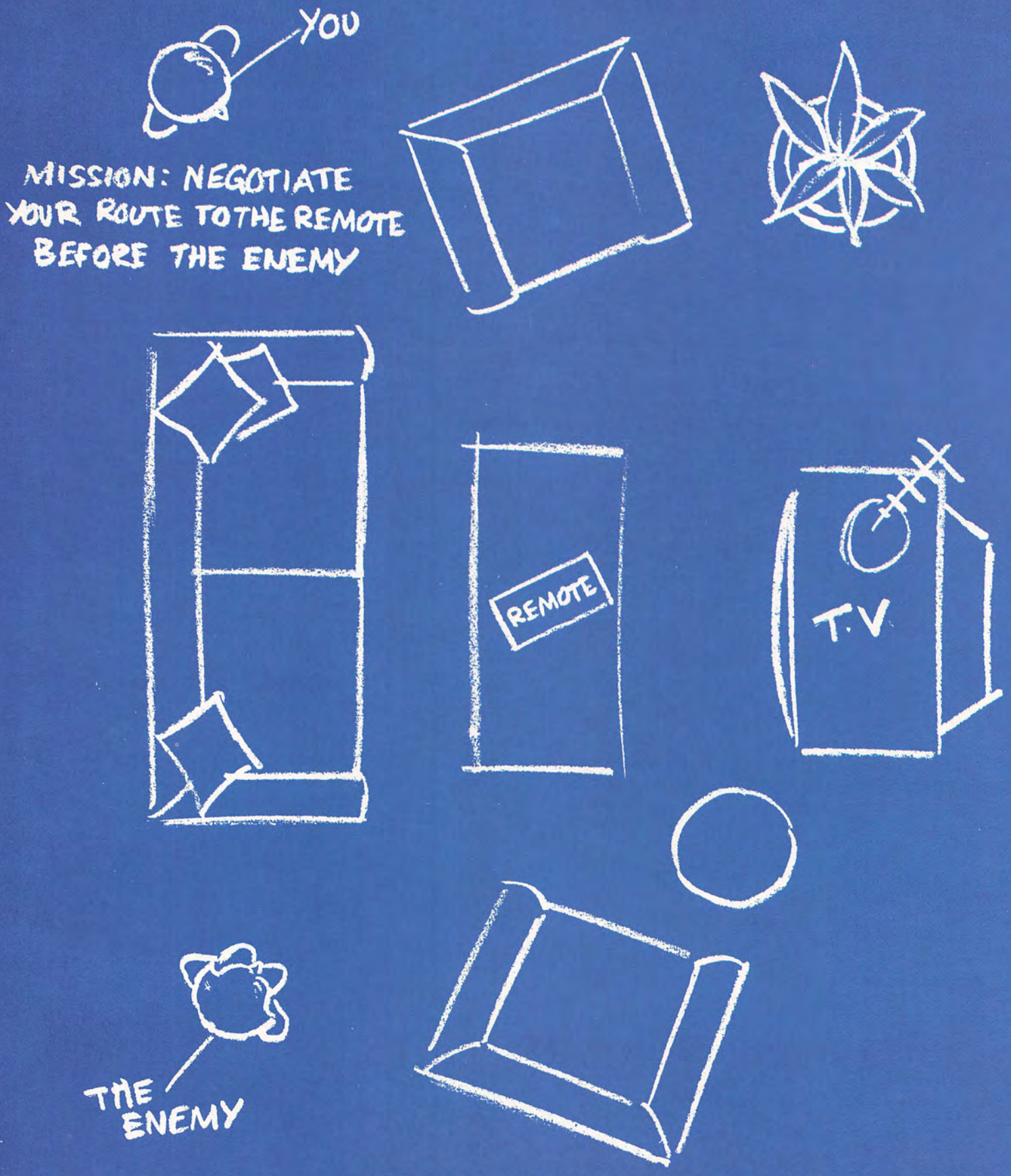
WORDS: SALI HUGHES. ASSISTANCE AND ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY LAURA HARLEY

OILY / COMBINATION

Symptoms: Skin is prone to greasiness and spots, either all over or in parts (often the chin), which can seem worse after using shave creams and moisturisers.
Prepare: Lather up using **Tea Tree Mint Shave Gel** (200ml, £2.99) by **Original Source**. The naturally antiseptic tea tree (a brilliant zit-buster) will help treat any spots without irritating your skin, while the slightly astringent mint removes any excess gunk and oil.
Shave: Even with a see-through gel, it's easy to accidentally shave over spot-heads, causing them to weep and sometimes even scar. To help avoid this, choose a razor with safety guards like the **Triple Blade Micro Guard** (£4.49) by **Lynx** and go really lightly over your skin.
Soothe: All skin should be moisturised after shaving – skimping on this bit will just encourage your skin to make even more oil to protect itself. Instead, skip creamy moisturisers and opt for a light, oil-free balm such as **Aftershave Balm** (100ml, £6.60) by **loaded Grooming System**. This will calm and soften the face without adding more spot-causing grease.
Treat: To feel really clean and grease-free either before or after a shave, drench a cotton pad with **Herbal Astringent Tone & Refresh** (125ml, £7.95) by **American Crew**. This mentholated toner uses witch-hazel to tighten the pores (to shut out blackheads) and Aloe Vera to calm any soreness on problem skins.

NORMAL

Symptoms: Skin feels very slightly dry after shaving and will get the odd spot or occasional shaving rash.
Prepare: Make the most of your well-behaved complexion and check out one of the new shaving oils. These tiny bottles of (we promise) non-greasy oils are really practical and make for a very close shave. An oil also protects your skin from getting too dry, and will give the razor a nice smooth surface to glide across. We like **Superglider shaving oil** (30ml, £3.75) by **Impact Charles Worthington.**
Shave: Even normal skin is susceptible to rashes, so shaving technique is important. Use a good quality razor like **Mach 3** (£4.99) by **Gillette**, and holding the skin taught with your other hand, gently shave with the main hair growth and across any stubborn patches.
Soothe: Follow with **K-24 Active Moisturiser** (100ml, £5.49) by **King Of Shaves** – a brilliant multi-functioning lotion which softens the skin and protects the whole face from damaging sun rays and pollution.
Treat: If your beard is coarse, try using **Facial Wash** (200ml, £3.99) by **Mg Trevor Sorbie** before shaving (preferably in a steamy shower). The added moisturisers in this soap-free gel will soften the beard, while your hands' massaging action will make the hairs stand proud for an effort-free shave.



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BATHROOM CABINETS OF THE RICH & FAMOUS: NO 5: TIM VINCENT

With acting, presenting and modelling under his belt, multi-tasking Tim is the Swiss Army Knife of entertainment. From the glamorous catwalks of *The Clothes Show* to the cows' arses of *Emmerdale*, not to mention *Blue Peter*, Tim's grooming has never wavered. He lets the us in on the tools of his many trades.

"It was a brutal shock when I first saw myself on telly [*Tim starred in* Children's Ward *from age 14*]. As a normal teenager I was already pretty self-conscious, and suddenly there I was looking really porky for everyone to see. It shocked me into joining a gym, and I've kept it up ever since. I'll normally do an intensive workout followed by 30 minutes of running and some free weights – I'm someone who needs to keep an eye on my body because I can put on weight really easily.

"The rest of my regime is pretty straightforward, a throwback to when I was in *Emmerdale* and constantly travelling from my flat in London to film in Leeds, with no time to fuss. I'm an obsessive twice-a-day showerer, where I'll use Molton Brown's shower gels and wash my hair with Aussie Mega shampoo and conditioner. I've got a really coarse beard so I always follow with a wet shave using a Gillette razor. My only shaving tip would be to avoid oils – I've tried loads of them and they're rubbish on my skin. I stick to Noxzema shave foam, which does the job every time. My skin doesn't really give me much hassle, so I find a simple after-shave balm is enough to keep it in condition. The only thing I really think it's worth spending money on is fragrance. I'm wearing Acqua Di Parma at the moment, which I love because it's really unusual.

"I'm not great with my hair. I leave it to dry naturally and just work through some Fudge Putty – though I always miss bits and get people at parties pointing out huge clumps of the stuff in my hair. I get it cut regularly by Sabrina at Vidal Sassoon's Barber Shop. She's brilliant because she's really quick and professional, and doesn't bend your ear with the usual banter – which I think most men hate. My dark hair has a tendency to look like a massive black blob on screen, so sometimes I'll panic and get some brown highlights put in before forgetting for another six months.

"I think what I've learned over the years is just to accept the things you can't change and make the most of what you can. I know of a few blokes on TV who are real divas and demand editorial control over their scenes. I really don't care – you can shoot me from any angle, however unflattering, and I won't get precious about it. That's just how I look. Take it or leave it." **SH**

Left to right: **Tea Tree & Lemon anti-perspirant deodorant (150ml)** £1.99 by Original Source; **Seamoss Energising Bath & Shower Therapy (300ml)** £10 and **Warming Eucalyptus Bath & Shower Gel (300ml)** £9, both by Molton Brown; **Mega Shampoo (300ml)** £3.35 **and Mega Instant Conditioner (250ml)** £3.99, both by Aussie; **Toothbrush (pack of two)** 99p by Sainsbury's; **Acqua Di Parma Eau de Cologne (50ml)** £29.99 from Harvey Nichols; **Mach 3 razor** £4.99 by Gillette; **Noxzema protective shave foam (300ml)** £4.95; **Aftershave Balm (100ml)** £6.50 by **loaded** Grooming System; **Hair Putty (100ml)** £7.95 by Fudge.

HALL OF FAME

GROOMING PRODUCTS THAT CHANGED OUR LIVES **NO 5: OLD SPICE**

"Dun dun dun dum… bom bom… ahhahhh, ahhaahhh…" Yes, Carl Orff's 'Carmina Burana' – soundtrack to *The Omen* and, incongruously, the Old Spice adverts. The crashing waves and rugged surfer hunk epitomised a fragrance that proudly asserted its masculinity in the midst of the gender-bending '80s. Everyone from your grandad to your kid brother knew that to smell of Old Spice was to mark yourself as a man… or, as one of the many tribute websites (yes, they do exist) puts it, "makes you smell like a real man should, not like a real man does".

Sadly, in the '90s, the trend for ladyboy fragrances put a dampener on the Old Spice legacy. Hints of cut grass and peppery citrus bottom notes have now replaced ostentatious muskiness. But with retro chic reviving other fashion horrors of past decades, it's surely only a matter of time before grooming also gets the post-modern touch and we reappraise such old-skool fragrances as retro icons. The irony-assisted renaissance of Old Spice seems inevitable. SM

STOCKISTS

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CLOSED 0115 985 9684
CONNOLLY 020 7235 3883
CONVERSE 01372 731343
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DSQUARED 020 7836 4365
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DKNY WATCHES 01908 220311
EMPORIO ARMANI 020 7823 8818
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JEAN BAPTISTE RAUTUREAU @ FREELANCE 020 7351 4038
KINUKO COHEN @ JESS JAMES 020 7437 0199
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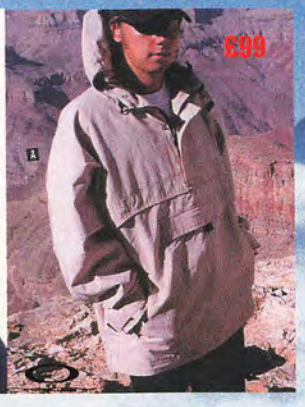

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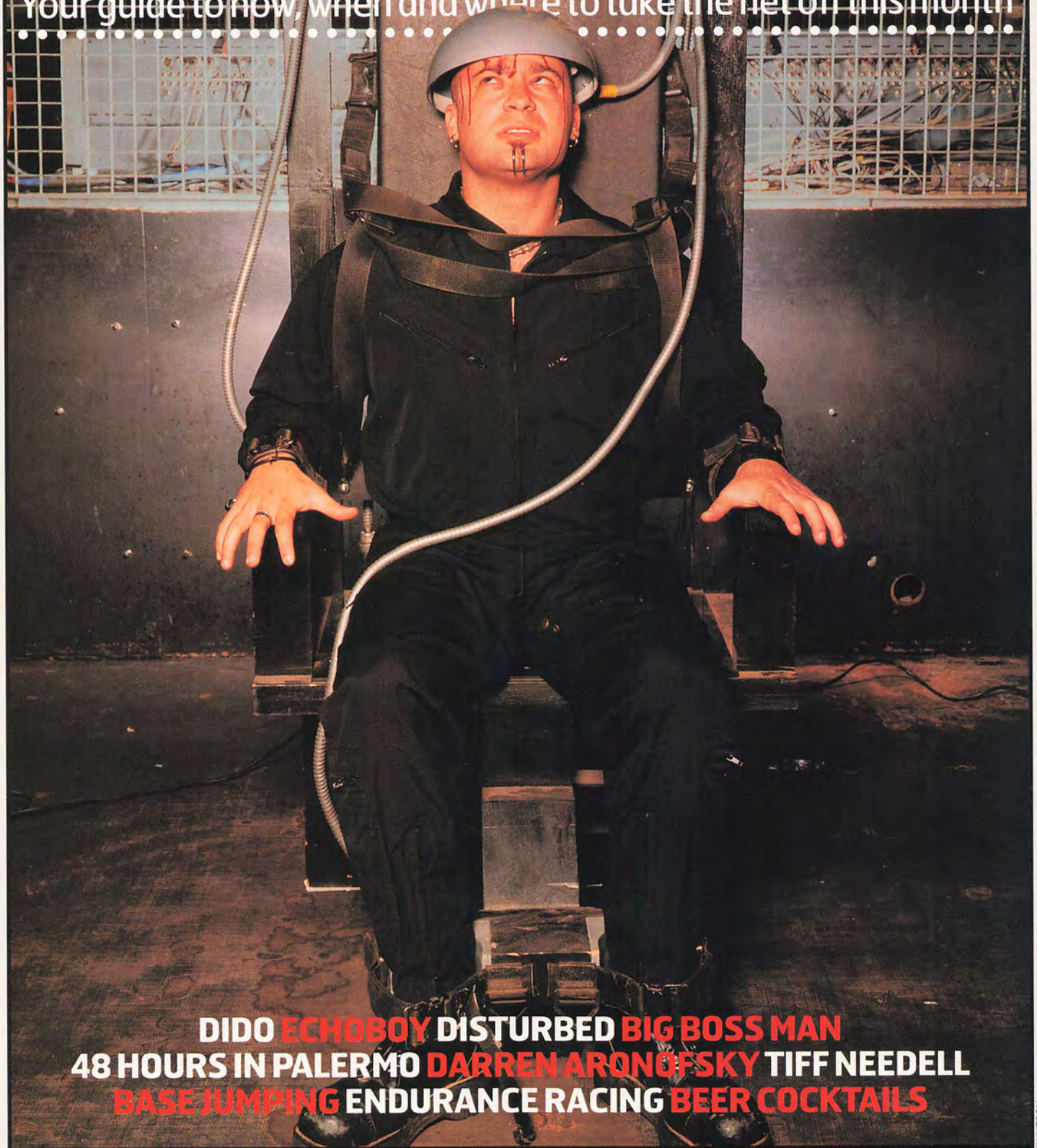
edited by PIERS TOWNLEY and JOHNNY CIGARETTES

the hedonists' handbook

Your guide to how, when and where to take the net off this month



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48 HOURS IN PALERMO DARREN ARONOFSKY TIFF NEEDELL
BASE JUMPING ENDURANCE RACING BEER COCKTAILS

REVIEWS: ALBUMS p126 CLUBS p130 FILMS p136 BOOKS p139 GAMES p146

PHOTO: MICK HUTSON

dido do, don't dido?

That's Dido, the British songstress sampled by Eminem

Once upon a time, there was a great Trojan warrior called Aeneas. After the fall of Troy he fled to Italy, but stopped off for a few beers on the way in Carthage. He got chatting to an African queen called Dido, one thing led to another, and they ended up lovers. But duty called, and Aeneas left Dido in order to fulfil his historical destiny and found the city of Rome. Dido, understandably, was devastated. She cursed him and all his descendants, then killed herself on a burning pyre.

But she can perhaps take posthumous comfort from the fact that her name has been kept alive by a successful singer/songwriter and Eminem guest vocalist from London. That's more than you can say for Aeneas, the treacherous Empire-founding bastard.

"The worst thing about it," says Dido (the new one), "was that in those days, if you killed yourself, all your servants had to be killed as well. What a bummer! You'd have to persuade her: 'No, it's not that bad, there's more fish in the sea!' "

You'll have heard Dido Armstrong's angelic tones adding a chink of light to Eminem's shady tale of obsessive fan worship, 'Stan'. It's actually a sample from Dido's song 'Thankyou', which was released in the US over a year ago.

Not that she minded him nicking half her gently heartwarming ballad and turning it into one of the most disturbing records of last year. She liked it so much, in fact, she even let Eminem lock her in the boot of his car and drive her off a bridge. In a video, you understand. It's not real. Well, not all of it...

"I played the girlfriend in the video, and at one point you see me crying. Well, I was actually crying for real, because I hit my head on the trunk. And they carried on recording!"

Oh dear. Didn't anybody warn her about that nasty Eminem and his friends?

"No, he's actually an incredibly nice guy. Really funny and intelligent. Obviously his stuff can be shocking, but after spending time with him I believe about five per cent of what he says in his songs. It's not like the things in the songs don't actually happen, but he's a good storyteller."

I hear he calls everyone 'dawg'...

"He didn't call me 'dog', I'd have battered him if he had."

What about 'bitch'?

"No, God no! He was charming."

Dido's debut album *No Angel* initially seems about as far removed from Slim Shady's misanthropic rantings as Sarah Brightman is from Godflesh. Only after a few listens does the understated beauty of the tunes grab your heartstrings and play them like a grand piano. 'Thankyou' turns into a humble tribute to the mystery individual who saved our girl from the misery of a bad hair day; but most touching of all are 'Isobel' and 'My Lover's Gone', letters of resignation to the dear and departed that are mournful and uplifting in equal parts.

Many of the lyrics were co-written with brother Rollo, of Faithless fame – who hadn't been so keen back when Dido was working as a literary agent and studying law.

"He really tried to stop me," she says. "He didn't want me to chuck in my job to chase a music career, in case it all fell flat."

That's what brothers are for. She ignored him, of course, as sisters do, but while touring the US last year, Dido did have cause to wonder what on earth she was doing with her life...

"We had to do so many demeaning things to get played on the radio. One time we had to play in this cafe, in the lobby of an office building, and there were people pushing past me, treading on my toes to try and get their cheese sandwiches, while I was singing. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry."

She's made of stern stuff, though, this lass. You have to be when your parents call you Dido.

"Yeah, I used to wish I had a normal name when I was a kid. But then I found out I had a lucky escape. My parents are into the book *Beowulf*, and the other names they were considering were Sexburger and Sexwulf. I mean, can you imagine?"

No, I can't imagine what it's like to have a stupid name...

"I was crying for real in the Eminem video 'cos I hit my head on the trunk of the car"

JOHNNY CIGARETTES

No Angel *is out now and the new single 'Here With Me' is out 12 Feb, both on Arista.*

After two hours in the listening booth, David came to a decision about the new Simply Red album

frequent fryer

Highly charged metalists Disturbed take a seat

There are many reasons why a man should sit in an electric chair, or dress up in a straitjacket and leather mask. He may be insane. He may be in the process of being murdered by the state for some awful crime. He may enjoy the sexual thrill of being restrained, or indeed lightly electrocuted, as part of some sex game. Or he may be the lead singer of an LA metal band called Disturbed.

David Draiman often makes his stage entrance in one of the above states of restraint. This ain't rock'n'roll, this is suicide! Well, sort of.

"We couldn't give a shit about theatre or any of that Alice Cooper bullshit," says David. "It's part of our philosophy, which we call 'the sickness'."

Sounds interesting. Do go on.

"When you set yourself apart, people treat you like a sick person. They keep you away from everyone else. Ultimately they restrain you and imprison you, or they try to wipe you out entirely. Those are symbolised by the different introductions to the set: an execution that doesn't kill me, a straitjacket that I escape from."

So it's not a masochistic thing?

"Oh, don't get me wrong," he grins, "it's a nice feeling being restrained. But it's about building up the excitement for the cathartic release that comes when the music starts."

That release, if the Disturbed gigs that **loaded** witnesses in London and Amsterdam are anything to go by, is much like a pack of wild dogs being unleashed on each other after dining heartily on a bowl of speed. It's what you might call 'mental'. And yet perfectly reasonable behaviour, really.

"People need the release that aggressive music gives them. If it weren't for music like ours, there'd be more violence in society, more fucked-up individuals out there. How many times has music helped you deal with chaotic or mournful situations, as an outlet for those emotions?"

To call Disturbed's music aggressive, though, is like calling Roy Keane a clogger. There's an addictive quality to their bowel-shredding riffs and Draiman's hypnotically dark vocal delivery. And in Draiman, they've got a man with more to say than, 'Fuck you I won't do what you tell me.'

"I'm a libertarian, not an anarchist," he says, shortly before a trip round Amsterdam's red-light district to practise what he preaches. "I believe in a very limited government that simply maintains a police force so that people don't kill each other. You have less sex crimes in places like this, for example, because you let people deal with the urges God gave them. Ultimately, we say do anything you want as long as it doesn't harm anyone else."

"If it weren't for music like ours, there'd be more violence in society – more fked-up individuals out there"**

So yeah, kids – if you're tempted to play with that electric chair in your parents' loft, you go ahead. Just make sure it's not plugged in, eh?

JOHNNY CIGARETTES

The single 'Stupefy' is out 22 Jan on RCA. Disturbed will be supporting Marilyn Manson on his UK tour.

PHOTO: MICK HUTSON

"Take us to your leader"

the boss man ruling

loaded finds in favour of funksters Big Boss Man

It's hard to know what to do about the ongoing poncification of the popular music charts. Leaflets? Letterbombs? Too limited in scope. Instead, let us point your ears in the direction of Big Boss Man, a four-piece who came steaming out of Newbury in 1999 with a sound straight out of 1969.

"It sounds like it's got real sweat and dirt in it," claims Nass (organ, timbales, conga and vocals). "There's the Latin percussion side, a hard organ sound, funk, jazz, soul, '60s beat and funk."

> "It's a shame people think Latin music is Ricky Martin and that twat who did 'Mambo No. 5'"

"You said funk twice," points out bassman Scott.

"Yeah, that's because it's *double* funk," says drummer Nick.

Whatever you call it, it's a sound with warmth and balls, of a band with the chops, beats and fat chords to galvanise the most leaden of club feet. Their first single, 'Sea Groove', a swirling instrumental with precision percussion and slicing guitar, pointed to great things. And now their debut album, *Humanize*, is about to land. It's earthy and sophisticated, like their energetic live show, and shows that – to paraphrase George Clinton – the Big Boss Men evidently know that groove is whatever it needs to be at the time that it is. You can't say that about Westlife or Travis.

If you catch them live, you'll notice Nass (whom, incidentally, you may have seen perform a 30-second drum solo on *Saturday Superstore* when he was 13) has a penchant for leaving the organ to give the congas an enthusiastic battering.

"We never wanted to be just another Hammond band," he says. "It's just a shame people think Latin music is Ricky Martin, that twat who did 'Mambo No. 5' and Jennifer Lopez."

"We're the best live act in England and I wish more people could see us," adds Nick, a genuine eccentric in that he believes Kat from *EastEnders* is the most beautiful person he's ever seen. No wonder one of their tunes is called 'Don't You Tell My Missus'. I expect she'd be less than impressed...

"Nah, that's about [*Hammond organ legend*] Jimmy Smith," Trev informs me. "When he came to London he used to hire his organ from a guy we know, and when he asked how the organ was, Jimmy just hissed 'Get me some coke! And don't you tell my missus'. He's about 75 now."

"Last year at the Jazz Cafe he was eating a sandwich on stage," adds Nass. "That's jazz for you...sandwich jazz. It's like dinner jazz but with a coke habit."

CHAS CHANDLER

The album Humanize *is out on 29 January.*

Just drink it!

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reverbal warning

Echoboy could repeat on you

Echoboy is not a one-man boy band. He writes his own music, plays his own instruments and doesn't hang with the B-banders' best friend, that British Broadcasting Cockerel, Jamie Theakston. In fact, he's a bit of a musical freak.

"The first thing I put out was a 12in called 'Flashlegs'," says Echoboy man Richard Warren. "A 12-minute fuzz-bass extravaganza, done on an eight-track tape recorder which has its own real anti-quality that sounds amazing. Turn it up and everything distorts."

Richard's tuneful sounds of fuzzy bass, guitars, drums and vocals are set in a context of rowdy synth-electronics. Two LPs and a recent tour featured the drummer from Spiritualized, the bassist from The Electric Sound Of Joy, the guitarist from Six By Seven and Lee Horsley on keyboards. The sound couldn't be further away from Richard's previous indie convictions.

"I was becoming bored of playing guitar rock – that's what I've done since I was 13. With the same band – the Hybirds, my mates from school. Doing the same thing all the time got boring and we'd all had enough of each other. We were messing about listening to more dance music and getting into weirder electronics. Someone told me to check out Can and Krautrock; we then moved further into techno artists like Richie Hawtin, who are pushing music forward."

"Noel rang me up and asked me to play bass in Oasis"

Around the birth of Echoboy, Richard experienced one of those great tell-that-to-the-grandchildren moments. He turned down the offer of playing bass in Oasis. Was that a wise move?

"Noel rang me up and asked me if I would do it – how amazing is that? For the bloke just to ring up... but it got sided into a contractual thing. It was immediately after I'd signed to Mute Records for a couple of albums on my own. If I'd had the time, of course I would have done it. But it all got trampled out of proportion by the press."

You couldn't be further away from the Oasis pop mountain now – though you're still using guitars and drums live. Is that going to change?

"We don't want to lose any element of it, 'cos we love it all. We use a lot of synths and samplers but we don't really know that world too well. We're like, 'Check this new Richie Hawtin record, I really like that sound but I don't know how to make it.' We're having a go, stumbling across something new. By trying, we're making mistakes, but the mistakes are sounding great. At rehearsals we're like, 'Don't know what sort of music this is, but it sounds great.' We're trying to mix all these different things together to get something that captivates people and trances them out live."

How would you describe your taste in electronic noise?

"I really like that Moogy bleepy sort of gurgling sound. I like nasty sounds. Like somebody being sick."

Like a gastric android?

"Exactly! I'll have to name my next album that. Gastric Android."

ROWAN CHERNIN

The album Echoboy Volume Two *is out now, and the single 'Turning On' is out in February, both on Mute.*

Echoboy uses his super-powers to separate buildings

PHOTO: JOE DILWORTH

albums reviewed by

CHEEKY

Bell: Numbers *(Satellite)*
Nothing like a man in a white jumpsuit wearing a 20p Travis Perkins face mask, sunglasses and a fat pair of cans to make you want to rip off the cellophane and dive face-first into the piss-fizzing sound-cistern of contemporary dance. And that's just the cover. Music your computer probably makes on its own while your back's turned. Like Kraftwerk but far worse, and English. Probably much better than I think it is. Buy a copy for a friend, if you have any left.

Slaves On Dope: Inches From The Mainline *(Priority)*
Any band that permits their record company to describe them as "stirring the cheese of metal with the middle finger of punk" deserves... better cheese, if nothing else. They're certainly angry about something – isn't everyone these days? More grown men in shorts with pain and 'issues'. I doubt that shouting will help. At one stage the guy says, "I have become a Kafka bug, dropping my hardcore shit right in your face!" You couldn't make it up – you'd nod off trying. Fierce and dull, like the last wasp of winter on a wet afternoon.

Slaves On Dope: feared

KutMasta Kurt: Masters Of Illusion *(Rapster)*
Good news for those who know what real hip-hop sounds like, and a stand-up record even if you don't. *Yeah, ya better police up your shit for this gambit, boyeee!* (How am I doing, do I sound authentic? I hope so, because this is good music and I wouldn't want a little parody to get in the way of that. More rhymes? OK...) *I fucked my babysitter while I was wearing a Stetson, I put my royalties toward an index-linked pension. I got tension. In my back. I saw my neighbor* [sic] *have a heart attack. But he was old, y'all. Had to take a fall. Tomorrow am a replaster the wall.* There you go – and any album that inspires me to pen my own freestyle raps has to be a good thing. Seriously, though, first proper hip-hop I've heard in a while. Take the gull to Whipsnade, brother, and let the bitch fly, unnerstannwhatamsayinn? Well done everyone.

Annihilator: Carnival Diablos *(SPV)*
Now this is more like it. Playing way too fast and yelling like a woman about imminent war. Now, to the untrained ear this would be indistinguishable from the previous album, but to the truly rock and totally roll, this is clearly better. Senseless neighbour-worrying speed metal in all its pointless finery. Bad for the neck and good for the soul. Probably does well on the continent.

Annihilator: despised

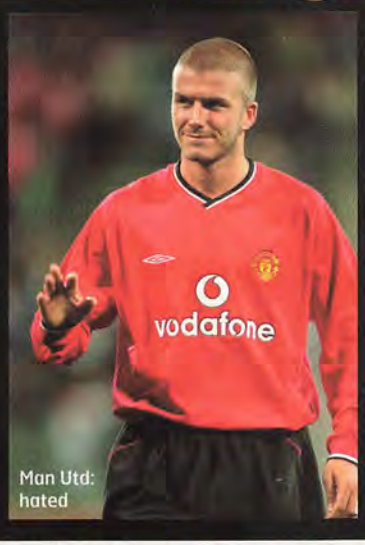
Mushroom: Compared To What *(Clearspot)*
If the phrase "blending *Lark's Tongue In Aspic*-era King Crimson with Faust and Neu" (which is how this record describes itself) means anything to you, then enjoy, put out more flags and dress like the Open University (although you already will do), because this is what you've been waiting for, you Joey. No, perhaps I am too harsh. If you dig music like most of us dig air – constantly and without discrimination – then this will be of use to you too. Otherwise stay clear, you'll just upset yourself. Features hilarious 'sample' of one musician phoning another to ask the way to the studio. By the sounds of this, he never made it. Smile while you can – laughs are thin on the ground here. Musical frost.

Various: Chill Factor *(Rhythm Chamber)*
Like the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man reclining on a couch the size of Glasgow on a piece of cereal in an ashtray under a microscope in Japan. Or was it lunch with Hitler in the Welsh cyber-cafe of a starving boy's mind? I forget – it's definitely one or the other, or is it the big sound of none? I'm so past it now it's slipping from view. Says "featuring Finley Quaye" on the cover, which is brave. Anyway, s'great. Chilled me up no end.

Splattercell: Oah *(Celldivision)*
You couldn't fight, fuck or dance to it, but this has something. If Splattercell think they're heading for the charts any time soon then they're mistaken, but the constituent parts of this almost unlistenable record are advanced enough to form the basis of what will no doubt pass as cutting edge dance music for the next two years. Heavy going, actually made me feel ill at times, but the view from the top was worth it. Track 11 made me go blind for an hour, it was that innovative.

CHEEKY'S FAVOURITE THING

Manchester United: Beyond The Promised Land *(Virgin)*
It's a curious phrase, 'Beyond The Promised Land'. Let's take a moment to consider what it might mean. Maybe Man Utd see themselves as a race of fugitives, pursued by a vengeful foreign army (possibly Arsenal), but unlike the Hebrews they go 'beyond the promised land'. A glance at the atlas tells me they must be in Lebanon. You draw your own conclusions. If you really must give these people money, then here at least is a half-decent collection of edgy pop for your troubles. Top marks for accidental irony with the inclusion of 'Fool's Gold'. Actually, the whole thing makes my fucking head hurt. I can say no more.



Man Utd: hated

ON THE OFFICE PLAYLIST THIS MONTH

PJ Harvey: *Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea* (Island) She may be wearing make-up now, but that doesn't mean she's any less menstrual
A Quiet Revolution: *A Quiet Revolution* (Poptones) Widescreen ambience from ex-Undertone Damien O'Neill
Amen: *The Price Of Reality* (Virgin) Psycho goth metal to slaughter your loved ones by
Cybophonia: *Cybophonia* (Irma) Wholesome and wheaty beats and pieces from Italy
Oxide And Neutrino: 'Oh No' (East West) Medieval two-step made by teenagers

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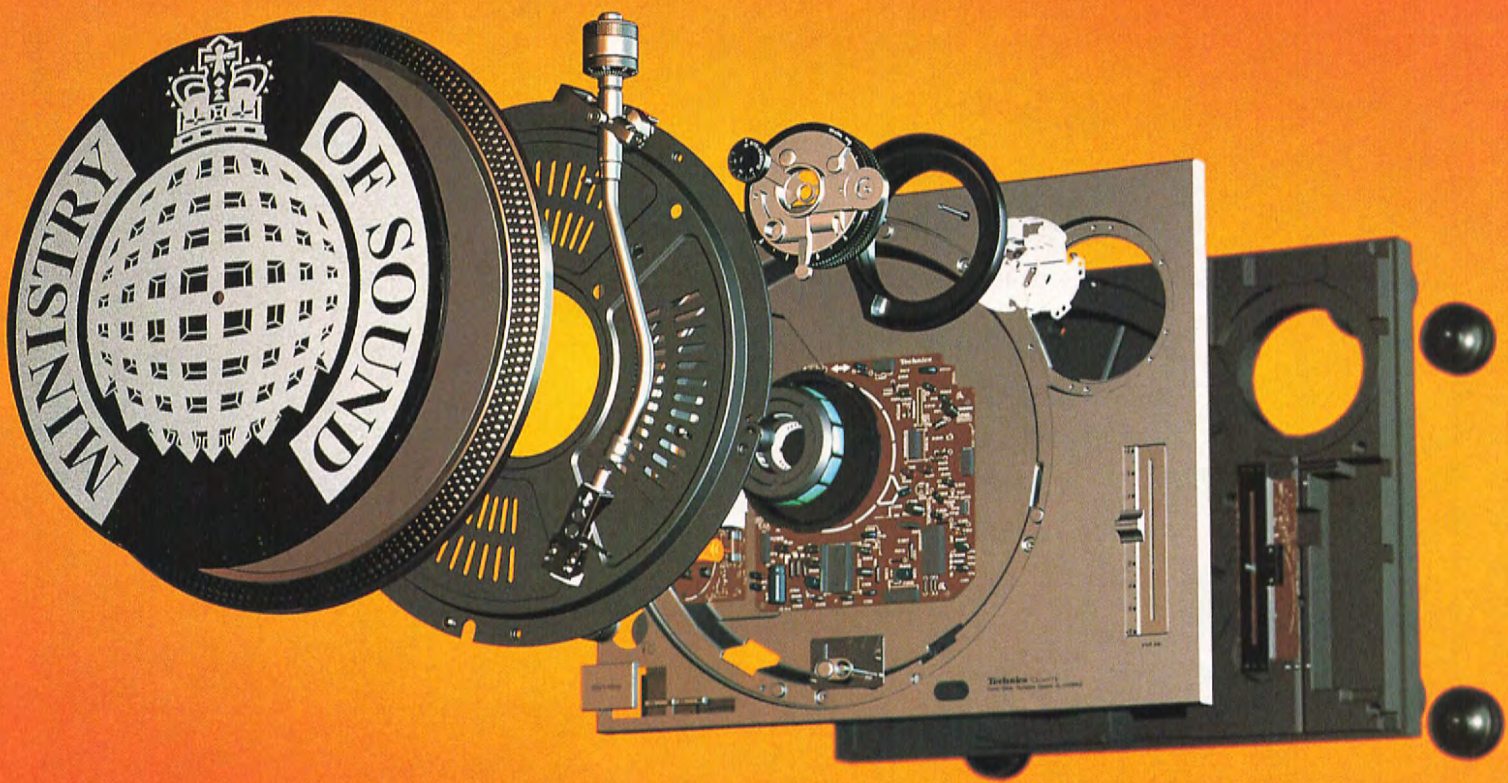

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the video

Hawk The Slayer dir: Terry Marcel (1981), Carlton, £6.99

Fantasy films were very fashionable as the '80s began, and typically they were terrible. In many ways, *Hawk The Slayer* is no exception. Daft plot, crap acting, risible dialogue, cheap effects and cheesy soft-focus flashbacks are just some of the things that mark this film out as the plumpest of turkeys. And yet, somehow, it's consistently enjoyable throughout. It's almost as if its makers knew it was ludicrous and went out of their way to make it more so to keep you interested – and as such it's in a sword-and-sorcery class of its own.

John Terry (Felix Leiter in *The Living Daylights*) is Hawk. Veteran Hollywood meanie Jack Palance is his older brother Voltan, his face afflicted by a grievous malady which has no cure. He stalks the Tolkeinesque netherworld in which this is set, burning villages and killing children. I won't go into the intricacies of plot and motivation here – suffice to say these two are mortal enemies, and when Voltan kidnaps an abbess (Annette Crosbie, Victor Meldrew's wife) and demands a ransom, Hawk rides to the rescue.

With the aid of a sorceress, he assembles his team – all the last of their kind, naturally. There's a one-handed man with an Uzi crossbow, a dwarf, an elf and a giant. Bernard Bresslaw (who would later play the Cyclops in *Krull*, remember) brings some class to this last role despite being only six inches taller than everyone else. Did I mention the 'elfin mindstone' in Hawk's sword? It makes him virtually invincible, so sit back and enjoy a series of rollicking skirmishes with unusual special effects as he and his righteous handful do battle with Voltan's evil hordes.

Similar to *The Magnificent Seven* and clearly influenced by *Star Wars*, this benefits from Palance's hammy presence as well a definitive performance by Roy Kinnear as a sweaty innkeeper. There are cryptic references to things beyond the borders of the story, giving the impression that it is but a fraction of a much larger tale. As the survivors saddle up at the end, the sorceress hisses meaningfully: "The dark ones are no more, but even as we speak the wizards are gathering in the south..." – so a sequel would seem logical. Incredibly, it was never made. **CC**

the cd

Donna Summer: On The Radio (1979), £13.99, Polygram

The undisputed heavyweight queen of the genre, Donna Summer (nee Gaines) was disco's finest confection of looks and voice. Born in 1948 in Boston, Donna first tested her pipes in church at the age of eight. She immediately knew, so the story goes, that she'd been given a special gift by God, and – who can say? – maybe she also knew she'd be dance music's worldwide wet dream inside 20 years.

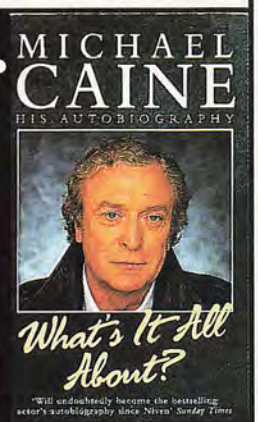
Her name came from her short marriage to Helmut Sommer, whom she met while in Germany with the travelling cast of top hippy musical *Hair* in the early '70s. She also met producer/arranger Giorgio Moroder there. Moroder was a hairy, talented Italian with his own studio – and he, his partner Pete Bellotte and Donna soon began writing together.

After several hits in Europe, they blew up in 1975 with 'Love To Love You Baby', an attempt to update Serge Gainsbourg's 'Je T'Aime (Moi Non Plus)' and a huge hit in the States. Seventeen minutes long, it was a key release in the advent of the 12-inch dance single (you get the seven-inch edit here for reasons of space), and some find it highly erotic. From then on, until the so-called death of disco in 1979, Donna and co put out a succession of albums combining pumping electro rhythms, swooping strings and melodramatic vocals. Club DJs and pop pickers couldn't get enough of them.

On The Radio presents her biggest hits from the period. Overproduced and overwrought, but somehow just the right side of overbearing, Donna sustains the magic for 70 minutes with moving epics such as the title track, influential, groin-grinding party tunes like 'I Feel Love' and 'Hot Stuff', and slick, wobbly froth (eg: 'Sunset People'). It's also mixed together by Harold Faltermeyer of 'Axel F' fame, who could teach Judge Jules and his ilk a thing or two.

Unfortunately, by Donna's standards the cover's awful – that dress does her no favours – but you can't have it all. **CC**

the book



Michael Caine: What's It All About? (1993), Arrow, £5.99

Britain's best-loved film actor, if not our greatest movie star, he's often complained of not being accepted in his own country; but if Sir Maurice Micklewhite's knighthood hasn't persuaded him he's well appreciated, then he should consider the presence of this autobiography in almost every charity shop in the UK (and the fact that's it's still in print after seven years) solid evidence of his popularity.

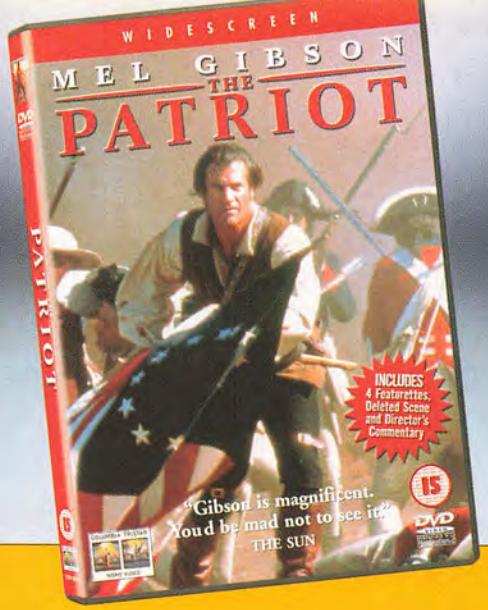
Caine's no word wizard, and you have to suspend your disbelief from time to time (on account of his Forrest Gump-like ability to stumble upon significant cultural events in the making), but you can't help enjoying his armchair, slippers and Bloody Mary philosophising. He gives the sense he's still a bit bemused by his own success but very grateful for it all the same. And to think, a prominent producer once told him he'd never make it in movies because he looked too gay.

As he overcomes rickets, does national service, plays an Indian in *Dixon Of Dock Green*, smokes his first cigar on the plane to South Africa to make *Zulu* and swaps gags with the Queen, he imparts the tricks of his trade, name-dropping mercilessly. And even though every useful piece of advice he ever received seems to have come from John Wayne or Tony Curtis, he remains the star turn.

I'm not sure we can totally trust his memory (he says he was 5ft 11in at the age of 11 but had rocketed to "almost six feet" by 15), but he guides you through an interesting life and most of his films – enough classics, many stinkers – in a chatty style that always goes down easy. And, do you know, he's never ever paid for sex. He gets that in on page 35. **CC**

TO BUY UNSOPHISTICATED STUFF ON THIS PAGE, CALL THE HEDONISTS' HOTLINE 08701 691000 (national rate)

NEW on DVD VIDEO this month...



Academy Award® winner Mel Gibson (Best Director, Braveheart, 1995) stars in this epic action adventure from acclaimed Director Roland Emmerich (Independence Day). Despite being determined to renounce his violent past, former war hero Benjamin Martin (Gibson) is thrust into the midst of the American Revolutionary War to fight to protect his family's freedom and his country's independence.

"Gibson is magnificent... you'd be mad not to see it." The Sun

Special Features include: *4 Featurettes, Deleted Scene, Director and Producer Feature-length Commentary, Stills Gallery, Trailers and Filmographies.*

Released 8th January

MORE

Starring John Hannah, Famke Janssen and Eddie Izzard, this stylish, hip action thriller focuses on a master plan of greed and double crossing which takes a twist at every turn.

Special Features include: *Audio Commentary by Writer and Producer, Alternate Ending, Deleted Scenes, Featurette and Sound Bites.*

Released 15th January

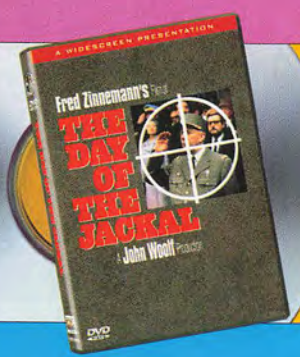
GREAT

In this out-of-this-world screwball comedy Annette Bening, Greg Kinnear, John Goodman and Linda Fiorentino are all at the mercy of Garry Shandling – an alien from a world of men who's popped down to earth to find a female to repopulate his planet – but his boss (Ben Kingsley) hasn't given him much information to go on...

Special Features include: *Featurette, Trailer, Filmographies and Deleted Scene.*

Released 15th January

MOVIES



From the novel by Award-winning writer Frederick Forsyth comes this classic thriller. Edward Fox plays a professional assassin, code named 'Jackal', who is hired to kill Charles de Gaulle, in early '60s France. Directed by Oscar®-winner Fred Zinneman (Best Director, From Here To Eternity, 1953; High Noon).

Special Features include: *Original Trailer and Production Notes.*

Released 15th January

Al Pacino's searing performance as a Cuban refugee who follows the dark side of the American Dream. This uncut version includes previously censored footage from one of the gorier scenes.

Special Features include: *50 Making Of, Outtakes, Production Notes, Trailer and Filmographies.*

Released 22nd January

ON

DVD VIDEO™

A baseball legend almost finished with his distinguished career has one last chance to prove who he is, what he is capable of, and win the heart of the woman he has loved for the past four years. Starring Kevin Costner and Kelly Preston.

Special Features include: *"Spotlight on Location" Featurette, Deleted Scenes, Menu pages on the "Perfect Baseball" game, Trivia Game, Trailer and more!*

Released 22nd January

UNIVERSAL®

Available from HMV topdogfordvd

COLUMBIA TRISTAR HOME VIDEO

www.cthv.co.uk

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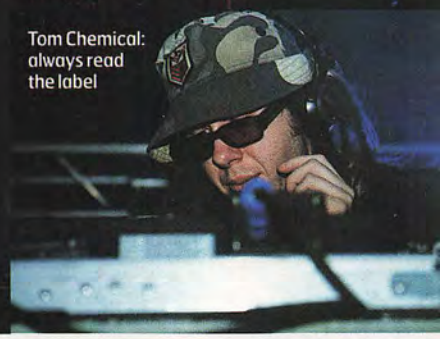
Reprazent: may not be actual Size

May contain nuts

Richie Hawtin: requires some assembly

Store in a cool dark place



Tom Chemical: always read the label

keeping it rhyl

Sorry, Prestatyn – the first Bugged Out Weekender

"Do you want some advice for weekenders?" Pete Tong asks me (via the radio, obviously) on the way up to a North Wales holiday camp for Bugged Out's first weekend event. "Take plenty of Pot Noodles and a sleeping bag." Check supplies: five pills, a sleeping bag – of weed – and a Fuse bar. Seems I'll have to sleep when I'm dead. Shouldn't take too long.

It's Friday, 11.30pm. I walk through Hi-De-Hi and into the complex where everything's happening. Rooms 1 and 2 are downstairs, interspersed with amusements and burger bars, and Room 3 is up two flights of stairs. Underworld are in R1, but not for long. On to Midfield General – not a hospital, a DJ – who's chopping up the NY Sushi in R3. There's a heaving crowd of seven people dancing, and a teeming mass of 12 people sitting down. Hmm…

Room 2. This is more like it on the tunes front. But, again, there's nobody heeeeeere! Bugged Out obviously didn't sell out. Still, according to the schedule, The Chemical Brothers are on soon. Excellent. And this room has SIX decks. Excellenter! The Chemicals soon kick in with a garage/ hard house/ trance/ big-fucking-beat crossover.

Before I know it, it's 2am and DJ Hype is hyping upstairs with some proper drum'n'bass. By 4.30am everybody's off, leaving two tough DJs, Green Velvet and Danny Howells. Definitely saved the best till last. Time for a blast…

I rejoin myself in the harsh reality of daylight. The chalet's not that bad – ashtray in the bathroom, ashtrays in the living room – but freezing bloody cold. By 2pm on Saturday it's already anarchic. The organisers are getting fucked, walking off with complete strangers just because they've had the stamina to stay awake with them; and the photographers are fucked, as are most of the journalists. Unless they're from **loaded**, of course. Actually, no – I'm more fucked than anyone.

But not too fucked to notice the freaky beginnings to Alpine Stars' set. *The Clangers*, Japanese theatre, an angry baby, a wooden spoon and a kettle, I reckon. It gets better, but DJ Lottie beckons from R2.

On my way, I ponder the one downer about this event. In between each hedonistic, lose-it club room, there's a hideous reality walkway of bright lights, burgers, chips and those 10p-stacking, coin-pushing machines which took me to the cleaners when I was a kid. I think some cosmic corridors are in order.

Between each lose-it room there's a hideous reality walkway of bright lights and burgers

Saturday, 6pm: MUST EAT CURRY. 8pm: MUST GET PISSED. 10pm: MUST FIND MORE GEAR. OK, so now it's back to R2 for Craig Richards' crunchy hard-house pie with some funk custard. Jon Carter's in Room 1, pumping out tunes – all that's missing,

Reprazent: actual Size

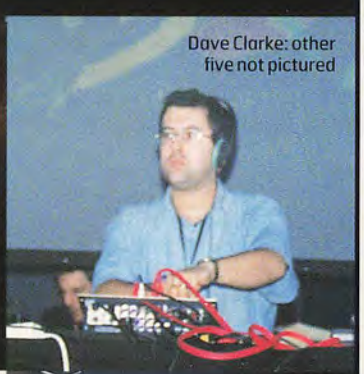
Do not expose to direct sunlight

PHOTOS: MARK KINGE

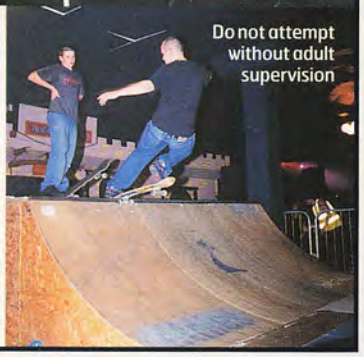
Not tested on animals

Do not exceed the stated dose

Rob Bright: bulb not included



Dave Clarke: other five not pictured



Do not attempt without adult supervision

once again, is people. Have they all got lost? Anyway, Reprazent are bloody loud.

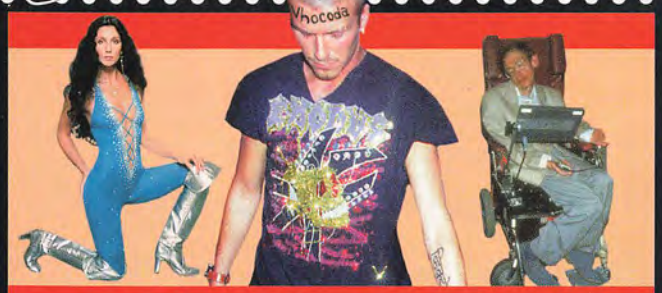
By 2.50, DJ Falcon and I are struggling to keep something alive. For him, it's R2; for me, it's me. I make it to the end, just. What a great weekend – I just wish Tongy had advised everyone to read their maps.

MARK KINGE

For a video review of this event, see www.uploaded.com/site/video/buggedout/index.html. Club info: www.buggedout.net

SQUEEKY WHEELS

Tunes, not cheese



The History Of French House, Part 4

You can't blame Daft Punk

Dusted 'Always Remember To Respect And Honour Your Mother – Part One' (Dusted)
Warm house which made Ibiza's dancefloors cry like onions. Pill-jerker.

Blake 'Saturday Night' (Sunday Best)
Icelandic disco-house. From a country where incest has provided good looks and intelligence. Unusually, Blake is not related to the Björk – which, sadly for him, means he won't be famous.

T Power feat Amaziree 'Running' (Botchit & Scarper)
With a 'waarp-waarp' pirate radio bassline, silky girl vocals over a breakbeat give this track the kind of club dynamics you'd, er, dance for.

Matt James 'Cataclysm – Sex Mix' (S.Punk)
Chugging house record with a shagging acid second half. Need a dancefloor to fully appreciate this. Go a bit funny indoors.

T Power *Long Time Dead* (Botchit & Scarper)
Drums and basses, eerie noises and moody John Carpenter soundscape sentiment which spooks the chill out of your spine. Relaxation without the bum-fluffy ambience.

Darude *Before The Storm* (Neo)
Hold tight. Remember the trancey summer pill-hit 'Sandstorm'? Stayed in the top 20 for for 11 weeks until the summer ran out. Here's the reality – more of the same with different names.

David Morales feat Juliet Roberts 'Needin U' (Manifesto)
From the pioneer of DJ face furniture, this housey summer pill-hit keeps on coming back like his relentless stubble. With remixes.

Stacy Pullen 'Vertigo' (Science)
Percussive orchestral techno jazz manoeuvres. Grown-up techno.

Erykah Badu 'Bag Lady' (Island)
From her new album Mama's Gun, R&B to undress your fantasies with. Classy.

The Orb 'Once More' (Island)
Dark New York house remix from Danny Tenaglia hardens Paterson's Orb into a speaker-popper with some laid-back tracks for the old '90s fans to grow up with.

***Hard House Nation 2 Mixed Live By Lisa Pin-Up And Andy Farley* (Hard House)**
Harmonious mix of hard bumming house and cock-throbbing techno. On two CDs which you can hold up to you face like glasses and show your mates their reflections.

Safri Duo 'Played-A-Live The Bongo Song' (AM:PM)
Give a pair of classically trained Danes a set of bongos and a record deal, and everyone lifts their arms up. Trance Ibiza beats bacon.

Bedrock 'Beautiful Strange EP' (Bedrock)
Dark, throbbing, percussive beats. Porn-thump basslines and a Cafe Del Mar ambient mix to finish yourself off with. Dance and relax. Therapeutic.

***Nukleuz Presents Big Room DJs Mixed By Mario Piu* (Nukleuz)**
Harmonious mix of hard bumming house and cock-thrusting techno. On two CDs which you can hold up to you face like glasses while showing everyone your plonker.

EU Reframing (Pause_2 Recordings)
This is the kind of warming electronic ambient music you'd make if stuck on the wrong side of the Berlin Wall with limited communist resources. A thing of beauty.

ROWAN CHERNIN

BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want where. And why

Twice As Nice

Rinsin' it every Sunday in January down at the End are the bubblin' boys Spoony, Steve Sutherland, Fitzroy 'Da Buzz Boy' and various other DJs, selecting the best in two-step and R'n'B. Must dress up smart and like champagne. Or if you're poor and have no smart clothes, you could try listening to a West London pirate station in your room sipping Super T. The End, West Central Street, WC1. 10pm-3am. £8/£12. Tel: 020 7419 9199

1 DJ Zinc '138 Trek'
2 MJ Cole 'Hold Onto Me'
3 Oxide And Neutrino 'No Good For Me'
4 TJ Cases 'Do It Again'
5 The Dreem Teem 'The Theme'

Alderaan

When the Death Star blew up their home planet a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, the people of Alderaan relocated to Liverpool and started putting on funky progressive house nights on top of a pub. Residents Steve Parry, Mike Owen and chums mix in a bit of trance, an'all, to help you gurn the night away. The Lemon Lounge, Berry Street, Liverpool. 10pm-2am. £4/6. Tel: 0498 940322

1 Zombie Nation 'Kernkraft 400'
2 Assido Da Bass 'Dooms Night'
3 Middleman 'Four'
4 Pimp Daddy Slash 'Splash EP'
5 Moloko 'Indigo (Robbie Rivera Remix)'

Concept

South London becomes slightly more bearable on Friday 19 January, when Concept comes to the Old Kent Road. In the Dark Room, hard house and techno is developed by Glenn McMahon, Ed Jaques, Jim Sublow and guests, while enlightenment in the Light Room is supplied by Paul Gannaway, Prabz and Tom Willis in the form of electronic beats, hip-hop, electro and old-school house. No stupid dress code either. Stage 3, 262 Old Kent Road, SE1. 9:30pm-5am. £5-7. Tel: 07773 596434.

1 Oliver Ho 'Listening To The Voice Inside'
2 Zero Id 'Number 1'
3 Random Factor 'Ricochet EP'
4 Molecular Recordings 'XX4'
5 Kelly Hand 'Traxx 4 Daze'

SIMON GUIRAO

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Ross Allen

Fabric, Cargo and London live DJ – likes gay clubs windmills, hip-hop, cheese and clockwise rotation

It is a well-known fact that everyone, at some point in the night, has trouble finding the lavatory and generally asks the one bloke who's working, the DJ. Got any suggestions for making going to the toilet easier for club confused people?

You need some cones or bollards to channel them into a big funnel at one end of the dancefloor so it forces them towards the bog. Or a sloping floor with sprung floorboards at one end to bounce them into the bogs.

Why aren't clubs more gay?

Because most clubs are shit. All the best clubs have got a high percentage of homosexuals in them. I started going to clubs years ago to get away from all the idiots down the pub, and years ago clubs were more gay. But because clubbing has got so much bigger, all the gay people have got their own clubs and the straight people have got theirs. The better clubs are quite gay, I love them.

On the *Jackie Brown* soundtrack, there's a song called 'Strawberry Letter 23' by Brothers Johnson. What the hell is that song about?

Loved the song, brilliant record, but haven't got a bloody clue what it's going on about – as all the best records should be.

Are all DJs equal, or are some more equal than others?

There's loads of DJs who really piss me off. They are just so fucking boring. That's why I can't do that whole housey thing. I just get bored with bang-bang-bang all the time. Half the time, unless you go somewhere that's a little bit off the beaten track, you know what you are going to get. If you go to a garagey club its all going to be Masters At Work, vocals and a few dubs. The thing that makes one DJ more interesting than the others is when they play a record and you think, "I never thought they'd play that." I liked it when techno DJs like Robert Hood would be playing techno, then they'd drop a hip-hop record right in the middle of it. You'd be, "Where'd that come from?" DJing can become a self-fulfilling prophecy – they go and DJ at a shit club, they play shit music 'cos they want to come back to earn shit loads of money, 'cos they're shit.

> "Girls love songs. I've found great relief from good hip-hop records"

Why is everything to do with decks and records clockwise?

That's a fucking stupid question! That's the way of the world, unless you're from Detroit. They used to cut records that play from the inside out... but they still go clockwise. World turns clockwise. I reckon it's something to do with God. Divine intervention.

What do you think of cheesy ironic DJs who play naff '80s records?

I don't mind a bit of that. It is a bit bollocks, but at least they're memorable tunes. The thing with banging house or trance is that it does get a bit tedious after a while.

How many BPMs do you get through in one session?

As few as possible. Slow and low, that's how I like it... that's what the birds like. Something like SWV's 'Can We' or Wu-Tang Clan's 'Gravel Pit'. If you play hip-hop and down-tempo stuff, the girls love it. Girls love songs, and there's some good R'n'B and hip-hop songs. I've found great relief in the fact there are loads of good new hip-hop records. You get the girls dancing, everything else falls into place.

Got any tips on how to peel the punters off the ceiling when the party's over?

Turn the air-conditioning on.

When you retire, have you considered buying a windmill or some other rotation-based household ?

Hmm, I do like windmills. And oasthouses are quite good.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Ross plays Fabric, first Friday of the month and Cargo, last Saturday of the month. Or hear him every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 10pm-12 on BBC London Live 94.9FM. He's also got a compilation album, Abstract Funk Theory, out now on Obsessive Records.

Ross Allen's Top 10

1. Wu-Tang Clan 'The Wu' (Loud)
2. Saul Williams 'Tha Tao of Now' (Ozone)
3. Ananda Project 'Tone Therapy' (Nite Grooves)
4. Medeski, Martin & Wood 'The Dropper' (Blue Note)
5. Suba 'Felicidade (Buscemi Remix)' (SSR)
6. Pepe Braddock 'Life EP' (Atavisme)
7. Terry Walker & New Territories 'Easy Loving You' (White)
8. Spacek 'Eve' mixes (Island)
9. The Tommies 'Real' (Epic Gospel)
10. The Orb 'Once More (Mark Pritchard Remixes)' (Island)

Model Ava from Devon at Erotica. She's normally 5ft 10in but, if she stands like this, can sometimes manage to appear only 5ft 3½in

This year's Erotica was all porn stars, Page 3 girls and geezers with dodgy barnets. Sadie asked me to guess which category she fell into and was just about to help me out by giving me a clue. But I asked to phone a friend

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

a photo diary of the weird and wonderful by Derek Ridgers

The gorgeous Natalya from sexy lingerie company Pink Piranha. They seemed to be doing blinding business all weekend – partly, I imagine, down to the fact that Natalya seemed to be ever willing to model Pink Piranha's wares herself

Britporn superstar and watersports enthusiast Violet Storm lets it all (or most of it) hang out at Erotica

A local shows us her untouchables

An offer you can't refuse

"Whaddayou, wise guys?"

"You can't touch this wall. It's a made wall"

48 hours in PALERMO

The Sicilian capital has swapped mobsters for lobsters – perfect for a weekend of high-class gluttony

Palermo, capital of Sicily, is like Italy only more so. You can arse around pretending to be a mafioso if you really must, but you'd be better off stuffing your face with the fantastic food, and drinking in the slowed-down vibe and dirty soul of some of the coolest people in Europe.

Currency Lira, of which there are a whopping 3,200 to the pound.

Getting around On foot. Or buy a bus ticket in advance.

Drinking It has to be Via Candelai in the Capo quarter of the old town, where there's a whole run of bars offering something different behind every door. I ended up in Pub 88 (at the same number) getting very drunk and singing my heart out with all the rest to a (very good) U2 covers band called Escape. From there I stumbled into a Nigerian cultural centre a few doors down and danced the 'ritmo' with an African queen. A very good place to crawl. Literally.

Eating You could quite easily spend all of your time here sitting in cafes and restaurants just savouring the food. For snacks you're spoilt for choice. Panini, pizza, pasta, gelati and a range of cakes that will have your belt down a notch, available almost everywhere. Try caloni, the typical sweet cake of Palermo that's filled with ricotta cheese. Lunch could be at touristy but classy Hostaria Da Ciccio (Firenze 6, just off the Via Roma), worth it for the L15,000 (£5) anti-pasti buffet alone. Roasted vegetables, olives, anchovies, octopus and sun-dried tomatoes, all doing a fair few lengths in an Olympic-sized pool of olive oil – totally delicious, dirt cheap and good for you to boot.

The in place to eat, so it seems, is the Tonnaro Florio out in Arenela (a £6/7 cab ride) at Discesa Tonnaro 4 (tel: 091 548242). Locals queue round the marina for the food served up in this former tuna factory. Glorious traditional starters, then the pizzas are nothing short of spectacular.

Otherwise, try Il Bagato on the Piazza Marine. The rolled breaded swordfish is something I shan't forget for the rest of my life. You ought to check out the local Regeleali wines too.

I ended up getting drunk and singing my heart out to a U2 covers band

This place is unique in its use of buffalo mozzarella and the bugatini, a kind of hollow spaghetti that allows the sauce all the way in. Another revelation. Then parfait for dessert – ice cream with almonds smothered in a chocolate caramel sauce (stop it, you fat bastard!). Give yourself a while before you try to make a move, unless you want to go the way of Don Corleone in his back garden.

Clubbing Start off by getting hold of the Lapis Palermo, a fold-out listings guide. If you're lucky to be in town on the weekend that the club in the grounds of the Tonnaro Florio in Arenela kicks off (alongside the restaurant of the same name), then get your arse down there. A smart and stylish crowd, live attractions and high temperature (tel: 091 637 5611). The Bier Garten on Via Le Reg Siciliana 6469 (tel:

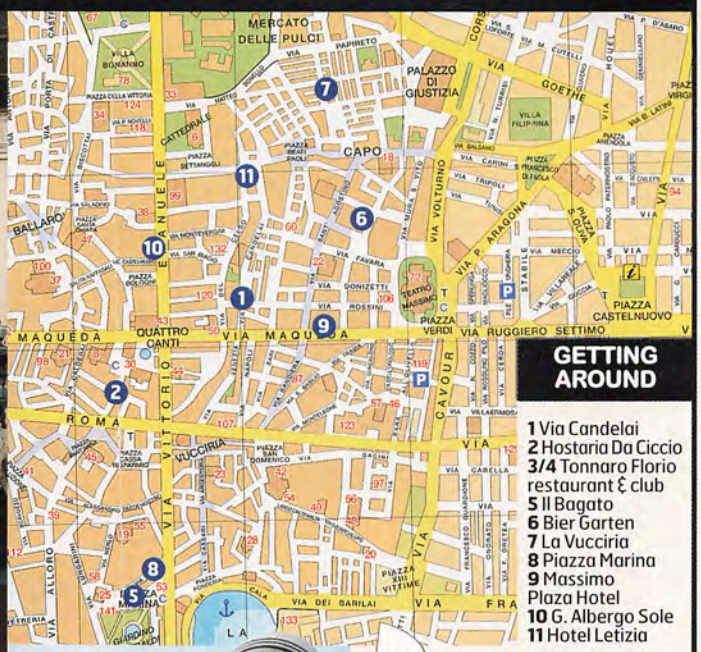
The Godmother

"Do I amuse you, you fucking fuck?"

PHOTOS: GRANT FLEMING

"You've got 24 hours to come up with the dough"

"This way for the St Valentine's Day massacre"



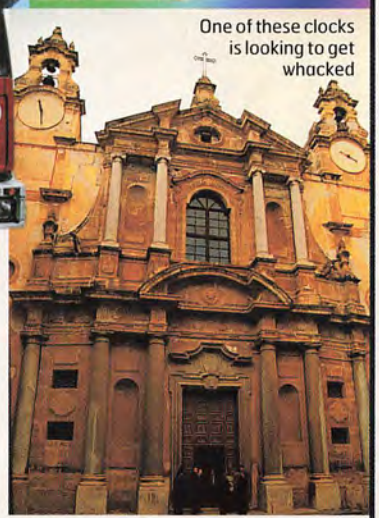
GETTING AROUND

1 Via Candelai
2 Hostaria Da Ciccio
3/4 Tonnaro Florio restaurant & club
5 Il Bagato
6 Bier Garten
7 La Vucciria
8 Piazza Marina
9 Massimo Plaza Hotel
10 G. Albergo Sole
11 Hotel Letizia

"Keep it down – some of us are trying to sleep with the fishes"

He was obviously a good fella

"That's just like you to bring a bubble car to a fire fight"



One of these clocks is looking to get whacked

091 688 9727) is a little more mental on a Saturday night, and the perfect place to chill the night after.

Sightseeing There are more beautiful buildings, gardens, churches, piazzas and theatres in Palermo than you can shake a panini at. Walk round the old town and the old quarters (Vucciria, Capo, Kalsa, Ballaro), and they'll reveal a slice of Sicilian life no guidebook could explain.

Markets You've got to check out La Vucciria, in the area of the same name. Set amongst the back-to-back streets of one of Palermo's most notorious districts, it's open mornings only and not Sunday. On that day there's a flea market round the outside of Piazza Marina, down near La Cala port. No horses' heads were available.

Inevitable mention of the Mafia The mob, what's left of them, have moved on to bigger and better things – we're talking global here – and Palermo is now starting to resume its position as a vibrant and exciting, and relatively crime-free city. Not once did I feel threatened. You can make an excursion to the town of Corleone (60km away), on which Mario Puzo based *The Godfather* and where the HQ of the Sicilian Mafia used to be – but don't expect to find anything other than a sleepy, friendly little town going about its business.

Where to stay If you're going with your girl, try the rooms with a view at the Massimo Plaza Hotel (Via Maqueda 437, (tel: 091 325657, email: booking@massimoplazahotel.com) – L240,000 (£75) for a double. If you're out with the boys, the Grande Albergo Sole (Corso Vittorio Emanuele 291, tel: 091 604 1111) is central and cheerful at L200,000 (£65) for a twin. The best value for money by far, though, is the Hotel Letizia (Via dei Bottai 30, tel/fax: 091 589110) in the old city, full of character and balconies. Rooms 31, 6 and 15 are the ones to go for, apparently.

Where to bask Palermo is like a ghost town come Sunday – everyone's gone to the beach. And the most popular is Mondello, a mere 10 miles away on the other side of Mount Pellegrino. With loads of great restaurants and snack bars it certainly gets busy, but when it gets too hot you can't beat being beside the seaside, can you?

When to go Keep to spring or autumn. You should definitely give July and August a miss unless you want to roast like a pig.

GRANT FLEMING

Thanks to Luca del Bono and Chico Paladino.

GETTING THERE

Alitalia operates daily flights to Palermo from Gatwick or Heathrow via Rome or Milan. Fares start at £247 including taxes, but look out for occasional special offers.

Alitalia Tel: 0870 544 8259 or see www.alitalia.co.uk

FILM OF THE MONTH

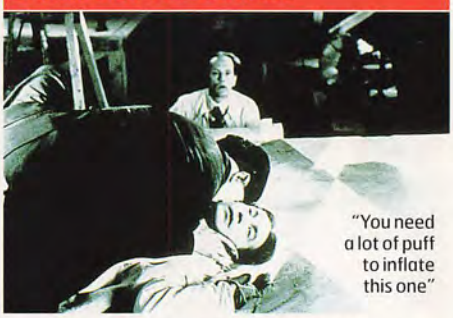
ALMOST FAMOUS

In a nutshell: Fear and loathing on Cliff's Summer Holiday.
What's the story? It's 1973, and 15-year-old aspiring rock journo William blags a job with *Rolling Stone* covering new band Stillwater. He stays on the band's bus for a whole tour of the US, loses his virginity, and witnesses a band descending into Spinal Tap disintegration. Top actor of the moment Philip Seymour Hoffman puts in a cameo as music critic Lester Bangs.
Clever stuff: For those who weren't born early enough to remember rock when it was young, this is a fascinating introduction to a world of long hair, casual sex and endless guitar solos.
Lust: William loses his cherry to three girls at once, but as this is the '70s, all the girls look like hippies. Goldie Hawn's daughter Kate Hudson does a striptease in her kaftan.
Carnage: A guitarist's LSD-inspired dive off the top of a house causes a bit of a fuss.
Band banter: "We can't stop the bus every time you see a girl in shorts!"
Verdict: 8.5/10
DANNY PLUNKETT

QUILLS

In a nutshell: The asylum-dwelling years of anal connoisseur the Marquis de Sade.
What's the story? De Sade trod the line between genius and downright sickness with tales of sexual deviance at the height of the garlic-eaters' period of guillotining posh people. He gave rise to the term 'sadism' in all it's bowel-prodding, animal-fiddling procreative extremes. *Justine* and *120 Days Of Sodom* remain, depending on your point of view, either gratuitous drivel or incisive diatribes about the nature of mankind in the face of inevitable death. And anal.
Clever stuff: The cast. Michael Caine as an asylum warden, Kate Winslet as a heaving-bosomed cleaning wench, Joaquin Phoenix as a repressed man of God, and Geoffrey Rush (the imbecile pianist in *Shine*) as the Marquis.
Lust: Threesomes, necrophilia, man/man, girl/girl, OAP/tortoise... plus a naked dirty protest because nasty people take our hero's pens away.
Verdict: 8/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

SHADOW OF THE VAMPIRE

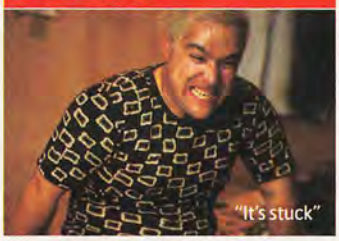


In a nutshell: A making-of-a-film film: FW Murnau's 1922 silent horror classic *Nosferatu*. Murder, mystery, make-up, mayhem, monsters etc.
What's the story? Willem Dafoe plays the bald, in-need-of-a-manicure vampire/actor Max Schreck, who has an unhealthy fixation with *Nosferatu*'s leading lady, Greta Schroeder, and an equally unhealthy approach to his co-stars (ie: killing them off). This is a right pain in the arse for obsessive, spitting, manic director Murnau (John Malkovich), who will stop at nothing to finish his masterpiece. Which includes signing his girlfriend over to Schreck in return for a favour.
Clever stuff: Eddie Izzard turns up as leading man Gustav Von Wangerheim in make-up (again) and pageboy attire, bumbling around and being attacked by a lot by Dafoe's Schreck – who mostly pulls a lot of faces and shuffles around like John Inman.
Verdict: 8/10
SHAUN FENN

AUDITION

In a nutshell: Japanese psycho-thriller with the most extreme ending ever.
What's the story: When a video company executive (Ryo Ishibashi) auditions for a new wife (Eihi Shiina) by offering her a part in a movie, he's warned to be careful with his choice. He doesn't, the twat, and gets a right nasty seeing-to in the final, demented, sadistic quarter of an hour of this frightening film. Director Mike Takashi, who has previously focused on Japanese gangsters, takes his violent style to a simple romance which goes wrong. Horribly wrong.
Clever stuff: Have I mentioned the ending yet? Believe me, the horrendous finale will have you limping out of the cinema, rubbing your eyes with gratitude that it didn't happen to you.
Stupid stuff: It does take a long time to get there.
Best non-sexual, sexual line: "Deeper, deeper."
Verdict: 7.5/10
ADAM FRASER

DEAD BABIES



In a nutshell: Budget Brit black comedy about toff acid freaks. Based on the Martin Amis book.
What's the story? Somewhere in a near future that looks a bit like the 1970s, a gang of Bohemian fops take over a rambling country mansion for a weekend's banging up of every drug known to man, following a visit from a sinister hippy drug connoisseur and his nympho girlfriend. Meanwhile a group of anarcho-conceptualists are murdering accountants for a laugh and writing stuff like "Destroy mediocrity" and "Everything you know is wrong" in human shit on the walls of London.
Lust: "Give me drugs now, I want to feel rigged up!" cry the posh. Slapstick sex and violence ensue.
Carnage: A demented Billy Idol lookalike hits a cow on the head with a lump-hammer.
Verdict: 6/10
MICK BUNNAGE

LOST SOULS

In a nutshell: Poor man's *Exorcist.*
What's the story? Crime writer Peter (Ben Chaplin out of *Game On*) doesn't believe in the Devil. So when Winona Ryder discovers some sort of code telling her he is to be the host for the return to earth of Beelzebub, he's understandably miffed. She talks him round, then shoots him in the head at the end. Women – tcha! Along the way are some pentacles, demonic fits, uncles turning out to be fathers at the same time and so on.
Funny stuff: John Hurt being turned into a simpering wreck after coming off second best in a scrap with Satan. The big puff.
Clever stuff: Lots of Biblical mutterings, if you call that clever, but this film is not as scary as you'd like it to be.
Lust: The Devil's chosen host is born of incest, but that's as mucky as it gets.
Carnage: Just the usual spinning heads.
Verdict: 5/10
SIMON GUIRAO

VERTICAL LIMIT

In a nutshell: How many ludicrous escapes from death can you squeeze into one mountain-climbing thriller?
What's the story? Robin Tunney plays daredevil climber Annie, who finds herself trapped in an icy cave at 26,000 feet – above the vertical limit of human endurance. Her brother (Chris O' Donnell) makes the dangerous ascent to rescue her, which seems to go on for fucking ever.
Clever stuff: Director Martin Campbell (*GoldenEye*) ensures a massive quota of overwhelming, spectacular stunts.
Stupid stuff: There's only so long you can stay on the edge of your seat. About half an hour, in this case.
Lust: Nah. I'd have liked some incestuous action between Tunney and O' Donnell.
Best line: "One hundred thousand sperm, and you were the fastest?"
Verdict: 6/10
CHARLOTTE CRISP

TRAFFIC

In a nutshell: Drugs.
What's the story? Three stories, artfully intertwined like willowy tendrils of smoke rising from God's own crack-pipe: US drug czar Michael Douglas discovers his daughter is a freebasing slut; wealthy idler Catherine Zeta Jones discovers her husband is a heavyweight smuggler; and honest Mexican copper Benicio Del Toro discovers the world is a terrible place. A complex and brilliant film from one of the last few genuine talents in Hollywood, Steven Soderbergh.
Carnage: A tray of torture implements is apparently standard issue in the modern Mexican police force, but we don't get to see anyone's scrotum being pulped. Shame.
Lust: Just a few damp-faced junkie grunts. Don't even think about Zeta Jones – she was heavily pregnant at the time of filming. And anyway, she's Welsh.
Verdict: 9/10
RICHARD PURVIS

SEXY BEAST

In a nutshell: *Gangsters In Love.*
What's the story? Retired robber Ray Winstone's having a lovely time getting fat in Spain until Ben Kingsley comes out to recruit him for a job. Ray's not keen, which sends bug-eyed bully Ben into murderous fits.
Clever stuff: Kingsley is terrifying, and his ludicrous speech to Spanish customs about being sexually molested by a male flight attendant is a showstopper.
Stupid stuff: Winstone's buttock-pinching Speedos fill the screen as he sunbathes throughout the first five minutes. This is not stupid, just hard to deal with.
Carnage: In his waking hours, Winstone is bashed and bottled; while sleeping, he's pursued by a rabbit man on horseback.
Best line: "You're like a crocodile. A fat crocodile! Fat bastard! You look like fuckin' Idi Amin!"
Verdict: 8/10
DANNY PLUNKETT

THE CRIMINAL

In a nutshell: The least significant film ever made.
What's the story? This is a British crime thriller set in a parallel universe where everything and everyone is a laughably witless cliché. It's about an ordinary bloke (Steven Mackintosh, slumming it big time) who – wait for it – *gets framed for murder and finds himself drawn ever deeper into a frightening web of intrigue where no one can be trusted and nothing is as it seems!* Which is why all the characters pace about scowling and saying "fuck" a lot. No doubt we're supposed to use words like 'gritty', 'noir' and 'Kafkaesque' to describe all this; I'm more inclined towards 'derivative', 'inept' and 'spunkmuffin'.
Clever stuff: Er...
Stupid stuff: The fact that this film was allowed to happen at all is more stupid than I can bear.
Verdict: 0/10 **RP**

NOW ON VIDEO

The Royle Family: The Complete 1st Series & Complete 2nd Series (each 2xDVD) *(Granada) HH price: £15.99 each*
A milestone in British comedy. No canned laughter, no crazy madcap situations, and not really any storyline to speak of, yet we laughed like tickled toddlers at the funny poor people. Top marks. **WS**

Three To Tango (DVD) *(Warner) HH price: £16.99*
Flyweight comedy starring Matthew Perry and Neve Campbell, the exact chemical formula for the compound commonly known as SH1t. Everyone thinks Perry is gay, but he isn't really. That's the joke. Embarrassing for all concerned.

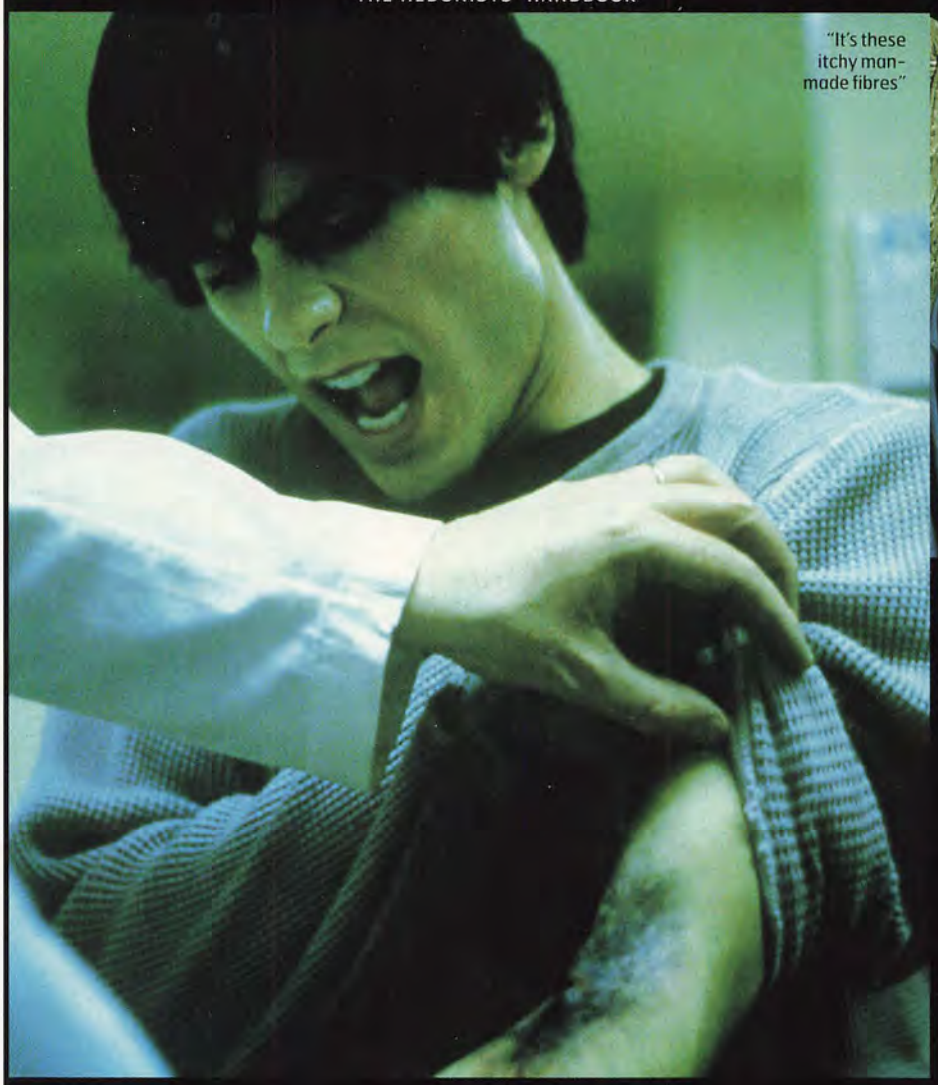
Wonderland *(Universal) HH price: £14.99*
Hand-held camera action in working-class drama from Michael Winterbottom. A long November weekend in the company of a London family and their many personal problems. With John Simm, Gina McKee, Ian Hart. Dour yet spunky.

Eraserhead (DVD) *(Universal) HH price: £16.99*
Hideous mutant children, a singing lady in the radiator, bowls of water in the drawers... it can only be the nightmarish world of Henry Spencer. Now super-enhanced on DVD, with David Lynch biography, filmography and original trailer.

Nosferatu (DVD) *(Eureka) HH price: £16.99*
Flickering black and white action gives an unequalled sense of creeping doom in cinema's first ever vampire film, made in 1922. This incorporates two 'disc versions' – one in sepia and one in pure black and white, with all the usual extras. German film-making at its very best, and dentistry at its very worst. Gruesome.

Michael Flatley: Gold *(Universal)*
Self-serving bio of the world's richest dancer, a complete fartknocker who can't help papping on about how he's an artist, born to create. A truly nauseating spectacle. And why the the cod Oirish accent when he was born and raised in America? Twat on a stick. **CC**

THE HEDONISTS' HOTLINE
08701 691000 (national rate)


"It's these itchy man-made fibres"

"Is it pustulant and throbbing? Right... any vomiting at all?"

the daz film-set challenge

How does cult director Darren Aronofsky get such good results?

Paranoia. Despair. Guilt. Smack. TV. Cupcakes. The American way.

"It really was the intention to be a 'fuck you' movie," says director Darren Aronofsky of his dark masterpiece, *Requiem For A Dream*. The 31-year-old American, sitting in a fancy London hotel in scuffed boots, jeans and a Sonic Youth T-shirt, doesn't immediately strike you as capable of creating intensely disturbing and occasionally horrific movies about people going mental. But he is.

Requiem tells the story of Coney Island residents Sarah (Ellen Burstyn), her son Harry (Jared Leto), his girlfriend Marion (Jennifer Connelly) and his mate Tyrone (Marlon Wayans). We see their slow self-destruction through addictions to diet pills, smack, crack, sex and, oh yes, cupcakes.

"I've been saying a lot that this is a punk movie, where the audience is a moshpit of emotion. We're definitely spitting on the audience and hopefully the audience spits back every once in a while," says Aronofsky. And while cinema-goers shouldn't expect to leave the auditorium soaked in sputum, they will definitely be disturbed. This pleases the director.

"Some people have called it a modern horror film and I like that. We always thought of it as a monster movie except that there's no monster creature. This monster is addiction with a capital A that lives inside the head. We always thought about where addiction is in the movie, and how addiction is conquering our heroes."

So far, so grim. But Aronofsky, who made his name with the highly experimental π, is an original. Cameras are attached to actors' bodies, colours are distorted, film frames shake, fridges come to life, dilated pupils fill the screen. Lovers of music videos and intelligent films alike will get into *Requiem*. It's a little like a feature-length version of Prodigy's 'Smack My Bitch Up' video, as directed by David Lynch, but with a better script than he normally gets his hands on. That script, co-written with *Last Exit To Brooklyn* author Hubert Selby Jr, shows none of Hollywood's usual sentimental mercy to its characters.

Ellen Burstyn's performance as Harry's ageing, diet-obsessed mom, on her way to a speed-fuelled nervous breakdown, is already being whispered about as an Oscar chance. No mean feat in a film this hardcore. *Forrest Gump* it is not. Jennifer Connelly, previously seen in *Mulholland Falls* and *Dark City*, also puts in an astonishing turn, as drug addiction slowly turns her character to prostitution. The last two days of filming saw her surrounded by city types, simulating lesbian sex while they shoved money in her mouth. It's heartbreaking, and way beyond the reach of your Sarah Michelle Gellars.

"We're spitting on the audience, and hopefully the audience will spit back"

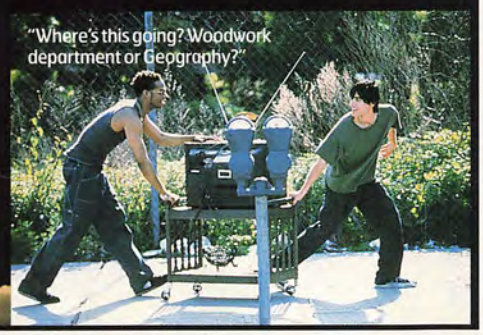
"Her sex scenes at the end of the film are probably more intense than most actors will ever go, and she was nervous," admits Aronofsky. "But she understood why we were doing it and why we were going every extra inch."

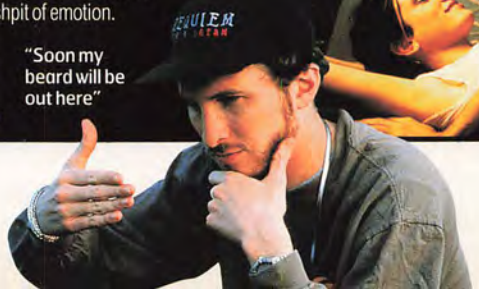
It's work like that which makes *Requiem* a film destined to be talked about for a long time. Aronofsky is now working on a script for a post-*Matrix* sci-fi project and the fifth Batman movie. When he says, "It'll be completely different to anything you've seen – no George Clooney, none of that world, completely different..." you'd better believe it.

DANNY PLUNKETT

Requiem For A Dream *opens on 19 January.*

"Now what?"


"Where's this going? Woodwork department or Geography?"

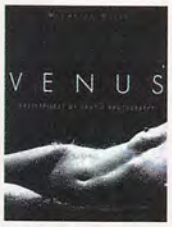

"Soon my beard will be out here"

PHOTOS: MOMENTUM PICTURES

"Are you going to be long in there? I'm busting for a crap"

PHOTO: CHRISTOPHE MOURTHÉ

BOOK OF THE MONTH



Venus

Michelle Olley

Carlton Books, £25

Hedonists' Hotline price: £25 (free p&p)

Erotic pictures of ladies in all their slightly wet glory adorn these pages like Anaglypta ceiling paint in an old person's bungalow. Is it art, or is it filth? Photography Editor Billy reckons you could put it on your wall, so it must be art. Mind you, God only knows what his scullery looks like. Watch out for loaded lady photographers Derek Ridgers, Bob Carlos Clarke and Iain McKell, naked as the day they were born… no, that can't be right. My mistake, that's not Ridgers' beard at all. The lovely Vanessa Upton puts in a smashing turn, as does big old Sophie Dahl. Yes. 10/10

CHRIS BURKE

Angry Blonde

Eminem

Regan, £14.99 HH price: £12.99 (free p&p)

"This book is made by Slim Shady from the mind of Marshall Mathers as seen from Eminem's point of view." If you can figure that one out, you'll realise that everyone's favourite blond-cropped, foul-mouthed rapper has written a book, full of his lyrics and the stories behind each song. It's an incredible and brave achievement by plucky young Marshall, who is, it turns out, quite 'ill'. Random frequently recurring quote: "All kinds of crazy shit." 8/10 **CB**

Straight From The Fridge Dad: A Dictionary Of Hipster Slang

Max Decharne

No Exit, £9.99

HH price: £8.99 (free p&p)

Well boil my cabbage. If you're half-hipped or some no-goodnik from Creepville, it's a natural gas that you can't zig a zag, so hang out your hearing flaps and stand by while I pad your skull. You need to know your groceries, Daddy-O, and you can take this to the bank and cash it. "Drop that back into low and go by once more," I hear you say. Well, I need to carve your knob. 'Cos next time you're digging a house-hop with the wildest waxings, this will fry your wig. I'm talking turkey. Give me an intro to this snake and I'll hitch up the reindeer for you. 9/10 **CB**

Come In Number 37

Rob Lee

Collins Willow, £16.99

HH price: £14.99 (free p&p)

'Never A Dull Moment', lies the first chapter of England and Newcastle midfielder Rob Lee's autobiography. Well, what about season after season of Newcastle finishing mid-table? Or England's many lacklustre performances of which Rob had the misfortune to be part? Or conversations with Alan Shearer? Can't imagine they'd be all that thrilling. Buy this cheap from a bargain bookshop, save it up for next Christmas and give it to someone you hate. Random quote: "As I look back on schoolboy years growing up in Hornchurch…" 1/10 **CB**

Feng Shui For You And Your Cat

Alison Daniels

Piatkus, £12.99 HH price: £10.99 (free p&p)

You could probably feng shui a dog – it'd sit there for hours if you asked it to. But you can't reason with a pussy. The only way to be sure is to kill your cat and have it stuffed. Then you can face it east or whatever you're supposed to do to make your life Zen. Of course, this bleeding heart animal lovers' book would rather you rebuilt your entire house every time your cat had a crap. Random quote: "If your cat seems to spend a lot of her time sitting in the same spot outside the front of your house, it may be time to look at the orientation of your entrance door and consider relocating it." Idiots. 0/10 **CB**

Bright Young Things

Scarlett Thomas

Flame, £9.99 HH price: £9.99 (free p&p)

Six twentysomething trendies apply to an intriguing job ad in the *Media Guardian* and end up drugged, kidnapped and stranded on a deserted island. Sadly, acts of random and arbitrary violence are not then inflicted on them by ordinary people sick of their micro-scooter antics and utility wear. In spite of this, it turns out to be a compulsive, edgy thriller as the characters sashay about the island's one house trying to find a bottle opener with limited success. Quote for the book sleeve: "*Castaway 2000* meets *Big Brother* sporting a 'Hoxton mullet'." 7/10 **CB**

Cassell's Rhyming Slang

Jonathon Green

Cassell, £9.99 HH price: £7.99 (free p&p)

Anyone who's ever met a Cockney should find it no surprise to learn this dictionary of rhyming slang contains mostly alternative words for 'arsehole'. Random quote: "Council gritter." 8/10 **CB**

move it, lard arse

loaded watches endurance racers scramble up a mountain of fat in New York

Lard is the final frontier for these fitness freaks. Industrial-grade American cooking fat, smeared all over a huge ramp until you could slide elephants down it. Globs of the stuff wobble sickeningly like an alien afterbirth – and everyone who wants to finish the Hi-Tec Adventure Race final at Orchard Beach, South Bronx, New York, has to splodge over this stuff.

Four British teams (it's three masochists per team) have slogged it out in Welsh backwaters and Scottish mountains to be in this endurance race, combining the best elements of normal outdoor pursuits with the worst elements of *It's A Knockout*.

Jonathan Dressner, one of the American bosses, relishes the chance to surprise the teams. "We're gonna start by tying their legs together on the beach," he confides to **loaded** before the event. "They don't know any of this yet. They open up their envelopes at the start of the race, and most of it will come as a shock."

Shock? Pah! Us Brits are ready for anything. "There's a six-foot-high wall over there," grins Jenny James, one third of the 9feet.com-sponsored team from Blighty. "We've no idea what's behind it. The imagination goes into overtime – nothing would surprise us!"

It soon gets silly – men and women sliding all over each other, panting and swearing

Which is why most of the 300 teams are happy to jump into the freezing tidal water of the Long Island Sound for a sly short cut. If only we had the heart to tell them it isn't really a short cut at all. After all, these poor bastards have over three hours of running, kayaking, biking and 'special challenges' ahead. We agree with each maniac that it looks bloody freezing at 8.30am, wish them luck, and then drift discreetly back to the course.

An hour in, most racers have already got lost in the woods, battled hypothermia from that water-jump, and now face the special challenges. Raising a loop of wire over a team member using your teeth? Fine. Walking a high wire carrying two planks? OK. Then, the lard…

A good 50 cans are used. It doesn't take long to get silly – grown men and women sliding over each other, panting, sweating and swearing. No doubt many would pay good money to do this in certain circles, but right now they hate those responsible. Mr Dressner has, oddly, vanished.

The Yanks win it, of course, but the Brits all make it too, 9feet.com finishing 10th overall, larded up and pleading to do it all again. Everyone else is just praying the closest they'll ever come to that amount of grease again will be the staff canteen.

PIERS TOWNLEY

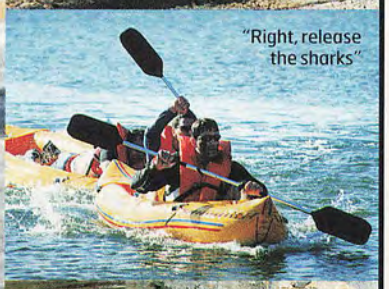
For more information on the series, see www.hi-tecadventureracingseries.co.uk. Thanks to Lucy and Pip from Capitalize.

PHOTOS: PIERS TOWNLEY

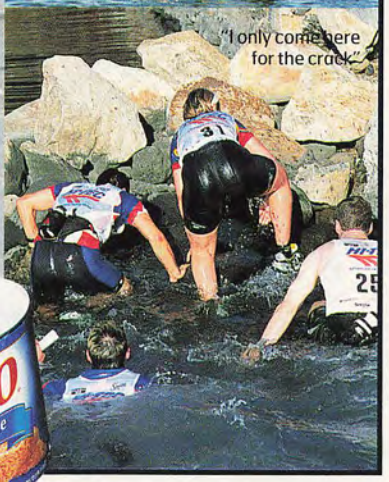
You get bonus points for touching a man's bottom

"You dancin'?"

The pros do this bit without saddles



"Right, release the sharks"



"I only come here for the crack"

"Blessed are the mentalists"

christ, that's scary

Base jumping off Jesus in Rio de Janeiro

Felix Baumqartner has been closer to Jesus than the Pope. "It was a strange, amazing moment," he says, recalling the day he leapt off the giant statue of Christ that overlooks Rio de Janeiro. "I looked left and the huge face of Jesus was looking down, daring me. Then I heard the blades of the camera helicopter – no way back. It did three turns, and on the third I jumped."

Thirty-six years old, with 98 base jumps under his belt (not to mention 2,600 skydives), Austrian thrill-fiend Felix spent five months planning his jump. Then it was just a matter of getting onto His arm.

"I had to shoot a crossbow with a steel weight 60m over the arm, pull the whole thing back and then climb up. No one had done it before, so the only place to find out whether this was possible was next to Jesus!"

Apart from hoping the parachute would open in time, did anything else cross your mind?

"If you step off the right arm, it takes 2.5 seconds to hit the ground. The chute from a standing jump takes 1.5 seconds to open – this leaves no time for mistakes. The closeness to death creates a lot of stress, which helps you concentrate. And it's only 29 metres to the base of the statue – too low to make the parachute fly. So as soon as the chute opened, I had to do a right turn to make it over the platform and down the cliff face. If something went wrong, I was dead in three seconds."

Jesus left a mark on this man. He showed him the pinnacle of this most extreme of extreme pastimes. Other lunacy now beckons.

"I'm planning to cross the English Channel next summer with a 1.4m carbon wing on my back."

"The huge face of Jesus was looking down, daring me to jump"

Sounds like fun...

"Just by gliding!"

Course you are.

"It means you have to step out of an aeroplane at 9,000 metres and pick up speed to 400kmh. Then you stall it to a glide angle at 250kmh and glide in at 125kmh from Dover to Calais. About 34km. I need oxygen and special clothing. The air is very thin at that altitude so it will take a lot of testing. We're gonna fly!"

PIERS TOWNLEY

See www.redbull.com for images of Felix's jumps. He's nominated for Best Extreme And Adventure Sportsman at the World Sports Awards on 16 Jan at the Royal Albert Hall. Tel: 020 7589 8212, www.world-sports-awards.tv

PHOTO: WOLFGANG LUIF/ REUTERS/ POPPERFOTO

Shitting it through the eyes of Needell

needell and spins-ah

loaded burns rubber with *Top Gear* terror Tiff

"Kylie? I can see the attraction, but to me she just doesn't look filthy enough. She's all a bit airbrushed."

Tiff Needell, *Top Gear* presenter, former Grand Prix driver and lord of all performance cars, is musing on famous women. Kylie's out, then, and Madonna scares him.

"I can't see," he says, "that you could attack her once and then she'd let you turn over and go to sleep. It's not going to happen, is it?"

loaded are down at Chertsey Airfield in the Surrey countryside. Tiff's gone all Clarkson ("Britain needs another motoring bighead") and made a video, *Burning Rubber*, in which he teaches us to do tricks you imagine kids in stolen cars perform on empty multiplex car parks. And today he's going to be instructing me in these black arts.

There is a minor technical difficulty: I haven't driven in seven years. Sitting in our canary yellow BMW Z3, Tiff coolly raises a quizzical eyebrow. "Seven years, you say? You're going to enjoy this."

And with that, he floors the gas and climbs a steep incline at a rapid pace. As we go over the brow we leave the safety of the earth for a few seconds, landing with a scrape.

"That's done it no good," Tiff deadpans, just like he does on the telly, then grins: "So, let's show you how to donut."

Donuting's easy. You lock the driving position to one side, depress the clutch and stomp the accelerator, let the clutch up slowly, and off you go round and round in circles. I manage it at my first attempt. As the Beemer spins, throwing up a thickening cloud of rubber smoke, I pull a Swiss Tony smirk and shout above the thrashing engine: "So, you've got to drive a car like you'd make love to a beautiful woman?"

> "You haven't driven in seven years? You're going to enjoy this..."

Tiff bellows back, "Yes, you have to caress it in one direction and then in another."

But what if the car is like a woman who... well, likes it a bit more rough and ready?

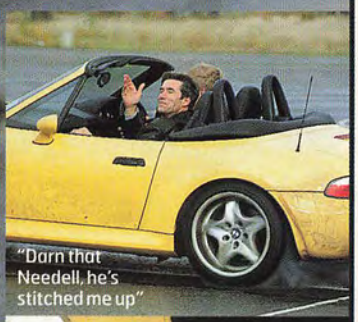
"Stamp on the brakes and go for the more violent stunts." Right you are.

It's time now to for the at-speed reverse handbrake turn. BMW have very sensibly withdrawn the Z3 for this, and our carriage for the manoeuvre is to be a Ford Probe. As we plough backwards over a rain-soaked runway at 35mph, Tiff yells: "Turn to the left, turn to the left!" We spin a perfect 180 and I feel well chuffed with myself. "Not bad," Tiff grins. "Not bad at all."

Praise indeed from Tiff Needell, probably the best driver in the business, afraid of almost nothing, and surprisingly sound in the head. Just don't leave him in bed with Madonna – he'd worry too much about his performance.

MARTIN PASHLEY

Burning Rubber is out now.



"Darn that Needell, he's stitched me up"

"It's like looking for a Needell in a hatchback"

PHOTOS: ANTHONY CULLEN

cocked ales

Mixing the grape, the grain and a cherry on a stick

Beer cocktails. Think about that phrase for a moment. It's just wrong, isn't it? Like chocolate and cheese, like Charlotte Church duetting with Ol' Dirty Bastard, it's just not natural.

Of course, you've probably tried a primitive form of beer cocktail before. Many of us will have experimented with that classic combo snakebite – or, for the more adventurous, even snakebite and black. Snakebite is a pint of half-cider, half-lager. Black is a cool name for blackcurrant. Other combinations include 'black velvet' (Guinness and champagne), 'black and tan' (Guinness and something else we can't remember) and 'lager tops' (lager with a dash of lemonade, for slightly queer sensation. As is the so-called 'Cobra charmer', a beer version of Dr Pepper featuring equal parts of beer and cola plus a healthy dash of amaretto.

The combination of beer and vodka proves less of a winner, even with flavoured Stolichnaya, but several lovingly prepared experiments later, our barman comes up with what we immediately christen Terry's Chocolate Beer Orange (because a barman called Terry might have invented it). Added to half a bottle of beer were equal dashes of vanilla liqueur, kahlua and dark creme de cacao, making the chocolate flavour, then a sprinkle of fresh orange juice. Genius.

Remember, however, that the secret to a good beer cocktail is to avoid the temptation to overdo it, lest you end up with the equivalent of a bowl of punch at an 18th birthday party. NO! Stop! just a *dash* of each spirit to compliment the beer. I know it's difficult, I know it goes against your natural instincts, but you will be rewarded with a unique drinking experience. And you won't throw up after two of them.

Don't overdo it, or you'll get the equivalent of a bowl of punch at an 18th birthday party

people). But why should we accept such limited horizons? Do we not deserve more than mere lager? Well, the people at Cobra Beer think so. You know Cobra as the drink that douses mouths in a million curry houses across the nation. But they have loftier ambitions than that. So they challenged leading London cocktail establishment The Match Bar to perform the impossible, and make beer cocktails.

The results were intriguing to say the least. Consider, if you will, the 'beery Mary'. Take your common or garden bloody Mary, and subtract the tomato juice, replacing it with beer. Then add the usual dash of Worcester sauce plus, for the connoisseur, a little red wine, lemon juice and salt'n'pepper. A taste

Instead, you'll amaze your friends and impress your peers. And who knows? They might even taste nice.

JOHNNY CIGARETTES

Thanks to Pinday from Cobra Beer and the incomparable mixology skills of the barmen at The Match Bar, 37-38 Margaret Street, London W1.

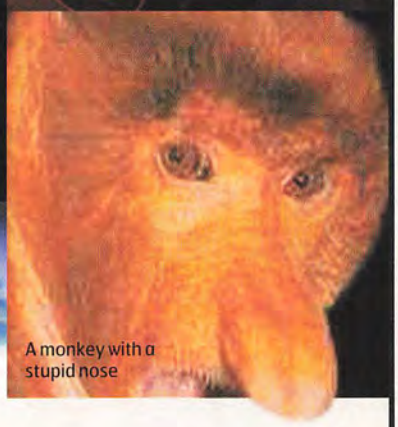
PHOTOS: ALAN McFADDEN/ANTONY MEDLEY

A stupid furry pussy

A stupid finger

Stupid-faced cat

Stupid dog


A monkey with a stupid nose

webshite

Utter rubbish on the Internet

Hello. I hope you liked the Christmas Bionic page. Unfortunately I was on a Virgin train when I was supposed to be writing it – a fascist imperialist train that never reached its destination. I'm sure it was a plot to stop me telling you about the uselessness of the Internet. I nearly died. Especially when I realised we give £200million a year in taxpayer subsidy to Richard Branson to run the bloody things. Hence we had to run a very funny and amusing competition instead. The answer was, of course, *a) John Motson's wife.*

This month, as I'm still in such a bad mood, we will be looking at sites on the Internet that have the word 'fuck' in them in important places.

The first and probably greatest is Stupid Animals. It introduces itself with these immortal words: "Hello! This is a website brimming with stupid looking animals. Look at them. They're fucking stupid, aren't they?" If the Internet only consisted of one site… well, apart from not being the Internet any more, it would have to be this site for me. There are many pictures of stupid dogs, stupid cats, stupid monkey things, stupid rabbits and other animals. Of course there are no pictures of stupid ducks, because ducks aren't stupid. OK, American ones are, but their whole country is stupid. They're so stupid they don't even what stupid means. Stupid stupids. Anyway, you can check this site out at **http://www.stupidanimals.freeserve.co.uk/**. One tip – always have your speakers on, as they have exclusive music by Madonna, U2 and Robbie Williams recorded especially for the site.

The next site with 'fuck' in it is **http://www.fuckedcompany.com**. It details the demise of all the Internet companies that are going under at a rapid rate. This is a very funny site too, although there are no animals on it, apart from all those wanky CEOs of 'Internet start-ups' who have been peddling their lightweight ideas about portals and bandwidth and underpants on the Net. Of course, they are now all bankrupt and killing themselves. Which is funny. It also has a message board which is really unpleasantly Amerikkkan. Very pro-violence and racist. Go on it and give those yanks a hard time. Bastards.

While the words 'fucking' or 'fuck' may not really appear on the next site, there are some very handy items if you undertake sexual contact. Yes, of course, I'm talking about aubergines. If you go to **http://www.homestead.com/squeezypeas/** you can find one of the biggest, if not the biggest, aubergine drawing site on the web. They wear hats, fire laser beams from their hands (bet you didn't know aubergines had hands), and so on. Truly this site shows off the fine versatility of aubergines – something society must come to terms with, and now!

Also just for a bit of useful information, you can find out how people are 'fucking' with DVDs. How bloody disgraceful, I hear you say. How can those kind-hearted people at the heads of our major corporations, forever giving love to the world, be put at such risk by the mindless actions of a few pleasure-seeking nerds? Just look at this site – **http://www.dvdrip.ws/prod01.htm** – to see what terrible things can happen if you rip DVDs. Awful, shocking, yada yada… oh, and there's another one here too: **http://members.netscapeonline.co.uk/claddvd/**

But probably the most shocking 'fuck' page on the Net isn't **www.persiankitty.com** or any of those other shocking sites, but is in fact **http://vpizza.org/fuck/**. A terrifying page about 'fuck'. "What did you expect to find here?" says the lead-in at the top. Well, nothing like what we expected, I expect. The sheer rude and naughty nature of the page means we can go into no further details in a family magazine like **loaded**. So you'll have to go and find it yourself. Until next time, fuckity fuck fuck.

Stupid aubergine pictures

"Eat lead, Fritz"

GAME OF THE MONTH

PROJECT IGI

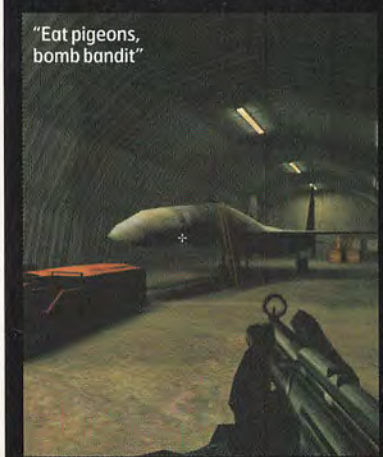
PC *£29.99*

So what's wrong with mindless killing? Personally I was happy enough simply running around a filthy sewer with the screams of the undead ringing in my ears, maiming other vicious-minded lunatics with a mini-gun. I have no need for plots. Or storylines. Or characters. They're just unnecessary. Or, for that matter, the tedium of 'first-person thinker-shooters'. Like this one. I don't want to have to think, I just want to kill. The trouble started with *Metal Gear Solid*. All that creeping about. Half an hour of sneaking through some stupid pipe before you could shoot anyone. Then another half-hour while 'Snake' had some ludicrous angst-ridden chat with his girlfriend about existentialism. It's just not right. Oh yes, it's all different now: glamorous locations around the world, Russian military bases, speeding trains, speedboats, poncing about in a dinner suit like a ponce, SAS advisors, over one million square miles of actual terrain, AK-47s, M-4 Carbines, Glocks, all ultra-realistic and utterly authentic right down to the last detail. I mean, progress eh? Who needs it? Complete rubbish.

Verdict: 9.29/10

MIKE KARIN

"Eat pigeons, bomb bandit"



DELTA FORCE: LAND WARRIOR

"Eat shrapnel, bitch"

PC *£29.99*

Third instalment of the *Delta Force* series and it's business as usual. As with its predecessors, the overall gameplay is nothing short of excellent. Choose from a highly compelling variety of commando missions, counter-terrorism, hostage rescue and the like, using a satisfyingly deadly array of weapons in the kind of vast outdoor gaming environments we've come to expect. Thankfully, they've also added a mid-game save option (painfully lacking in *Delta Force 2*). On the downside, the single-player AI is still laughably bad. Computer opponents, especially when attacked from sniping distances, appear to have little grasp of standard military practices and will instead run around jabbering and weeping like squaddies on a night out with a bag full of cheap pills. Stick to multiplayer – with seven options and Voice-Over-Net features, you just can't go wrong. **Verdict:** 8.7/10 **MK**

AQUA AQUA

"Eat shit, Barbie"

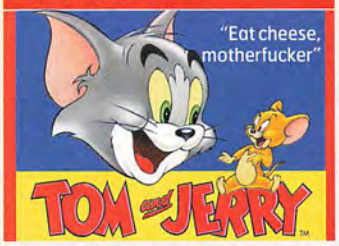
PlayStation 2 *£24.99*

Aqua. Much has been made of this innocent-looking liquid. It's inspired a pop group, and without it we wouldn't be able to wash windows. It's so good, in fact, that a game was made called *Wetrix* for the Nintendo – a *Tetris* clone with some impossible gameplay but fantastic eye-candy. This is part two, the bastard son of the above, and it's triffic on the new console with much colourful insanity and half-disguised drug references. Use uppers and downers to block the dripping water and thus prevent it drowning any more of the innocent 'Aquas' – cutesy water spirits. Though this sounds as much fun as being flicked in the eye with the corner of a sheet of paper, it will capture your imagination and ruin your social life.

Verdict: 7.9/10

PIERS TOWNLEY

TOM & JERRY

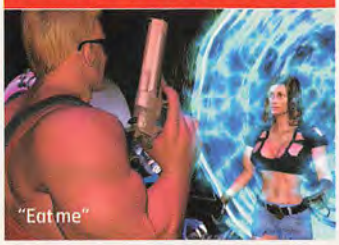


PlayStation/Nintendo 64/ Game Boy colour *£various*

The influence on our lives of Tom & Jerry is unquantifiable. Introducing children to a world of pain and animal torture with no lasting death at the end of a playful battering kept us all quiet on Saturday teatimes until our Alphabetti Spaghetti was ready and we were scared witless by the Cybermen from *Doctor Who*. And now, as mature, responsible adults, youthful twatting of a mouse with a frying pan is within our mucky grasp. Battle against Tom, Tyke and Duckling in all 15 rooms of their house. Use whatever comes to hand – bottles, watermelons, flick-knives, razorwire. What is essentially a game for smaller people will quite happily while away the hours until the curry arrives and you are scared witless by Van Outen on *Something For The Weekend*.

Verdict: 6/10 **PT**

DUKE NUKEM: LAND OF THE BABES



PlayStation
£24.99

Guns and girls or, more importantly, girls and guns. The slack-jawed, bonk-battered egomaniacal hero, Duke Nukem, returns once again to save the day and make a million half-arsed jokes whilst inflicting ultraviolence in a world gone mad. With 14 levels, improved gameplay and a killer death match mode, *Land Of The Babes* is the quintessential *après*-pub game. All that's missing is a greasy doner kebab and a room full of drunken baboons. This lowest common denominator of gaming themes has you roaming 'Babe Land', taking out hairy rat-headed aliens that have wiped the planet of men in order to enslave the female population and shag them senseless. Imagine that – hairy rat sex! Mmmmm.

Verdict: 8.5/10

MARTIN KLIPP

INCREDIBLE CRISIS

PlayStation
£29.99

Take upon yourself, oh unsuspecting British gamer, the Japanese character of Taneo. A mild-mannered office clerk, Taneo's bowel-cloggingly mundane life is about to be transformed by, in no particular order: a rogue wrecking ball, a runaway lift, a subway bomb, medical torture, flying saucers and ill-disciplined offspring. Such is the strangeness of this game that when a giant, mutant pink teddy bear starts steamrolling across town towards you, you will react unblinkingly to avert disaster. Then, later, take on the role of Taneo's wife, Etsuko, as the whole gaming experience starts to go weird. It's not *Ridge Racer*...

Verdict: 7.5/10 **PT**

SILENT SCOPE

Dreamcast *£39.99*

You should be familiar with this by now. Along with Burger King and an OAP trying to sell you car insurance, as you stop in any service station on this country's salubrious motorway network you'll also find the *Silent Scope* arcade machine with its sniper rifle urging you to kill people from tower blocks. A ludicrous storyline pits you as sharp-shooting saviour of the country against marauding bands of terrorists who are bad shots and even worse at running away. Despite the excellent gameplay provided by the arcade gun, trying to take out the boss prancing around the high-rise council estate in a Harrier jump-jet remains slightly farcical from the comfort of your living room.

Verdict: 8/10 **PT**

old skool playground

STAR WARS

Well, they couldn't exactly go wrong with this one. The best film for light years finally spawned an arcade tribute courtesy of Atari in 1983, and we massed ranks of spotty gamers had never seen anything like it. Not since true classics like *Defender* and *Pac-Man* made minicab offices interesting had any game captured the imagination quite like *Star Wars*.

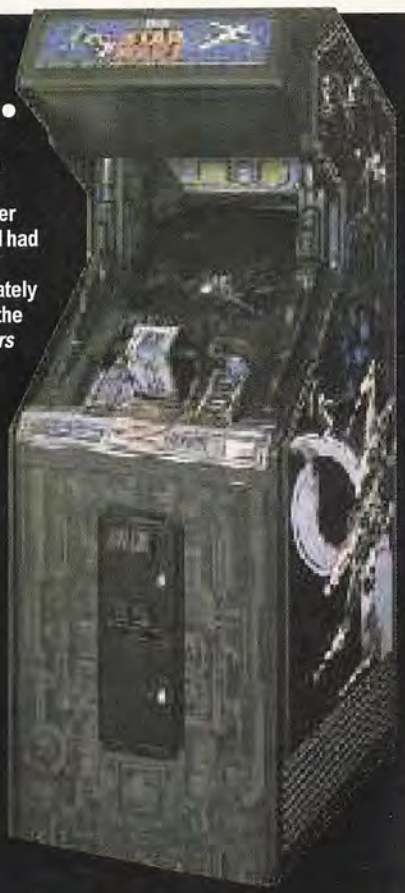
It offered the best combat moments from the film and sprinkled them with authentic dialogue. Navigate your X-Wing fighter through a dogfight with the Empire opposition, zip through deflector towers then skim the trench before dropping your load down the Death Star's exhaust port.

***Star Wars* was a revelation for its time – with full-colour vector graphics and great controls, it also came in two different cabinets: a stand-up version and a fancy one that you sat down in. There weren't many of these around, so to do an authentic Luke Skywalker I was forced to travel into central London and wait for ages behind loads of other suburbanites who'd had the same idea.**

Which was ultimately the biggest pain in the arse about *Star Wars* – it was so popular you just couldn't get on it for very long. And being able to choose the difficulty of your game also afforded the amateurs longer than their skills deserved.

Still, none of this could stop it going down as one of *the* greats in the Old Skool Hall of Fame. Within a matter of months, the laserdisc-driven *Dragon's Lair* may have made *Star Wars* and its *Battlezone*-style graphics look obsolete, but there's still nothing quite like the sound of "Red Five standing by!" when you hit that start button.

NIALL HAMPTON



TO BUY GAMES ON THIS PAGE, CALL THE HEDONISTS' HOTLINE 08701 691000 (national rate)

We were so proud to have lined up our first ever Win A Long Weekend Making Dolls Out Of Earwax In A Remote Hebridean Farmhouse Competition, but then it all fell through at the last moment. Typical. But luckily for us – and even luckier for you – this lot turned up instead. The address for all three: **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

Win a trip to Russia in association with Stolichnaya and STA TRAVEL

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If you aren't lucky enough to win, just log onto www.statravel.co.uk or call 0870 160 6070 and start planning your own holiday. With over 40 high-street and university branches throughout the UK, and over 250 worldwide, STA Travel have the whole world covered and a wealth of experience to share. Stolichnaya (£12.99) is available from all good bars and off-licences including Waitrose, Oddbins, Unwins, Bottoms Up and Revolution Vodka Bars. Just tell us:

Where does Stolichnaya come from?

(Address at top of page – mark your postcard 'Stolichnaya comp')

Terms and conditions: All entrants must be over 18 and hold valid passports. Visa costs not included. There is no cash alternative in whole or part. Travel June-September 2001, weekly departures with dates tbc. The prize is subject to availability and is non-transferable.

Win a PlayStation 2 with Motorola and Electronic Arts

Motorola and Electronic Arts are teaming up to give you a chance to win the latest in mobile gadgetry, adventure gaming and the hugely desirable gaming platform, PlayStation 2.

EA Games have produced one of this year's hottest titles for adventure gaming and James Bond fans alike, *The World Is Not Enough*.

A must-have for all Bond wannabes, the Motorola V.box is the latest in text/phone mobile telephony stuff. It is the first ever text mobile phone incorporating dedicated SMS (calm down!), Internet, e-mail and a QWERTY keyboard. And the phone features Vibracall Call Alert, Voice Dialling and a load of other special features.

There are two lots of the following to be won... First prize: PSX 2, Mot V100, EA Bond game. Second prize: PSX 1, Mot V100, EA Bond game. Third prize: Bond games.

Just get this little question right and they could be yours...

How many James Bond films have there been?

(Address at top of page – mark your postcard 'Motorola comp')

In addition to our competition, Motorola and Electronic Arts also welcome entrants into the UK's first ever two-way text messaging competition, with the chance to win some further fabulous Motorola and EA Bond-style goodies.

Please register using 0870 011 2007 (Orange users) or 0901 1565 007 (all others).

Win a DVD player courtesy of Blockbuster

Blockbuster brings you the chance to win a widescreen television, DVD player, popcorn and five free movie rental vouchers!

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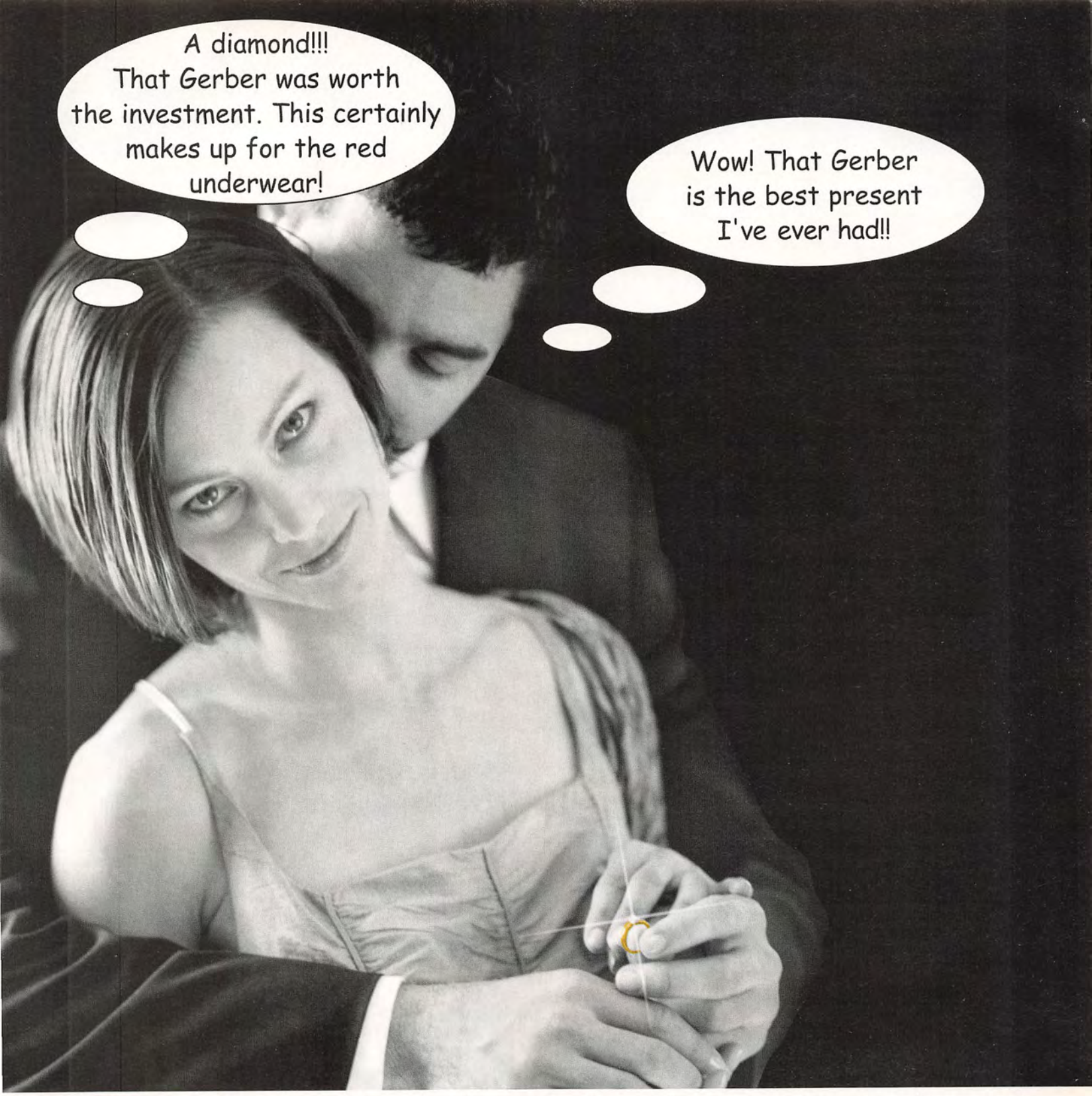
Blockbuster – the UK's leading DVD rental and retail store, don't you know – has teamed up with **loaded** to offer you the chance to win a fabulous prize package: a widescreen television, a DVD player, a bag of Blockbuster toffee popcorn and five Blockbuster free movie rental vouchers.

DVD offers you superior sound and picture quality, and now every Blockbuster store in the country stocks over 350 DVD titles to rent and buy.

Have you got that? Do you know what you can win? Are you sure, would you like us to say it again? Alright, don't get shirty. Answer this, and all the above (well, in this comp, not the other two) could be yours...

To win, all you have to do is tell us: **What does 'DVD' stand for?**

(Address at top of page – mark your postcard 'Blockbuster comp')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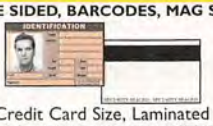

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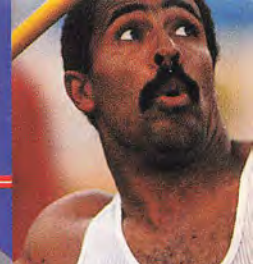

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*"There's something called a 'visual data-bank' which allows you to enter, say, a brief description and the phone number of the person you're snapping. Always good if you're drunk or p****d up on booze. Oh and it also tells the time."* Said Loaded mag.

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A FEW DOCUMENTED DATELINE EXPERIENCES.

"a few more letters past between us and then she phoned me" – "It was a wonderful phone call – absolutely brilliant". "I can certainly say that it was the best thing I've ever done!"
A.H. Derby

"I was sitting down with my beer when she came in (I always wanted to be there before she arrived) so I went up and shook her hand and we just got on straight away. I bought her her usual gin and tonic and, as she now says, she was mine!!"
P.D. Kent

"when we tell people how we met, they all think it's a great idea! I just wanted to meet a kind and caring person – and I did!"
J.C. Lancs.

"I actually asked Karen to marry me on the third date" – "All my friends at work said I was stupid – until they met Karen of course!!"
G.C. Suffolk

"All of our friends think that it's fantastic. In fact my daughter's mother-in-law has now joined and she's met a really nice chap that she's getting on really well with – as have a few of the neighbours!"
J.G. & M.G.Herts

WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE JOIN DATELINE?

Just to illustrate the complete range of individuals on our books – all enthusiastically seeking their ideal partner – here's just a tiny sample.

■ David *is a 55 year old Chartered Engineer from Leeds. In his spare time he enjoys a mixture of classical and pop/rock music as well as walking, DIY and keeping fit. He describes himself as sensitive and ambitious.*

■ Jeremy *from Truro is a 44 year old teacher. He loves the theatre, cinema and enjoys cooking and entertaining at home. He also enjoys travelling abroad and sight-seeing. He is intellectual but also friendly and considerate.*

■ John *is a 25 year old Pensions Administrator from Ashford. He is a non-smoker and occasional drinker who enjoys sport, motoring and mixing with friends. He considers himself patient, reliable and positive.*

■ Jane *from Aberdeen is 32 years old, 5' 7" and divorced. She loves dancing and parties and is lively and positive.*

■ Samantha, *26, from Southampton, is a slim and attractive Hotel Receptionist. She enjoys eating out and the cinema and considers herself affectionate and adventurous.*

■ Christine *is a 42 year old Manager from Chester. An attractive non-smoker, she enjoys social drinking, dinner parties and the cinema. She describes herself as confident and friendly.*

■ Paula *is 20, attractive and from London. She is a Chef who enjoys listening to pop music, going to parties and clubs. She also enjoys watching television and keeping fit and is lively and fashionable.*

* Names have been changed for reasons of privacy.
Membership restricted to ages 18 – 75 only

YOUR DETAILS

Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname:

First Name:

Address:

Post Code:

Tel No.

Marital Status:

❒ Single ❒ Divorced
❒ Widowed ❒ Separated

Age: Height:

Occupation

Religion:

Build: Attractiveness:

❒ Slight ❒ V. Attractive
❒ Medium ❒ Attractive
❒ Large ❒ Average

YOUR PERSONALITY

tick which traits closely describe you

❒ Affectionate ❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious ❒ Practical
❒ Considerate ❒ Conventional
❒ Shy ❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic ❒ Adventurous

YOUR INTERESTS

Please tick for a liking, cross for a dislike or leave blank for no pref.

❒ Wining/Dining ❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs ❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit ❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History ❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading ❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling ❒ Mixing with friends
❒ Science/Tech ❒ Children
❒ Cinema ❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals ❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music ❒ Countryside

YOUR ATTITUDES

tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank if you don't feel strongly

❒ I prefer town life
❒ I involve myself in community activities
❒ I have many friends of my own sex
❒ I am interested in current affairs
❒ I am looking for one special relationship
❒ I like team activities
❒ My work makes it difficult to meet new people
❒ I want to extend my social life as well as finding a special relationship

YOUR IDEAL PARTNER

Min. age: Max. age:

Height: min. max.

❒ Don't mind

Marital Status:

❒ Single ❒ Divorced
❒ Widowed ❒ Separated
❒ Don't mind

Build: Attractiveness:

❒ Slight ❒ V. Attractive
❒ Medium ❒ Attractive
❒ Large ❒ Average

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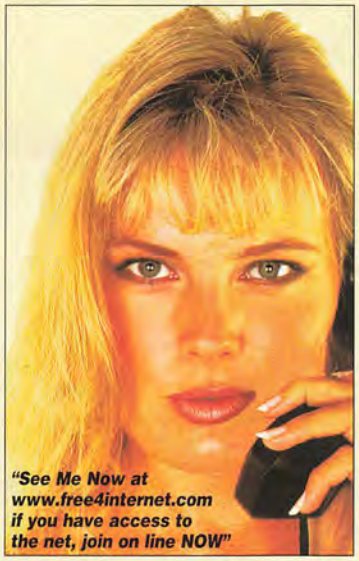

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WARNING: Due to the highly explicit sexual content,this video-book set is only available to ADULTS over 18 years

We are completely serious when we say that the women in your life will never, ever want to leave you!

How to take a woman to orgasm every time - and have her ache for more' is the title of an explosive new video & book set by leading American Author Cheryl Kramer. You won't learn how to attract females, the art of conversation, whether or not you should talk about religion or politics on a first date or what scent to wear. There are a million sex manuals (full of waffle) on the market that do this. It comprehensively covers one topic - how to take a woman to orgasm. You may say this sounds too clinical, too methodical, and perhaps the bedroom isn't the place for such "rules". Rubbish! The surefire techniques taught are so simple, yet staggeringly effective, after learning them you can add your own improvisational extras. Fast, highly effective methods of preventing premature ejaculation are also explained. The book and video clearly explain how to recognise and deliver not one but several types of intensely explosive orgasms in your lover (including multiple orgasm). Any heterosexual male who truly values the woman in his life cannot be without this essential investment. Although the emphasis is focused on women. This new edition also contains a chapter on how men themselves can achieve multiple orgasm (now a scientifically proven phenomenon). Read it to believe it. Another new chapter deals with "The G-Spot", giving full details on this elusive, and (until now), mysterious female "hot spot". The amazing eye opening video shows both lesbian and straight couples demonstrating many,many orgasm techniques (to many to list), including female G-Spot ejaculation.It also includes very explicit close-ups, and is highly erotic as well as instructive. Most men are definitely inept lovers, but through no fault of their own - it feels good to him, so he reckons it feels good to her...but it doesn't! You can't blame him, how is he to know any better? The girlfriends aren't much help. So the men keep pushing, and the women keep faking. This is your chance to be different from "most men". Good lovers are so rare most women don't know what one is. Just the fact that you are reading this shows that you are willing to learn how to give her the best love she's ever had (this is no exaggeration). After reading this book, and studying the video you'll be a different person. You'll wonder how you ever did without it! Sex-wise, we honestly believe this is the best investment you will ever make. Cheryl's method has made thousands of couples very, very happy. Here are some excerpts:

– "Your method saved my marriage." - K.K. New York.
– "You have given me a power I never thought I'd possess." - I.K. London.
– "I have the power to drive my woman totally out of her mind - what a turn on!" - J.S. Leeds.
– "I was unhappy with my girlfriend's lack of responsiveness, sexually, after applying your technique she's now a total maniac in bed. How can I thank you enough?" - J.N. Herts.
– "You changed my life! I only wish all couples had access to this literature." - M.S. Norfolk.

And there are thousands more! When you learn to give your lover an orgasm - it is the greatest gift of love that you can give (not to mention the immeasurable pleasure and high self esteem it will give you) and if you can do this every time you make love, she will be yours forever. And once you've seen a real orgasm in a woman, you'll know the difference between faking it and the real thing. Order this essential video-book set today, we honestly believe sex-wise, you'll never look back, it'll be the best investment you've ever made. Even if you are reading this in an old publication you can still order with confidence, we are well established distributors. Prices and delivery times will be the same. Please send us your name and address, stating," Cheryl Kramer video-book set", along with a cheque for £39.99 + £5 for postage & plain packaging = £44.99 (overseas orders: please add £5 extra = £49.99) payable to THE CHERI ORCHARD. To order by credit card, please enclose your card number, expiry date & signature, or call our 24 hour credit card hotline below. (Please note: there is a £1.50 surcharge on all credit card orders). Please note: For order accuracy it is essential that you also state the name and cover date of the magazine from which you are ordering. Please allow upto 21 days for delivery. For Express 7 day delivery, pay by credit card, or you can send cash. But please use registered mail only, and no coins. Please send to:

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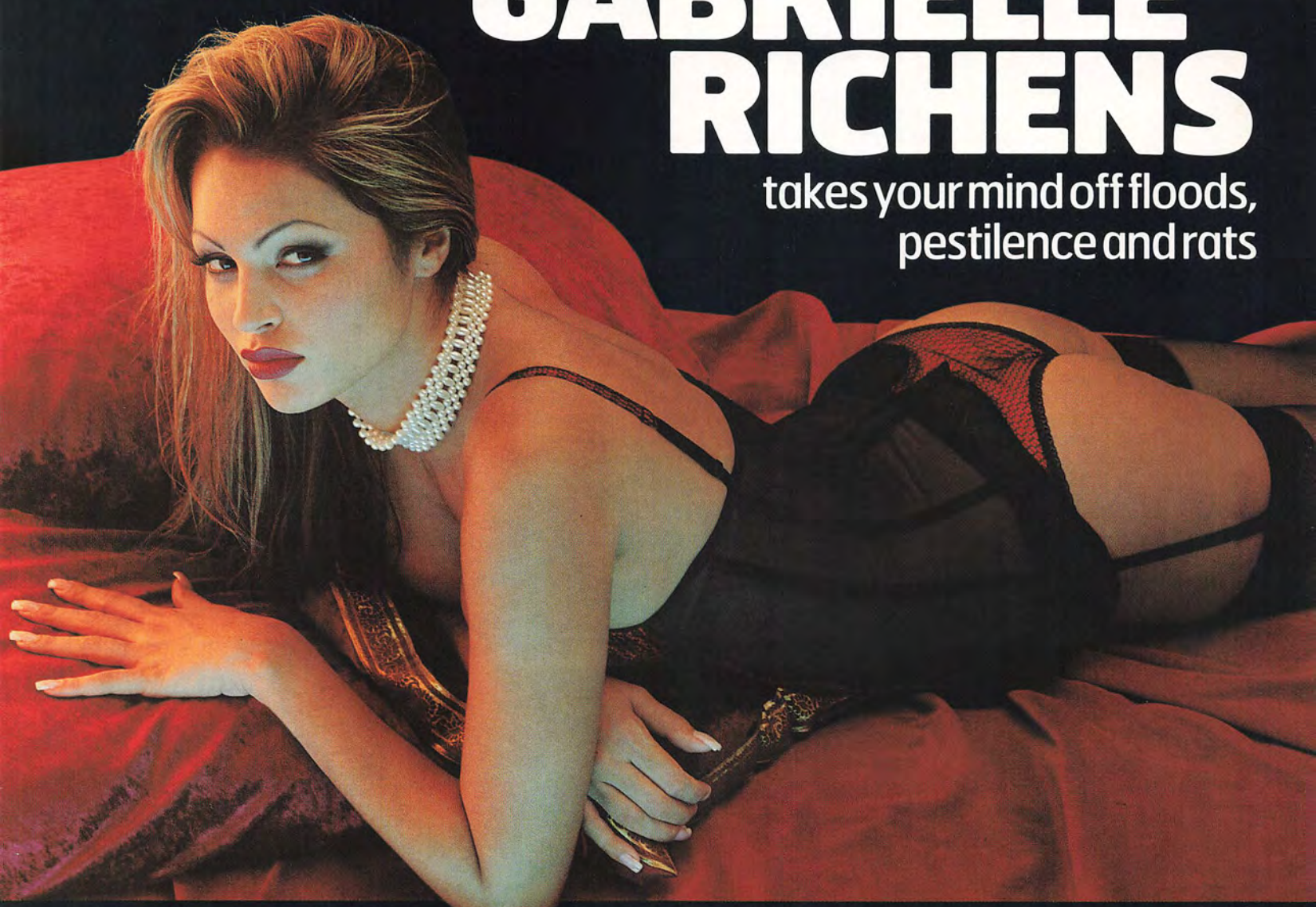

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I watched *The Shooting Of The Loaded Calendar* on Channel 5 last night, and what a rare treat it was. You are all to be congratulated on a fine idea, and a great set of photographs. I do have one complaint, though, and that is the veto your man gave to the 'catfight' photographs. Does he not realise what he has denied us? For me, the sight of these two models ripping each other's clothes off was the sexiest shoot Bob Carlos Clarke and the team did.

Kev, via e-mail

Encourage women to fight, and soon they will kill us all. They know no restraint...

I'VE AD ENOUGH!

Just a note to say thanks for the 'Standard Life Kid' Celebrity Dartboard [*December 2000 issue*]. Mine's been put to good use.

Graham Frostick, London

The mother of the child concerned has rung us to assure us that although he can be 'a little horror' he is not, by any stretch of the imagination, 'Lucifer's child'. Perhaps we should all bear that in mind.

HAT'S IT, YOU'RE BARRED!

I was once asked to leave a pub in Morriston, Swansea, because I was laughing too loud at the jokes in **loaded**. I had put on the gold-coloured Christmas 'Piss Crown' hat from the mag [*January 1999 issue – obviously a slow reader*], and was on my fifth Strongbow. Waiting for the crew to arrive, I was alone, tucked in the corner and harming no one. Loafing didn't work for me!

Mike Barrow, via e-mail

Laughter has long since left my life. Mere paper hats and enforced seasonal jollity will never succeed in hiding the truth that life is but a series of disappointments, humiliations and shattered dreams winding down a long, hazardous slope into the valley of death, thence to be devoured by the eternal flames of hell. Happy New Year.

letter of the month

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This summer, a few friends and I went on a mountaineering holiday to the French Alps. On one of the days when the weather was a bit crap, we decided to go and do some ice-climbing on a nearby glacier. We were exploring the glacier a bit when one of the lads set off up a piece of vertical ice only to find, at the top, a human foot. He shouted down to the rest of us and we all set off up to have a look. We gave it a couple of prods with our ice axes, took some photos and then left.

Some time later, a bit disturbed by what we had found, we asked the woman at the cable-car station what we should do about it – should we report it to the police? She said it was quite common because of a plane crash in 1950, and there was no point in telling the police as they were not interested. She said we could keep it if we wanted to, and that she herself had a piece of head. On that we left very quickly.

Jason Greenwood, Chester

I once ate a human ear. It was left over after a fight between Ray Winstone and a slag. Though a tad on the salty side, once boiled, mashed into a puree and spread on toast with some pine kernels, it was just like duck pate. So don't be so hasty to judge the poor woman.

PHWOAR POSTER BID!

I have been reading **loaded** almost since the off and have agreed with most of the changes to your mag. However, although it will not stop me buying **loaded**, it is disappointing not to have posters any more. This always added excitement to the day when the new issue would go on sale.

Ed Curmi, London

PS: How do I get a job that will allow me to be paid to get drunk, mix with tasty ladies and get paid for it like yourselves?

Join the Foreign Legion. It's mental!

GET YOUR KEKS ON THE A66!

My flatmate can't hide her excitement at being only half a mile from her thong! She doesn't know I'm wearing it.

Jack, London

Jack, you write the thongs that make the whole world thing. Congratulations. Now kill yourself.

ONLY IN IT FOR THE BUNNY!

I read **loaded** just because I am a man magnet. It does not matter what I wear

OFFICE PEST

So, why are we naked again?
New idea, giving a more corporate spin to Dress-Down Friday
Exactly... this department is doing a naked re-enactment of the takeover bid in the summer
yak, yak
Stand well back, this bin full of piss represents the insecurity felt by older, more vulnerable members of staff

STORY BY JON & MICK

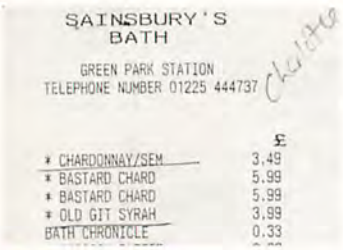
or who I am with, I get attention. Even women stare at me. I am writing to you because I have this ambition to be a bunny girl. I am 6ft 6in with an inside leg of 31in. I am black with blonde/black hair and am told I am exotic. I am trying to pursue my career as a recording artist but just want to live out my fantasy to become a bunny girl. Please let me know if you feel you can help me.
JK Jackson, via e-mail

Is that you, mother?

PAPERBACK BLIGHTER!

I have just ruptured my spleen and done myself untold damage after reading Chapter 2 of Dr Mick's novel *Quantum Load* [*November issue*]. What a bloody excellent laugh! Please tell me it's coming out as an actual publication. Where can I get it? I've already booked a series of hospital appointments ready for the next instalment.
Carl Parkinson-Lowe, via e-mail

***Quantum Load* has been withdrawn from publication on advice from the National Spleen Association. Dr Mick is currently playing golf.**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SWEAR DO I PAY?!

Got this catalogue of abuse from my local supermarket. Wankers.
Rossi, Bath

FIRM YOUNG LOVELIES!

Just been checking out 'The Firm' on www.uploaded.com. Any chance you can get your office ladies in a photoshoot?
Daniel Gosling, via e-mail

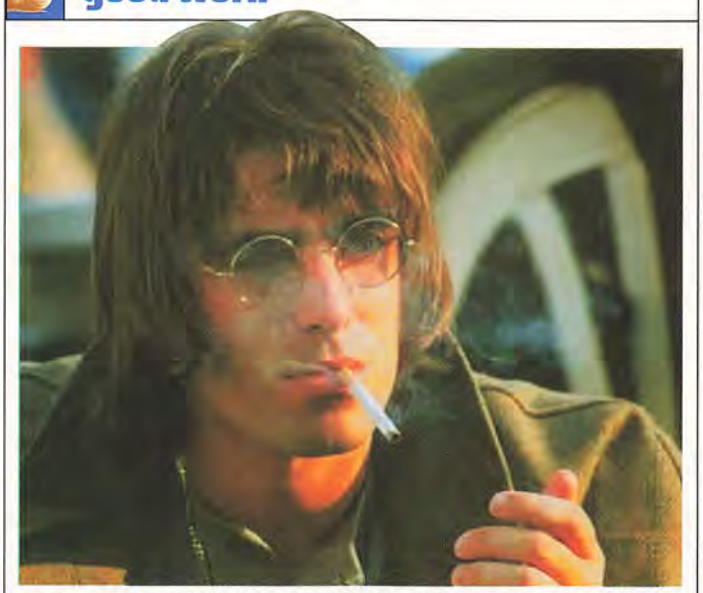
Don't encourage them. They already cluck around like overfed hens on heat, leaving their eggs everywhere and smearing scent over the furniture. Put them in front of a camera and they'll think they run the gaff.

WILLY OR WON'T SHE?!

Looking through my local rag the other day, I noticed what I thought was a bit of totty modelling a dress – that was until I noticed what was hanging between her legs.
Adam, West Midlands

It's known in the trade as 'pornography', Adam. I'll tell you about it when you're older.

good work



Once again, Liam Gallagher has gone way beyond the call of duty in rock'n'roll behaviour. His amazing performance at the Q Awards, as reported last month (you remember, where it was shockingly revealed that the *Sun*'s Dominic Mohan had a penis like a small boy's) was topped at another recent celebrity bash. Obviously, Liam was quick to point out that Robbie Williams was "queer" – you expect that. But then he went on to suggest that The Bird Out Of Moloko was "on glue", stripped to show off his new Elvis 'Taking Care Of Business' tattoo and then attacked zany TV comic Richard Blackwood. When asked to have his picture taken with laugh-a-minute Blackwood, Liam walked off in disgust, declaring "I'd rather have a needle stuck in me foot!" Good Work King Of Rock Fella!

APOLOGY We would like to apologise unreservedly to Mr Iqbal of Rochdale and to anyone else who was offended by our piece about the novelty wailing alarm clock in the January issue. We're genuinely sorry for any offence this might have caused.

DESPERATELY SEEKING SEMEN!

You are really the best. Yes, yes, yes. I am Robi, artist Xtraodinaire, and I am looking for beautiful models – straight, bi, gay, I don't mind. Must be open-minded and uninhibited, to help produce sensuous art. I'm bi myself, so don't be shy, live life, have fun and be sensual forever.
Robi, via e-mail

Have you met our Charlotte?

SISTER OF MERCI!

Thanks for the palm-top [*What We Want, December issue*]. However, I must explain that 'JA' are my sister's initials, so it got sent straight to her. She loves me now. Imagine my surprise when my mate phones me up in the middle of the night and says, "Do you know you're in **loaded**?" I didn't, so it was a pleasant surprise to see my lovely face. Anyway, thanks again and Good Work Give Something For Nothing Fellas!
Philip Dixon, via e-mail

Just doing my job, ma'am.

IT'S CURTAINS FOR OUR BOYS!

Funnily enough, we found that most of the titles in Pristina's premier CD shop contained the name of female genitalia.
Benji Bear, Royal Marines, Kosovo

Typical bear. Fucking one-track mind, the lot of them.

A TAIL OF TOUGH SITTINGS!

I love you all to fuck one by one.
I have back dick.
Hamdi, via e-mail

'Back dick'? That sounds nasty. I'm surprised you could sit down for long enough to write this letter. And how do you fuck? Arse first?

MUCHAS GARCIAS!

Having just returned from four days in Amsterdam, I must thank you for your 48 Hours guide. The Banana Bar is truly inspired: 20 quid for all you can drink in an hour, and naked women on the bar. You should start a campaign to have pubs in the UK run this way.

Anyway, though I have been a fan since the first issue of **loaded**, the main reason for my letter is to highlight a glaring omission. With his absolute, never-ending commitment to hedonism, which remarkably lasted to the age of 53, why have you not yet done an article on the late Jerry Garcia and his band The Grateful Dead?
Chris Baker, Ashby-de-la-Zouch

Because he's dead and we're grateful.

Longan in Syrup (Cock)
£1.49/230g
2 for £2.49

CANNED LAUGHTER!

I personally would be slightly wary of this product if it is what it claims to be – and where would you get the supplies?
N Frankis, Colindale

THE SNACK YOU CAN TEAT BETWEEN MEALS!

Look what our MD brought back from the States for us last week. We ✈

particularly liked the description of 'rich and creamy hard candy'. You can have endless fun asking your fellow workers if they want a suck on your nips, etc.
Ben Phippen, Bristol

And they'll have endless fun suing you for sexual harassment.

blatant payola

We were only joking when we told www.telegramteddy.com to write 'I am a cunt' on this bear they sent us. They did, though – and we love it!

EXTREME SPORTS CHANNEL www.extreme.com

A quick correction. Last month's WYW winner Paul Shilton won a bundle of goodies, including an Oxbow 157 Freecross snowboard and snowboarding lessons at the brand new Xscape Snozone in Milton Keynes. Hurrah!

COMPILED BY CHARLOTTE CRISP

what you want...

GOOD GIFT FELLA!

Every month, you write in and beg us for stuff. And every month, we get you it. Here's this month's charity...

"Oh loaded, you simply must help. My sister Katie is a bit of a clubber, and has even been known to trek into the bright lights of London for a night out raving. She thinks I'm too old and sad for all that, so please sort me out with a night's clubbing for us so that I can show her what Rave Grandad is really capable of!"
Chris Carlyon, Windsor

CHRIS GETS!
Chris has won himself a pass to PEACH for him and his sis – and membership from then on, so he'll still be raving when he's 60, wuhoo! PEACH is London's best trance and house night, and happens every Friday at The Camden Palace, London, 10-6am. £9 before 11pm, £12 thereafter.

PEACH

"As a mature (21) student, I have been the butt of some very cruel jibes, such as, "Look at him in his cardigan and slippers. He smells of piss 'cos he's older than us." This is harsh, but in reality very fair. I do smell, mostly of ageing skin and sour milk. Anything to remedy my situation would be great – just a meagre bar of soap would be super."
Edward Smith, Hampshire

EDWARD GETS!
We couldn't let poor Eddie go around reeking of piss any longer – www.dailyneeds.co.uk have stepped in and thrown a load of smellies his way, worth £100. For loads of cheap toiletries, grooming products and fragrances, go to the website or e-mail info@dailyneeds.co.uk

"I must be the unluckiest bloke in the world. My girlfriend of four years has finished with me, my job's going down the pan, I'm absolutely skint – and to top it all off, I've severed off my finger. I'm on the verge of bankruptcy with no girlfriend, and I can't even have a wank. Just send anything (preferably Gail Porter) to put a smile on my grim face!"
Chris Goddard, Denbighshire

CHRIS GETS!
Chris is now the luckiest bloke in the world. He's got this Bush Internet TV, with Internet access for the price of a local phone-call. The remote even opens up to reveal a full keyboard – nice. And it's available on the high street for under £200 – call 0845 666 2222 for more info, or go to www.bushinternet.com

BUSH internet tv

bunch of art

Keep 'em coming. The winner cops £10. Strictly no pros. Judges' decision final.
Clockwise from top left:
Pinhead by Charlotte Penfold of Cobham, Surrey. He looks angry. Nice one. **Jakki (loaded calendar June 2001)** by Phil Lewis, Stafford. Patsy Kensit face-ache with a hunchback. **Kathy from Emmerdale** by Anon of Doncaster. Must've missed that episode. **The Kray Twins** by Bobby Hopwood, London. Dig Ronnie's claw. **Chris Evans** by Terry Farndale, Middlesbrough. Extremely sour face. Well done. **Ozzy Osbourne** by unknown artist. Captures the essential essence of Ozzy's being. **Dr Mick** by Philip Cooper of Oxted, Surrey. The doctor was well pleased. Cheers. **Posh Spice** by Iain Anthony Merrick, Bolton. Feline.

NOW YOU'RE STALKING

Find someone famous, get your picture taken with them and win some stuff

John Ford wins this Polaroid Joycam, so he can approach lots of other celebrities from behind and capture the moment forever. Everyone else gets a copy of renowned gay film *The Beach*.

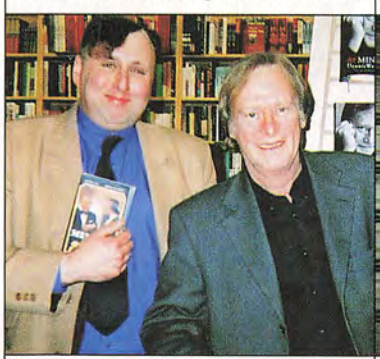
John Ford, no relation to the film director, shares an intimate moment with Felicity off *Neighbours* while she shares an intimate moment with her shoelace

Steve Martin, no relation to the film comic, offers his first-born to Arsenal deserter Emmanuel Petit

Aaron meets film legend Martin Sheen (no relation to his son, film legend Charlie Sheen)

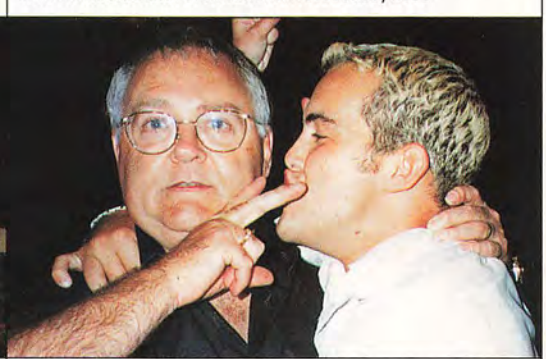
Temporary England gaffer Peter Taylor and Carl take shelter from the shower of shite that passes for our national team

Darren and Zig (no relation to the alien off Channel 4) collar Kerry from Atomic Kitten in Gran Canaria. Note scabby nose



James uses his unusual fringe to put Dennis '*Minder*' Waterman off his guard

Chris Jones, no relation to influential 17th Century palladianist architect Inigo Jones, meets Andrea Corr in New York



James prepares to engage in a bizarre three-way nostril sex act with Harold Bishop and a mystery friend

"Gold!" yell Spandau men Tony and John. "No, it's just a high-visibility safety vest," says Terry

Darren (right) meets Leeds manager David O'Leary, no relation to TV presenter Dermot

John and Rupert (no relation to the camp bear) with Judge Jules

SNATCHING ARMPIT HAIRS TO COMPLETE THEIR ELABORATE VOODOO DOLLS OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS THIS MONTH:
John Ford, Chatteris; Steve Martin, Bournville; James Ellison, Bradford; Carl Giddings, Hull; Darren Wright, Norwich; Aaron Doherty, Coleraine; Chris Jones, Cwmbran; James Scott, Thrapston; Terry Whitehouse, Carterton; Darren Cornish, Bude; John Naylor, Rugby.

Send your pictures to: Anita Dobson, Now You're Stalking, **loaded**, IPC Magazines, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

Make copies and send them with your name and address on the back, saying where you sniffed out your celeb. Ta very much.

no4: **Rory McGrath**

Come in, come in! Can I take your coat? The dartboard's up there. Yes, I'm sorry it's so hideous this month, but it had to be done. Rory McGrath, the chuckling sack of twat-vapour from *They think It's All Over*, needs to have his balloon-face burst by darts like Tibet needs its old boss back.

For a start, and this is so obvious it seems trite to point it out, he's *not funny*. Take, for example, his running gag of saying that Victoria and David Beckham are a bit thick. What insight. What a rich comedy seam to mine. When Mrs Beckham, quite correctly, pointed out in the press that McGrath is "just a prick", the maroon-faced jester hit back in typically sharp and devastating style. "That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said about me," he said. And the Beckhams wept at the fatal blow that he'd dealt their sorry lot. Then they carried on being good-looking, immensely popular and richer than a Hollywood face doctor.

We've all seen the weary sexual innuendo and the playground-standard jibes he throws at his guests. They have all the impact of a damp Sugar Puff flicked at a platoon of Serbian war psychos. Imagine the quality of the material they cut out. And look at his face! Like a deliriously alcoholic brickie. The 360-degree frizz of ginger pube that completely surrounds it brings to mind a boil, full to bursting with pus, that's just erupted on the skin of an angry gorilla. And, by the way, if you turn his head upside down it looks the same.

So be our guest. Cut out the hideous board and pepper it with tungsten. It helps to imagine that, with every puncture, he'll die a little bit inside. With enough practice, you might kill him completely.

WILL STORR

ILLUSTRATION BY ADRIAN BROADWAY

Last year Pat supported The Manics

Scaffolder Patrick Toland's first scaffolding layout was appreciated by thousands of adoring fans. If you really want to perform in the workplace, try construction.

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